

From Kona to Yen'an

The Political Memoirs of Koji Ariyoshi

Edited by Alice M. Beechert and Edward D. Beechert



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KOJI ARIYOSHI

EDITED BY

ALICE M. BEECHERT AND EDWARD D. BEECHERT

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INTRODUCTION

ALICE M. BEECHERT AND EDWARD D. BEECHERT

Koji Ariyoshi was born and raised in the coffee growing area of Kona on the Big Island of Hawai'i. This background was a major force in shaping his ideas about society and the economy. His education in the Kona schools, the University of Hawai'i, the University of Georgia, his work experience on the docks of Honolulu and San Francisco, and his experiences in the United States Army in Yenan, China, served to focus the sense of independence and dignity evident in his writings. A glimpse of the importance of this background in shaping Ariyoshi's sense of justice is seen in a column in the final edition of the *Honolulu Record* where he recalled watching the arrival of the 1924 Filipino strikers in Kona:

I remember as a kid standing on the dusty roads by Marumoto store at Captain Cook, Kona, as a couple of huge trucks packed with men, women and children came to a stop. . . . These were the Filipino strikers who had been evicted from their homes by the sugar plantations. . . . We soon hired a few of the strikers on our coffee farm and they lived with us. Mother opened credit for them at the coffee company store and helped them through their initial difficult period.¹

While a student at the University of Hawai'i, Koji wrote a series of twenty-four articles on stevedoring on the Honolulu docks. As the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* said in its announcement of the series, Ariyoshi attended the University by day and "continues his stevedoring at night. Ariyoshi within the past year has picked up the inside story of stevedoring and will tell it in the *Star Bulletin*."² The series clearly indicates the pattern and tone of Ariyoshi's later writings in the *Honolulu Record*. Another series of *Star Bulletin* articles ranging over the years 1937-1939 graphically described the plight of the Kona coffee farmers and their crushing burden of debt, and the draconian treatment by the credit merchants. The identification of Ariyoshi with the exploited farmers of Kona was evident in his admission to the University of Georgia, where he was awarded a scholarship in journalism. There he took time to investigate the realities of working-class Georgia, the "Tobacco Road," with the help of Erskine Caldwell's parents.

Before 1935 and the passage of the National Labor Relations Act (Wagner Act), criminal trespass laws and criminal syndicalism laws made labor organizing a hazardous occupation.³ Hawai'i, like most of the states, had enacted laws restricting free speech, and particularly, labor organizing and union activities. The New Deal, with its promises of improvement for the common man, was viewed with some skepticism among Hawai'i's workers. Charges of misuse of Works Progress Administration (WPA) workers by assigning them to plantation work confirmed the decades long distrust of the political establishment.

When Jack Hall began organizing plantation workers on Kaua'i in 1937, he faced a climate of fear and suspicion of haoles (Caucasians). "Weigh the picture," Ariyoshi said in a 1967 interview, "the 1909 strike, 1920, 1924, 1937, with people starving—these were vivid memories of the total loss possible. For the majority of people there was no margin—no existence outside the plantation. All the strikes seemed to have failed, with people removed from the plantation—exiled with a loss of pride."⁴

The decision in 1938 to greatly enlarge Hawai'i's military defense accelerated the changes brought about by the Depression. Thousands of new, high-paying jobs were created by the need to expand Pearl Harbor and related facilities.

Plantation workers flooded into the jobs, which paid, for Hawai'i, unheard of wages. The consortium of mainland contractors was long accustomed to paying union wages on such projects. Both the high wages and an influx of unionized construction workers from the mainland helped to create a new mood in Hawai'i's working class population. One of Koji's Kona High School classmates, working as a carpenter at Pearl Harbor, first learned of the existence of Hawai'i's Carpenters Union from a mainland worker anxious to deposit his union card at the local office to maintain his retirement and disability benefits. The union, chartered in 1901, was largely unknown to the cottage builders and the many carpenters working on the plantations.⁵

Before World War II, Hawai'i was largely a two-class society—a small, self-perpetuating ruling elite closely allied with the large military presence in Hawai'i, and a large, low income, plantation laboring class. As a consequence of World War II, Hawai'i underwent a veritable revolution in both its economy and its political structure. Since the end of the war, industry-wide strikes in the basic industries of sugar, pineapple, and longshore trade had upset the traditional, oligarchical structure that had dominated Hawai'i since the formation of a western-style government in 1850.⁶

The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union⁷ (ILWU) was a primary instrument in changing the thinking of Hawai'i's

workers. The democratic structure of the union gave workers the opportunity for leadership in their plantation communities. The capacity of the plantation workers for effective leadership was the key to success in the 1946 sugar strike. In effect, this created a new, larger community for the workers, replacing the oligarchic organization which had dominated the plantations: "There were many possibilities of recognition. A hoe-hana (weeding) man could be a unit leader. The abolition of perquisites made people more independent. The union provided a sense of community, particularly for the Filipinos."⁸

By 1948, Ariyoshi judged the time was ripe for a labor-oriented newspaper which would expose the oligarchical nature of the Hawaiian political economy, and serve to bolster the growing labor movement. Five-dollar shares were sold to the growing labor community and urban liberals. John Reinecke and Dwight James Freeman were especially active in increasing the circulation of the paper among plantation workers in the Neighbor Islands of Kaua'i, Maui, and Hawai'i.

The volume of Neighbor Island business advertising in the new paper suggests a reasonable amount of support among the thirty-three thousand sugar and pineapple workers. Increasingly unified by the success of ILWU organizing efforts and the success of the 1946 industry-wide sugar strike, the workers were ready, both Ariyoshi and the ILWU believed, for a sophisticated analysis of Hawai'i's political economy. With a clear labor and radical perspective, Ariyoshi focused the newspaper on the rapidly evolving labor organizations and the oligarchical society that made Hawai'i so distinctive.⁹ Many articles featured the low standard of living of many of Hawai'i's people.

The Hawaii Sugar Planters Association's vaunted social welfare programs of the 1920s had collapsed with the Depression, and the majority of the plantation communities showed the signs of neglect. Plantation villages were often little more than shanty-towns. The steady displacement of plantation workers, which began in the mid-1930s with the mechanization of planting and harvesting processes, produced a flood of people into the urban center of Honolulu.¹⁰

The first three years of the newspaper were marked by a constant struggle to expand the readership and to deal with the chronic lack of operating capital. The paper began by using a hand-fed press. Each sheet was then hand-folded. The small staff wrote stories under made-up bylines, as well as their own. They depended heavily on their supporters in the labor movement for leads and information.

The first anniversary edition of the paper was typical of the style. A banner headline proclaimed "Ewa's Sewage is Social Crime," and was

accompanied by a photograph of an open sewer ditch. Inside, a comprehensive chart of the so-called Big Five companies was spread over two pages. "Not the Big Five—the Big ONE!" headed the diagram showing the close connections between the firms and their overlapping boards of directors.¹¹

Hilo's "Bloody Monday" was recalled by Harry Kamoku, organizer of the 1938 march on Hilo Harbor by five hundred unionists and their supporters. Police used tear gas, riot guns and bayonets against the demonstrators. Kamoku had organized the Hilo longshoremen, and had applied for a charter from the International Longshoreman's Association (ILA). By 1949 he was president of the Hawai'i Longshore Division of Local 136 of the ILWU.¹²

The resolution adopted by the eighteen thousand sugar workers of Local 142, representing all the main sugar producers, summed up the position of Ariyoshi's fledgling newspaper in a full page advertisement:

RESOLUTION

Whereas, The Big Five, through its economic domination of a large majority of Hawaii's commercial newspapers, are able to hide their union-breaking program from the people,

Whereas, The HONOLULU RECORD is the only newspaper in the Territory that presents true, factual and complete reports on all controversial issues and events,

Now THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that the General Executive Board of the United Sugar Workers, ILWU Local 142, indorse [sic] the HONOLULU RECORD and urge our members to subscribe to the paper.

By the time of the third anniversary edition the paper had refined and sharpened its style. The feature story was about money smuggling by Philippine government travellers, using Hawai'i travel agents and air line employees to "launder" the money. The tactic was to bring in large sums of Philippine pesos and smuggle U.S. dollars back into the Philippines to take advantage of the extreme black market rates there. A centerpiece feature was "How Kauai is Owned", showing Kauai's land distribution. The campaign of 1950 against sub-standard housing was declared responsible for improvements to Kahuku Plantation village, with the removal of outdoor toilets and open sewers. A story on the Korean War's impact on the Hawai'i economy by the Bank of Hawaii chief economist indicated that Hawai'i could expect little benefit.

That edition also marked the beginning of a serious assault on the newspaper and the ILWU. Ariyoshi's front page editorial dealt with the testimony of Jack Kawano, former president of ILWU Honolulu longshore

local 136, before the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington, D.C. Ariyoshi began his editorial:

In this period of built-up hysteria, when fear stalks the land, when civil liberties are trampled upon by those who gloat over the Taft-Hartley and the Smith Acts, Jack Kawano went to Washington to serve the notorious un-American committee. In 25,000 apparently well-rehearsed words, he stoops to the role of a finger-man, smearing, fabricating and becoming a tool of the worst anti-labor, racist agencies we have in government.

Kawano's testimony was to the effect that he had turned to the Communist Party in 1935–1936 in his efforts to organize longshoremen on the Honolulu waterfront. He gave detailed accounts in the manner of other Smith Act informants in that period. Like most of the informers, his memory of events was more vivid than the reality. He placed Ariyoshi at Communist Party meetings in Honolulu in 1946 when Ariyoshi was serving in the U.S. Army in China. Kawano also described a meeting Ariyoshi held with Tokuda, a Japanese Communist Party leader, who was at that time serving an eighteen year prison sentence in Japan.

The week following Kawano's testimony, the *Record* carried the response of the ILWU Executive Board of Local 136. They described Kawano's career and his change over the years from a militant longshoreman, one of the group of original organizers in 1935–1936, to president of the local at the time of the 1949 longshore strike. Refusing to carry out his leadership duties, Kawano broke away from the union and was subsequently dropped from the union for non-payment of dues and failure to work¹³

The Cold War hysteria which marked the post-war period was reflected in Hawai'i. There had long existed an attitude of the upper class and government hierarchy which regarded the large, non-Caucasian population with great suspicion. The intelligence branches of the Army and the Navy devoted their attention primarily to the large Asian population.

Intelligence files carried weekly reports on activities of Hawai'i's civilian population. Little distinction was made between aliens and citizens if they were of Asian ancestry.¹⁴

The first major "red-baiting" campaign culminated in 1947 with the firing of school teachers John and Aiko Reinecke. The commanding general and his chief of intelligence presented Governor Ingram Stainback, newly reappointed the previous year, with a list of alleged Communists in Hawai'i. Their material featured the ILWU and its supporters as merely part of a Communist Party organization.¹⁵

Local politics were swept into the whirlwind of Communist hysteria. When Truman re-appointed Stainback, a Democrat, as governor of the Territory, local Democratic leaders complained that Stainback ignored the Democratic Territorial Central Committee. Stainback accused the Democratic leader, Mayor John Wilson, and his chief assistant, of being under "communist influence." As a sign of the changing political fortunes, the Governor complained to Washington that "practically no white men were elected to any position [in the local party] and that haole [Caucasion] Democrats of Hawaii seemed to have no chance to win in intraparty struggles."¹⁶

Confronted with the prospect of local people coalescing into an effective political organization, the Big Five-Republican coalition seized the opportunity to paint their opposition and the labor movement with the Communist smear. Looking back one writer concluded, "The Communist issue was, in a sense, the last gasp of the Big Five in its long domination of the labor force in the Islands."¹⁷

The Congressional committees were busy linking the issue of Communist influence with the labor movement and with the rapidly rising sentiment for statehood for Hawai'i. The House Un-American Activities Committee held a hearing in Honolulu on April 10, 1950, using the testimony of Ichiro Izuka to label the 1949 longshore strike a Communist plot. Of the seventy witnesses summoned, thirty-nine refused to testify, becoming known as the "Reluctant Thirty-nine." The Committee had little more than the usual "guilt by association" evidence other than the testimony of Izuka.¹⁸

A by-product of the hearings was a separate report on the *Honolulu Record*. The slim report did disclose the fact that the paper had a total of sixty stock holders, which represented a beginning capital of \$6,800.00, and sustained a net loss of \$2,351.91 in its first year of operation.¹⁹

THE SMITH ACT TRIALS

Koji Ariyoshi had been editor of the *Honolulu Record* for three years when Federal Bureau of Investigation agents arrested seven people on August 28, 1951, on charges of being members of the Communist Party, and hence part of a conspiracy to teach and advocate the necessity of overthrowing the government of the United States by force and violence. The seven were Koji Ariyoshi, Jack Hall, John E. Reinecke, Charles and Eileen Fujimoto, Denichi (Jack) Kimoto, and Dwight James Freeman. Hall, well known as the Regional Director of the ILWU in Hawai'i since 1944, appeared to be the principal target. Ariyoshi, as editor of a radical, labor-oriented newspaper, was also in the public eye. Charles Fujimoto, a University of Hawai'i

soil chemist, had publicly announced himself as Hawai'i Chairman of the Communist Party in 1948. Eileen Fujimoto was a secretary for the Longshoremen's Division of ILWU Local 142. Reinecke, Kimoto and Freeman held various positions on the *Honolulu Record*.

The newspaper came out on August 30, 1951, with an editorial by Ariyoshi in which he expressed his confidence that the workers of Hawai'i would "realize from their own experiences, that the allegation of teaching the overthrow of the government by force and violence is fantastic. Subscribers to the *Record* have read the views of the editor week after week, for more than three years."²⁰ The case of the Hawai'i Seven was the latest in a series of trials which began with the indictment of the leadership of the Communist Party of the United States in July 1948. That indictment, like the Hawai'i indictment, charged that the defendants

wilfully and knowingly conspired to (1) organize as the Communist Party of the United States of America, a society, group and assembly of persons who teach and advocate the overthrow and destruction of the Government of the United States by force and violence, and (2) knowingly and wilfully to advocate and teach the duty and necessity of overthrowing and destroying the Government of the United States by force and violence."²¹

The verdict in the 1948 trial of the national leadership was tested only as to the constitutionality of the Smith Act of 1940.²² It is often overlooked that the validity of the evidence against the defendants was not examined. The Supreme Court said it would evaluate the evidence and the conduct of the trial at a later time. The Chief Justice wrote: "Whether on this record [nine months of trial, 18,000 pages of record] petitioners did in fact advocate the overthrow of the Government by force and violence is not before us, and we must base any discussion of this point upon the conclusions stated in the opinion of the Court of Appeals, which treated the issue in great detail."²³

The second series of trials of the Communist Party, the Pittsburgh trials, dealt with the credibility of informers. In this case, the court ordered a new trial. The third set of trials, those of the California Communist Party, finally reached the question of the validity of evidence and the conduct of the trial. In the 1957 Yates decision, the court imposed new standards of evidence, "which were to render the conviction of the Communist Party officials and members under the law vastly more difficult."²⁴ The Court established a careful distinction between mere advocacy of doctrine and advocacy of action. Only the latter could be prosecuted under the Smith Act. Advocacy of an abstract doctrine was quite different from advocacy of

action. Justice Harlan wrote that advocacy of doctrine “is too remote from concrete action to be regarded as the kind of indoctrination preparatory to action. . . . The essential distinction is that those to whom the advocacy is addressed must be urged to do something, now or in the future, rather than to merely believe in something.” Mere advocacy of revolution or change in government was protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution.

Under this new ruling, over thirty indictments and convictions were dismissed, including those of the Hawai‘i Seven.

The 1957 Yates decision overturning the conviction of the California Communist Party leaders left open the door to proceeding against those advocating action to overthrow the Government. Justice Hugo Black pointed to the anomaly he saw in the majority opinion:

The Court says that persons can be punished for advocating action to overthrow the Government by force and violence, where those to whom the advocacy is addressed are urged ‘to do something, now or in the future, rather than merely to believe in something.’ Under the Court’s approach, defendants could still be convicted simply for agreeing to talk as distinguished from agreeing to act.”²⁵

Two weeks before the Yates decision, the Supreme Court handed down a ruling devastating to this type of political prosecution. Clinton Jencks, a union organizer, had been convicted for allegedly filing a false non-Communist oath as required by the Taft-Hartley revision of the National Labor Relations Act.²⁶ The Attorney General had customarily used FBI-paid informers to testify against Smith Act defendants. Their reports to the FBI were ruled to be confidential and not available to the accused. Similar witnesses were used in the Hawai‘i trial. The Court held that the accused must have the opportunity of impeaching witnesses against them. In a seven to one ruling the court held that the Government was required to produce “for inspection all reports of Matusow and Ford [FBI informers] in its possession, written and, when orally made, as recorded by the FBI, touching the events and activities as to which they testified at the trial.”

With a few exceptions, the Jencks and Yates decisions put an effective end to the prosecution of people for membership in the Communist Party. In 1961, the Court did distinguish between “passive” and “active” membership, upholding a conviction on the latter charge.²⁷ Over one hundred indictments were dropped in the face of these adverse decisions.

TRIAL OF THE HAWAI‘I SEVEN

On June 19, 1953, after seven-and-a-half months of listening to the government’s paid witnesses and the handful of local opportunists striving for

their few minutes in the spotlight, the jury returned its verdict of guilty. Ariyoshi's response was printed in the next issue of the *Record*: "Who Are the Guilty?" He made clear that the verdict was aimed at the labor community. The immediate response of almost fifty thousand ILWU members was to hold stop-work meetings on their respective work sites to denounce the verdict and pledge support for an appeal. Not surprisingly, these stop-work meetings were termed "political strikes" by employers and denounced as violations of the contracts. Ariyoshi began his editorial with this statement:

The historical Smith Act frame-up in this Territory has been answered by the unprecedented mass protest in the basic sugar, pineapple, longshore and miscellaneous industries. . . . There is a mass protest on the one hand and a mixed feeling of jubilation and anxiety among big employers on the other.²⁸

Immediately following the verdict, the defense filed a motion for a new trial, charging among other items that the jury had been harassed and intimidated. One juror filed an affidavit with the court stating that he had voted for a guilty verdict out of fear for his family. All told, some thirty-three points were raised by the defense. The motion was denied and six of the defendants were sentenced to five year prison terms, with a three year term for Eileen Fujimoto. Though bail was raised to \$15,000 for each person, the money was raised and an appeal filed.

The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the convictions of the Hawai'i Seven in January 1958, based on the June 1957 Yates U.S. Supreme Court decision.²⁹

NEW CHALLENGES

For some of the Hawai'i Seven, the immediate prospects were not good. Employment was difficult, given the level of Cold War hysteria. The Korean War was a new experience for a society conditioned to assume, automatically, that the United States was invincible. Ariyoshi's views on the war were centered more on the plight of the Korean people, both North and South, than on the Cold War themes emphasized by the United States.³⁰ The prolonged stalemate in Korea belied the grandiose statements of the military and political leaders. For those opposed to the U.S. conduct of the war, the end result was to further isolate those charged with being "radicals."

Ariyoshi, Reinecke, and Freeman continued putting out the *Honolulu Record*, trying to build subscriptions and advertising revenue. The newspaper continued its crusade to improve the social and economic fortunes of the working class, and participated in the growing political strength of that class.

The Democratic Party under the leadership of John Burns had gradually expanded the participation and election of local people, until, in 1954, the Democratic Party achieved a majority in the legislature for the first time since Hawai'i became a territory of the United States.³¹ This was a process which had begun in 1937, when Jack Hall organized the Kauai Progressive League among plantation workers who then ousted Kauai's two patrician planters from the Territorial Senate. Many of the conditions and practices on which the *Record* reported were now part of the mainstream political agenda, as the new political majority more closely resembled the working people of Hawai'i.

As the political climate changed, the old alarms about radicalism and conspiracies diminished. Although some of the old establishment continued to preach the dangers of Communism and the threat of the Asian population, they had clearly lost the political clout they once had. A new issue now was the center of attention: statehood.

The *Honolulu Record* was a casualty of these changing circumstances. Rising costs and an inability to expand the readership sufficiently to meet these costs forced the paper to cease publication on July 3, 1958, after nine years and eleven months.

Ariyoshi, although saddened by the closure of his newspaper, looked forward to the opening of a new union-sponsored newspaper. The ILWU decided to launch a new, community-oriented, liberal newspaper. A mainland editor was brought in and the *Hawaiian Reporter* was launched on June 18, 1959. Ariyoshi worked on this newspaper during its brief five month life. The newspaper failed to reach a circulation level that would enable it to break even, and the union closed the newspaper.³²

Ariyoshi, faced with the need to earn a living for his family, turned to small business, opening a liquor store and flower shop in Waikiki. From 1960 until his return to public life in 1970, this was his primary activity.

In 1969, he was appointed by Governor Burns, a longtime friend, to the board of directors of the newly created Hawaii Foundation for History and the Humanities. In 1972, he was elected President of the Foundation. While continuing his business, the focus of his attention shifted to developing the Foundation.

The concerns displayed over the nearly ten years as editor and publisher of the *Honolulu Record* were clearly reflected in the inaugural address of the new Foundation president:

This Foundation is not only a new organization, but an agency whose responsibilities embody a concern that has surfaced only recently—often with fury and militancy—and has made our country restless. This concern is the yearning and

demand of our ethnic minorities for full recognition and identity, and with a desire to have their history told without evasion or equivocation or distortion. . . . They want a "peoples' history," not the exposition of sovereignty and power.³³

Ariyoshi was anxious to focus the Foundation on something more than historic site preservation. He noted that the new appreciation of history, archaeology, and historic site preservation were important but only as a basis for giving "people the knowledge of past societies to make a better people and a better world."

Important in this respect was the task of collecting oral histories, to give "a dignified place in history to those who toiled with their hands to nurture a new generation, always struggling to create opportunities for their future generations."³⁴ A step in this direction was the making of a film on the closing of Kilauea Plantation on Kaua'i in December 1971. Ariyoshi and newsman Bob Barker did the interviewing of Kilauea residents. A 45 minute film was produced by Hawaii Educational Television, KHET, and shown both on the air and in schools throughout the state.

A second important project was the establishment of the Ethnic Research and Resource Center in 1972 to collect the fragments of history: "The materials for peoples' history are scattered everywhere. They must be searched for; they must be gathered."³⁵

RETURN TO CHINA

The years 1971 and 1972 would return Koji Ariyoshi to the world of journalism and foreign affairs. While serving in the U.S. Army, he spent a year and a half—October 1944 to March 1946—in China in the Yen-an caves. Koji was well known to the leadership of the People's Republic of China, particularly to Chou En-lai.

Always interested in China, Ariyoshi formed a new business, China Products, Inc., an import-export business that was later expanded to include tours to China. In 1970, he organized the U.S.-China People's Friendship Association in Hawai'i and served as president.

By June 1971, China was receiving American visitors, and Koji was among those invited. The *Honolulu Star Bulletin* engaged him to go to China as its special correspondent and to interview Chou En-lai. His January 1972 reports from China preceded President Nixon's visit of February 21. The high point of the series was a four hour interview with Chou En-lai.³⁶

His remaining years were busy with the flower shop, "Polynesian Exotics," and his new China-related business, as well as the Foundation for History and the Humanities. An important activity was lecturing to university classes and advising the newly formed Ethnic Studies program at the University of Hawai'i.

Koji Ariyoshi died of cancer on October 23, 1976, at the age of 62.

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PROLOGUE

THE MEANING OF THE ARRESTS

HONOLULU RECORD, EDITORIAL, 30 AUGUST 1951

The early morning arrest of seven members of this community, including the editor of the *Record*, raises the curtain in Hawaii on the intensified campaign to stifle independent thinking and free speech, a suppression which is becoming more urgent in the whipped-up war program, highly profitable to the big employers but not popular with the great masses of the people.

The attack upon the constitutional rights of the seven individuals who are charged under the notorious Smith Act of advocating certain ideas, but not of committing any overt act of crime, comes at the crucial moment of the sugar negotiations between Hawaii's Big Five and the ILWU. On Lanai, 750 workers are on strike, and have been now for more than half a year, and Hawaiian Pineapple Company is letting a \$25,000,000 crop rot to break the union.

One of the seven is the ILWU regional director. The others have been alleged by finger-men, stool pigeons and disgruntled former labor leaders to have influenced the policies of the union, a union in whose democracy its participating members take great pride.

As the longshoremen from Maui have already said, this is a move to discredit the ILWU which, nationally and locally, has not kow-towed to the war mobilization program that results in higher taxes and less pork chops, while destruction and death take place far from our shores to keep the pumps primed for the highly profitable war industry that benefits only big employers.

The arrest of the seven is said to fall into the "national pattern" by Justice Department propagandists. It is significant that the top publicity man of the Justice Department was brought here to drum up the allegation of "conspiracy" and the teaching of the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

Such preparation of the propaganda barrage was necessary to strike fear into the people, even after all these years of red-baiting the labor movement, particularly the ILWU, in order to isolate the leadership of the union from the membership, and the union itself from the rest of the island community.

A large segment of the people who have had close association with the seven must realize from their own experiences that the allegation of teaching the overthrow of the government by force and violence is fantastic. Subscribers to the *Record* have read views of the editor as expressed in the editorial column week after week for more than three years.

As in the "national pattern," the Justice Department asked for \$75,000–\$100,000 bail for each of the seven. U.S. Commissioner Steiner set bail at \$75,000.

Judge Delbert E. Metzger brought down the individual bail to \$5,000, saying that even this was "extremely high" for his court. But the "national pattern" of whipping people into conformity, including the jurists, reached into the realm of the courts here. Even the abnormally high bail set by Judge Metzger was attacked.

Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of the interior and insular affairs committee announced that this reduction of bail was outrageous and that Judge Metzger would be removed and immediately replaced.

In the U.S. attorney's argument before Judge Metzger, attempt was made to link the seven to the eleven U.S. Communist leaders convicted under the Smith Act.

In this period of hysteria and fear, two Supreme Court justices dissented in the 6–2 decision. Justice William Douglas, who passed through here Wednesday, said in part [in his dissent to *Dennis v. United States* (1951)]:

Never until today has anyone seriously thought that the ancient law of conspiracy could constitutionally be used to turn speech into seditious conduct. Yet that is precisely what is suggested. I repeat, we deal here with speech alone, not with speech plus acts of sabotage or unlawful conduct. . . . To make a lawful speech unlawful because two men conceive it, is to raise the law of conspiracy to appalling proportions. That course is to make a radical break with the past and to violate one of the cardinal principles of our constitutional scheme.

The crime then depends not on what is taught but on the intent with which it is said. Once we start down that road WE ENTER TERRITORY DANGEROUS TO THE LIBERTIES OF EVERY CITIZEN. (Caps are ours.)

Justice Black wrote in his dissenting opinion:

So long as this court exercises the power of judicial review of legislation, I cannot agree that the First Amendment permits us to sustain laws suppressing freedom of speech and press on the basis of Congress' or our own notions of mere 'reasonableness.' Such a doctrine waters down the First Amendment, so that it amounts to little more than an admonition to Congress.

This Amendment, as construed, is not likely to protect any but those 'safe' or orthodox views which rarely need protection.

What is this "national pattern"? Those who ride the bandwagon of the witch-hunters say it is the arrest and incarceration of Communists, alleged Communists and non-conformists.

Let us look at the picture from the other side and ask a few questions: "Why the arrests?" "What crime or crimes harmful to the populace have these people committed?" "What purpose and whom do the arrests serve?"

Actually, the "national pattern" today is the attack against trade unions, the buying off of some top leaders, attempting to crush militant unions that do not conform, loyalty purges, a war scare to condition the people for continued mobilization, unprecedented profits for big industrialists and financiers whose key men run the government. We have big steals in war contracts, corruption and graft in government even involving the President's immediate staff—now the chairman of the National Democratic Party is implicated.

All these go on as the industrialists, who postponed a recession setting in two years ago by the war program, grab profits in the most ruthless manner. They dodge taxes, get plants built free with taxpayers' money, and constantly fight to raise taxes of the low-income earners, 10,500,000 families of whom live, according to a recent government report, on less than \$2,000 a year.

More and more people are beginning to realize that the war program is a phony, despite the increasing attempts to instill fear and timidity to voice their disapproval.

It is not succeeding too well. A big business magazine, *U.S. News and World Report* (August 10) says:

The scare technic [sic] worked overtime by high U.S. officials may be the wrong one. The idea is that the American people will insist upon being weak in a military way unless whipped up, kept in a state of fright and alarm. It's going to be difficult to keep people frightened year after year if no big war comes. . . . War alarms, sounded almost daily by high officials, are part of a planned propaganda offensive designed by the government's propaganda experts.

Closer to home the Hawaii Employers Council in a news release August 22, concluded:

While there is every indication that this lull in the national economy is only temporary, special conditions in Hawaii make the outlook here more uncertain. Those special conditions are the unsettled state of labor relations (here)—and the DISCOURAGINGLY GREAT DEPENDENCE OF HAWAII'S NUMBER ONE INDUSTRY, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, ON THE CONTINUATION OF INTERNATIONAL TENSION IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC AND THE FAR EAST (Caps are our editorial emphasis).

This is the situation today. Europe “drags its feet” in mobilization. Asians oppose white-man imperialism. At home, the war economy does not have smooth sailing. Criticism is highly resented by the ruling elements of this country.

This is the reason for the incredible attempt by the Justice Department to put non-conforming ideas behind bars.

In Hawaii, this “pattern” is not new. Independent newspapers have been forced to fold up. Fred Makino of the *Hawaii Herald* once told the editor of the *Record* that he could not remember how many times he was jailed because of his outspoken editorial policy. Yasutaro Soga's *Nippu Jiji* was also attacked in its days of greater independence by instigation of Hawaii's big employers. Soga, Makino and others were put behind bars for supporting the 1909 Japanese sugar strike. Pablo Manlapit was sent away from these shores because of his pro-labor activities.³⁷

Now, what has the *Record* done to bring similar attacks upon its editor? It is not a Big Five controlled newspaper. Last week, for instance, it reported that Davies & Company is laying off its 25-year men, all of Japanese ancestry. No other newspaper has reported this major news in the community where job security is disdainfully ignored by big employers. The *Record* has criticized plantation conditions and has brought about improvements in housing on certain plantations. And the *Record* is the only newspaper that supports unions and the workers in the Territory.

The jailing of its editor will not suspend its publication. There will be others to carry on, and there being no monopoly of ideas, there are many more coming up who will see the injustices in these islands and raise their voices against them in order to improve conditions.

Since the arrest of the editor, now out on bail, the *Record* has been the recipient of numerous expressions of support from wide quarters that are indeed encouraging.

When a Federal jurist like Judge Metzger is threatened with loss of his job because of reducing bail, it is high time for people here to take keen interest in what is happening within our country.

Keep reading the *Record* and supporting it, for it is a newspaper for the broad masses of people, the small wage earner, who gets his views expressed.

And a word of warning reiterated. The present wave of imprisonment will not stop with a few; as Justice Douglas said, the Smith Act enforcement endangers the "liberties of every citizen." As in Thomas Jefferson's time, when opposition to the notorious Alien and Sedition Acts caused their repeal by popular protest, the Smith Act must be repealed to protect the rights of the people.

In Nazi Germany, Jews pointed out Jews in the atmosphere fraught with fear. The end result—6,000,000 Jews exterminated, finger-men included.

Are the people in the U.S. for full and free discussion to keep the society from becoming stagnant? Or are they for slapping padlocks on ideas, which is impossible to do, as the Justice Department is trying to do?

The Salem witch hunt, the Alien and Sedition Acts, and the Palmer raids of 1919 were all defeated. America must return to its senses to play a constructive role in the community of nations.

The hope lies in the people, here and on the Mainland. We have deep faith in them to struggle for progress. It is the duty of those who understand the situation, including those who have been silenced, to awaken the conscience of the whole populace.

KONA: THE EARLY YEARS

One of these days I will appear in court to answer the Justice Department's fantastic charges that I, and six others here, advocate and teach the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

The court will ask me whether I will plead guilty or not guilty.

How else can I answer in honesty but to say firmly that I am not guilty?

Since my arrest and indictment I have carefully gone over in my mind my activities up to this day. And I find that I am innocent of the charges directed against me.

Since the indictment, I have naturally looked inward and backward over the span of my years in Kona. I do not do this with any doubt or misgivings in my mind that I should have taken other courses. I am proud of what I am. The charges against me and others under the vicious Smith Act, the modern version of the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts which long ago brought widespread fear and revulsion to the people, are tissues of lies to whip up fear and bring conformity to the war program in this day and age. I now review my life in Kona principally to look at conditions, events, and people that molded my early thinking.

During my formative years I was exposed to conditions that made me think and left deep impressions upon me. I was born and raised on a coffee farm in Kona. I spent some time on a sugar plantation, as a pineapple cannery worker, as a longshoreman on the Honolulu and San Francisco docks, in our public schools here and at the state university in Georgia. I was evacuated from the West Coast when war came and lived behind barbed wire and watchtowers of Manzanar Relocation Center. From there I volunteered to work in Idaho's sugar beet fields when farm laborers were scarce, and from there I volunteered for the army.

Because I am a poor coffee farmer's son, and have worked with my hands almost all of my life, even while a student, my loyalty has always been strongly with the downtrodden, the workers and farmers.

Early in life I was exposed to the necessity of "stealing" the coffee we produced on our mortgaged farm in order to obtain cash for family needs.

Numerous poor farmers did this under cover of darkness, carrying coffee to independent farmers who either sold it for them or bought it from them.

At times we felt our whole world crumble around us when we were caught by the coffee company and threatened with eviction. Then when I was grown up, the coffee company hired me to pay off family debts, but with high interest, low coffee prices, and the exorbitant rate charged us for groceries and fertilizer by the company, we were submerged in debt. One of my work assignments was to spy on farmers who "bootlegged" coffee, just as we did. I caught some of them but I never had the heart to turn them in. I only cautioned them.

Those were dark days for us in Kona and I tried to grope for answers and solutions to our problems. I wrote about the hardships of farmers in Kona and the *Star Bulletin* published a series of articles by me.³⁸ I felt that people outside of Kona should be informed and that publicity would help correct the bad conditions and bring help to the depressed coffee industry. Then I became interested in writing and writing helped me think. I began to observe everything about me more closely and critically.

Even to this day I am deeply stirred whenever I reminisce about my formative years in Kona, for despite all its natural beauties, my birthplace, which holds an attraction for tourists, had its harsh and brutal side for the toiling farmers who worked from sunup to sundown, day after day, many of them going deeper and deeper in debt year after year to the coffee factors.

There seemed to be more bad years than good, for once a farmer was set back because of storm or drought that ruined his crop, or because of low coffee prices, the coffee company mercilessly sold groceries and fertilizer on credit at frightening prices and bought the coffee cheap at prices they set. I saw neighbors leave Kona, crushed by the burden of debts. I heard complaints from farmers who had almost no way of redressing their grievances.

Their land was owned by landlords, who in some cases, like the Hinds, also had a coffee mill and store. Because they leased the land which the landlords would not sell, and because most farmers fell into debt at one time or another, they were afraid to organize and take their complaints to the coffee companies. The Hinds, for instance, did not then, nor do they even today, permit farmers to pulp their coffee berries at home. This processing would mean extra income for tenant farmers, but the Hinds have the Captain Cook Coffee Company, which does the pulping.³⁹

As a child, I listened closely to all that was said, for a high coffee price meant better food and firecrackers at New Year, new clothes instead of window-patched ones. I began to work early in life and my mother taught me, as other children were trained, to pick up the overripe coffee that had fallen on the ground, when I was two years old.

We watched the horizon in the spring for signs of a storm or ocean fog, for it was then that the honey bees sucked and pollinated the fragrant, snow-white coffee blossoms. Storm and fog killed the flowers and if such a calamity came, we worked the whole year round with heavy hearts.

It meant then that we had to "bootleg" the coffee we produced on the mortgaged farm, under cover of darkness. As soon as I became strong enough to carry 50 pounds of coffee, I participated in these midnight activities when mother shook us up. Barefooted, so as not to make alarming noises, we carried bags of coffee away from our farm to a party who bought them or sold them for us. Thus, we got money for schoolbooks, for occasional meat, and for offerings at the church to the priest and to Buddha.

But there were years when we had bumper crops, and knew, too, that our lives would be no better after all the hard work in the sun and the rain. I remember when father told us about the extensive territory that was Brazil, where more coffee was produced than the people of the world could buy, and year after year the farmers there were forced to deliberately burn their crops.

We naturally asked many questions. Why can't the people buy coffee? Why do they keep producing so much if the crop must be destroyed? Why can't the Brazilians think of us? What was depression? Why must it come back periodically? Can't someone do anything to bring happiness to people?

The questions, of course, were not put in those terms, but put forth they were with such content for father to answer.

It was in this environment that I began to grow in mind and body some 37 years ago, and my early development there charted the road I would tread in society.

Kona was a great school and mother was my best teacher. When I was about five, father became ill with a weak heart. For mother, a woman of small frame weighing about 85 pounds, the task and responsibility of looking after our eight-acre coffee farm was exceedingly heavy. Her hands were calloused and cracked and deeply stained by the green grass which we tried to keep down by hoeing and poisoning.

Every night about 10 or 11, like a ritual, I went to her as she sprawled out on the thin quilt spread on the floor after the hot bath. I massaged her tired and exhausted body from half an hour to an hour and a half, while asking her questions born of deep curiosity and a passionate desire to learn from her, and left her when I heard her sinking into slumber, breathing like a relaxed child, tired out after a hard day.

Mother told me about her sugar plantation life. Father was indentured to serve three years for a sum slightly over \$10 a month, and mother worked

for \$7.50.⁴⁰ Men, young and strong, could not take the daily ordeal, and many drank soy sauce to work up a fever in order to stay home. Unfortunately, there were informers, she said, and the lunas (straw bosses and overseers), once put wise to this machination, dragged out the exhausted and sick workers and chased them into the fields, cracking their whips from atop their horses. Chinese who stayed home were dragged by their long queues as the lunas galloped their horses while hauling the men to work.

In the early morning as the laborers went into the fields, the lunas cracked their whips over the heads of the indentured serfs, which mother used to describe as “just like Arthur Greenwell and his cowboys cracking their whips while driving their cattle.”

The Greenwells are big ranchers and landlords from whom numerous Kona farmers lease their land. Besides the Gaspers, who were Portuguese, Arthur Greenwell and his family members were the first white people I ever saw. In driving their cattle down to the beach from the mountain pastures, the cows crowded the narrow highway and dashed into coffee farms if the stone fence was down or the gates were open. If this happened, Arthur Greenwell told us in his booming voice exactly what he thought of us. So, whenever we were working on our farm and we heard the cracking of the whips and the yelling of the cowboys, we rushed to the highway to fasten our gates.

If father was there he would stand and stare back in disdain and answer in Japanese what the Greenwells said in English.

Several times I heard father say something like this: “They came with the Bible, some of these landlords, taught the Hawaiians to sing psalms and took their land away. That is no way to use religion. Their God knows.”

I idolized my father because he was a fighter. After he became ill, he devoted all his time to helping people iron out their problems, domestic and otherwise. He was a man of considerable influence and prestige in Kona, as oldtimers know.

Perhaps the proudest moments of my life came when I saw father stand on the rostrum in our Japanese school and in his down-to-earth Japanese urge all students not to be afraid or discouraged but to keep attending school. This was shortly after World War I, when, as now, attacks against civil rights and privileges of non-whites, Germans and political minorities knew almost no bounds.

The Japanese language school was being outlawed. The *Hawaii Hochi*, under the militant editorship of Fred Makino, fought the case to the U.S. Supreme Court and won.⁴¹

You have nothing to fear, father told us students. Tell your parents to keep sending you to the Japanese school. Men like Makino, Shibayama, and

Morita are leading the fight and the Japanese residents will win the right to free education, he said.

One year, we had a new principal at the Japanese school. Some of the older students whispered that he had only recently served time in prison. I asked mother if this were true.

It was then that she told me about strikes on the sugar plantations, for higher wages and better treatment. This principal of ours was a great man, she said. He did not go to jail with others because he did wrong. He went for others. He was a leader of the 1920 Japanese strike on sugar plantations.⁴² That was why the rich plantation owners used the government to put him behind bars. And she told me of Makino, a familiar name in our family, being jailed in an earlier strike (1909) because he had supported the Japanese strikers. Much later, I found out that Yasutaro Soga, editor of the *Nippu Jiji*, was among the many who were jailed.

We know of this 1909 strike case as the "higher wage conspiracy."⁴³ The employers charged that the organization of workers for higher wages was dangerous to the existence of capital and the government they controlled. The employees on the plantations in 1909 were getting about 65 cents a day.

"We are fortunate to have our new principal," mother said. "You must study hard."

Because we were poor, my brother and I stayed home to work during the coffee season. At that time, Kona's school system did not provide coffee vacation from September to November. To make up for time lost from school, we went to night school at the principal's home for our Japanese lessons, and to Miss Kahaliano's home for our English lessons.

Mother's influence on me was decidedly strong. I need only to tell a story to illustrate it.

Shortly after father's death, when I was about 10, my elder brother and I went to a game-cock fight.⁴⁴ Mother was informed of our whereabouts and she sent for us. When I returned home, she was shaking like a leaf, crying as I had never seen her cry before. She must have thought that we had gone to the dogs so soon after father's death.

Mother asked us to kneel before father's tablet, before the shrine in our home. She asked us to promise that we would never gamble as long as we lived. It is nearly thirty years since the incident and in all those years, this pastime has held no attraction for me at all.

I am fortunate that I have a mother who forged me into a rebel who would strive to substitute good for bad and did not leave me to become an anti-social rebel who would commit crimes to eke out a living, or a spineless creature who would prostitute himself to vested interests or cringe before them.

Thus I grew and moved toward broader and newer horizons. I came to social understanding not by way of books in those formative years, but by way of hard-knock experiences.

I was no intellectual, but a working stiff, moving in the strata of the working class that occasionally knew hunger and deprivation. I acquired a deep feeling for people, regardless of color, and particularly for the down-trodden, as I learned as time went on, that my salvation rested not in dog-eat-dog competition, but in a common struggle to better our lot.

Fortunately, I was not poisoned by prejudice and discrimination in my formative years. Very early in life I learned that people are all alike. I had an awe for the white man, but mother dispelled this from me. Even in the matter of gods she had a ready answer.

During the spring months in Kona, Sunday was a holiday for us. I began going to Sunday school and brought home cards with pictures of Jesus, Moses and Mary.

One day I asked mother: "Is Jesus Christ our Lord?"

"No; did you learn that at Sunday school?" she asked in half-surprise.

"Yes."

Mother explained to me that Jesus Christ is a white man's God. That our God was Amaterasu-Omikami, the Sun Goddess who descended on Japan and started the Imperial dynasty and the Japanese people.

"Christ is a white man. Look at his skin and hair," she said, pointing to the pictures.

"Can I still go to Sunday school?" I asked.

"Surely you may," she answered with a tolerance and understanding I came to know so well. "It keeps you out of mischief."

Because mother had a deep feeling for others, we never had difficulty with labor shortages during the coffee harvesting season. Esperidion, a young Filipino, who lived with his immigrant mother three miles from our home, commuted to our farm or lived with us. Yu Ten, a Korean immigrant, lived with us for many years.

All our laborers stayed on until the harvesting had been completed. But one evening in the midst of the peak season, I saw Kim, our Korean laborer, rolling his quilt and straw mat into a neat bundle. I ran to tell mother, whose face immediately took on a disturbed expression. She rushed to father and both of them hurried to Kim.

"What happened, Kim-san?" mother asked.

Kim looked father square in the face with fire in his eyes and said: "Papa-san, you said the Koreans are no good." He accused father of saying that the Koreans were getting worse and worse each day and something must be done with them.

Father denied saying that. Kim charged he had heard that awhile ago by the pulping machine. He strongly resented being looked down upon, as he said, because Korea was ruled by Japan.

Mother tried to calm Kim but to no avail. All this time father stood there in deep thought. Then his eyes lighted up and I recall him saying something like this: "I know now. Kim-san, you heard wrong. I was yelling at Koichi through the noise that the galvanized iron covering of the pulper was broken and getting worse every day. It nicks the coffee in hulling the pulp."

Since we were not tenants of the Hinds' Captain Cook Coffee Co., Ltd., we were allowed to pulp our own coffee.

Kim was unconvinced. "Let's ask your boy Koichi. Youngsters don't tell lies."

And the two went to Koichi and Kim shouted questions at him. Father went to shut off the gasoline engine which turned the pulper, so that all could hear better.

Koichi took Kim to the defective pulper and showed him the damaged coffee beans.

Kim looked at father apologetically and said: "Papa-san, I was wrong." As he said this, the tenseness in the charged atmosphere disappeared. Kim had a warmth in his eyes for us that I had never seen before.

"Never mind. Forget everything. Come, let's drink a cup of rice wine," father said.

I sat nearby and listened to their conversation for a long time as the two talked seriously. They argued some, about Korea, but there were smiles and laughter, too. Mother dipped small bottles of rice wine in the singing kettle over the kitchen fire and the two talked on and on.

Supper was delayed two hours that night, and after we had finished eating, Kim went with father and Koichi to finish the pulping by the light of kerosene lanterns.

That night I asked mother why Kim had misunderstood father. Mother explained to me that there are many Koreans like Kim, who believe Japan conquered Korea. They are bitter against all Japanese and want independence. But Japan has not conquered Korea; Japan protects Korea, she said.⁴⁵

From a box she took out a book and showed me pictures of the Japanese nobility. Then pointing to a couple she said: "This is a Japanese princess married to a Korean prince. Japan and Korea are like one nation. If Japan does not look after Korea, the white man will gulp her up."

Years later I found that Japan was a subjugator of Korea and I became actively interested in their independence struggle.

As she closed the book that night, mother said that Yu Ten and Kim are like members of our family.

"You must never forget that we are no better than any other people," she said.

This conception was drilled into me time and time again. When I asked her about the *eta*, Japanese outcasts, whose social position in Japan stuck with them even in Kona and caused them to suffer ostracism, I was told that they were as good or better than we were. But no one with feeling could escape noticing that these families were discriminated against in the Japanese community.⁴⁶ In time I felt keenly the injustice of it all, particularly because a son of an *eta* family was my bosom friend, and a star pitcher on our baseball team.

All of these things made me think. In my own youthful way, I sometimes condemned the prejudices that brought untold and unnecessary sufferings—but only after I learned about the injustices. In retrospect, I recall that at numerous times I was contaminated by the poison of prejudice.

It all seems ridiculous today, but during the 1924 Filipino sugar strike, anti-Filipino propaganda was rampant in Kona. Evicted from the plantations, the strikers came to Kona by the truckloads.⁴⁷

I learned of the term "Spanish fly" then, and the mere mention of it actually paralyzed some of the AJA [Americans of Japanese ancestry] girls. Most of the Filipinos were bachelors and it was rumored that they carried Spanish fly, a love potion, on their handkerchiefs. If a woman smelled its scent, she would become the carrier's love captive, it was said.

Young girls of junior and senior high school age walked on the opposite side of the road when they saw a Filipino approaching. They practically tip-toed, watching his hand to see if he pulled out his handkerchief, and ran as soon as they passed the Filipino.

When I went to Georgia to study later, I observed the same kind of attack against Negroes. There, a Negro man approaching a white woman on a sidewalk was expected to cross to the opposite sidewalk. This was only a step advanced from the insanity of the Spanish fly bugaboo. For a time the talk of Spanish fly, and all the imagination that went along with it, caused near-hysteria in our community.

It was just like mother to ask Esperidion what Spanish fly was. She must have been concerned because of my older sister. Esperidion told mother that in his opinion, the Filipinos themselves did not know what Spanish fly was. Mother asked him to engage a few Filipinos to work for us. They all boarded with us, and later, about six of them lived with us. We felt bad because Filipinos were subjected to such treatment, and mother tried to make them feel that our home was theirs.

Mother used to tell us that long ago the Japanese laborers were mostly bachelors too, since the sugar planters brought over single men. Men fought over the few women, and stole wives, she said. There was no difference between Filipino and Japanese. But such incidents were possible in unnatural conditions among men who were forced by conditions of poverty at home in the Orient to sell their bodies for labor on Hawaii's sugar plantations.

DEPRESSION YEARS: WORK AND EDUCATION

When I attended Konawaena High School 20 years ago, a summer trip to Honolulu to work in the pineapple canneries was a great adventure to students.

Every summer I worked in the garage department of Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., where a mechanic gave me a start. Without this job I could not have completed high school, for my secondary education depended on my summer earnings. My eldest sister and brother-in-law gave me free board and lodging and I was thus able to take home to Kona practically all my pay.

At the garage I used to observe Manuel Palmer, the superintendent, who frequently worked at the drawing board or went out in the yard to supervise the surveying of the land. I became interested in civil engineering and about that time I picked that as my life's occupation.

But at 17, when I came out of high school, my family was deep in debt to a coffee company and to friends. College education was beyond our means. My elder brother, mother and I discussed my future and we came to agreement that once our debts were paid, I could attend university. This took six years.

I was fortunate in having a childhood friend who was then a student in Honolulu. He sent me books and encouraged and inspired me to read widely. Through his efforts I acquired the reading habit which deepened my curiosity about our country and our people.

Reading opened new vistas for me. I read late into the night by lamp-light after toiling all day in the coffee field. I read, for instance, the two volumes of *An American Tragedy* three times. At first it was incomprehensible to me that such poverty, as described by Theodore Dreiser, could be possible among white families. In Kona, the white families were big ranchers and landlords and their children went to a private school. We never had contact with them.

The biography of Lincoln was inspiring; of Grant, informative; and of Harding, amusing and disgusting because of graft and corruption in his administration.

My friend must have read all the books he sent me. The impression they made upon him undoubtedly was different from that made upon me, for he was a son of wealth in our community. His father was a former manager of the coffee company. Our world outlook was different, even at so young an age.

The Kona public library was three miles from my home. I went there occasionally and borrowed books at random. There was no one to give me direction, and no one to discuss what I read. In looking back, I find that the shelves of the one-room library contained mostly light fiction by writers like Zane Grey.

During the summer of 1931, the year of my graduation, I returned to the cannery in spite of the opposition of my family. They said I would be jobless in the city and would be dependent on my sister and brother-in-law. The depression had hit the pineapple industry, and at the cannery we heard that mature pineapples were being destroyed or left unharvested. It seemed inconceivable to me that such a huge fruit factory could be stilled by outside conditions.⁴⁸ I soon became unemployed and learned what depression was like.

At that time I wanted to be on my own, therefore I lived in an Aala district hotel with a friend. Every morning I dressed neatly and visited store after store and office after office looking for a job. In the afternoon, I wore soiled clothing and applied for yard work in upper class residential areas. Sometimes I found a few hours of work. My friend did no better than I. Naturally, there were times when we ate only once a day.

On many occasions I became afraid that the depression might crush me both physically and mentally. To idle my time away when I was not looking for a job, I visited pool halls. Life in the slum district was pretty rough and rugged. Because of my background, particularly the strong influence of my mother, I did not become assimilated into that life, although I lived in the midst of it.

My friend, who was older than I, had been in California. He had worked in produce markets and on farms as a migratory laborer. Jobs are limited in Hawaii, he said, and as we walked the streets for jobs fruitlessly, he decided to leave for the West Coast.

He told me of the numerous opportunities in California. Japanese alien farmers there cannot own land; therefore, they would want to go into partnership, even in name only, with Nisei [American born, first generation]. They would list the farm under the citizens' names, get around the discriminatory law, and reward the Nisei partners.

Some laws are made for certain people. That is why the rich spend money on lawmakers, he explained.

Because I was in no condition to go along with him to California, my friend urged me to apply for federal government positions. One day I applied for a Pearl Harbor apprentice job which was posted in the post office building. A lady asked me whether I was a Chinese and I replied: "American." Then she asked me what was my ancestry, and I replied: "Japanese." She said she was sorry. I insisted I was a citizen but that made no difference.

When I reported back to my friend, he said indignantly: "You mean to tell me we don't have a white man's chance, even with the government?"

He then explained to me about discrimination against Orientals in California and of the Hearst "Yellow Peril" propaganda. He blamed the anti-Oriental attitude on the West Coast for the treatment I had just received. But he still wanted to go to California. I could not understand why he should go there.

"I'd rather starve than get kicked around," I said to him.

"We're not the only ones. The Mexicans, Jews and others get kicked around, too," he said.

This experience brought home sharply to me the cruel lesson of discrimination. When I discussed this matter with older people, some of them said that the strained U.S.-Japanese relationship was responsible. My friend did not agree and at the Aala hotel I listened to arguments. He said that Negroes, Jews, Mexicans and Filipinos did not have an ancestral country that had strained relations with the U.S., but they were discriminated against.

That year in Honolulu was packed full of practical experiences for me. After my friend left for the Mainland, a Singer machine salesman took me into his home and gave me board and lodging.

I was licked by unemployment and I said so in a letter to my mother. Then I went to live with my sister and brother-in-law. Shortly after, I learned that Honolulu Dairymen's was employing extras in the ice cream plant. I went there early every morning. Persistence finally won out, and I was employed.

Pay day a few weeks later, however, was a great disappointment, for my wage rate was far less than what I understood it was going to be. I had put in overtime until 11 p.m. on many days and expected a sizeable pay envelope. Another new employee felt just as I did. We talked to the timekeeper who gave us his figures.

At that time, Dairymen's was not organized. It was years later that the workers formed a union. As for myself, I had no knowledge of trade unions. The only manner of protest we two could think of was to quit our jobs. We

did this after 4 p.m. when the foreman and the executives had gone home for the day. Because we did not work that night there was a shortage of popsicles and milk nickels the following day.

When we went for the balance of our pay the following morning, the manager told us emphatically: "Don't ever show your faces around here again!"

The ice cream plant workers and delivery truck drivers seemed afraid to talk to us that morning. Such was the fear of the bosses in those days. I felt that even if it were a depression year, the big company should pay better and provide better working conditions.

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From Honolulu I went to Pahoā, Puna [Island of Hawai'i], to work in a general merchandise store owned by one of my sisters and her husband. Pahoā is part of the Olāa Plantation. Early in the morning, long before sunrise, I saw men go to work, some of them leading mules that woke up the whole village by the racket they made.

In Pahoā, I first saw the depressing plantation housing conditions. I remember delivering groceries to dark, bare and dilapidated shacks, particularly in the Filipino camps. I remember Filipino laborers buying more eggs and energy-giving food during the harvesting season. During hoe-hana [weeding] season, they economized on food. The pay then was very small.

The housing and sanitation I observed was no better than the slum conditions of the Aala district. This was my first introduction to the plantation slums which I was to campaign against years later through the *Honolulu Record*.

Because my brother-in-law played politics, I was able to get WPA (Works Progress Administration) employment on road construction for about five hours a day. My brother-in-law was a Democrat, and it took courage then to organize a precinct in a place like Pahoā.⁴⁹ I remember that his Democratic Party activities irritated the Pahoā manager of the sugar company.

When there was no WPA money for projects in the Pahoā area, I worked on the road as county maintenance man. Solomon Hauanio was our foreman and he did the employing. I believe he was a Democrat, too, and for that reason he gave me a job in deference to my brother-in-law.

After Wall Street went into a tailspin and crashed in 1929 during Herbert Hoover's regime, Franklin D. Roosevelt's government brought some semblance of decency to the begging and starving millions through several federal aid projects. Business had failed and the administration stepped in to shore up the economy.

I was one of the millions who received government aid. Politics was entirely a new thing to me. Because it meant bread and butter to me, I became interested in it. As a WPA worker on a road job, I became more interested in the national administration which put up project signs everywhere. My experience then was the experience of millions who received progressive education through the pronouncements and activities of the Roosevelt administration.

When the NRA signs were put up, we heard that employers had to pay a certain minimum to employees.⁵⁰ Plantation laborers at Pahoia, Puna, where I then lived, were receiving small pay, and those of us who began to work on WPA projects did better than they did. Some young boys out of high school who went to work in the sugar cane fields wanted to work with us, but I believe that the company manager at Pahoia would have frowned upon such a step. It certainly would have brought discontent among the younger elements.

Although I did not realize the significance of the plantation housing system then, I noticed that the Portuguese, Filipinos and Japanese were generally housed separately. I was to learn later that housing was a weapon used by the companies to keep laborers in line and to keep them divided. As a part-time worker in a Pahoia general merchandise store, I delivered groceries to the camps. I found that the Filipino camps were the most dilapidated. The Filipinos were newcomers, compared to the Portuguese and Japanese, and thus were subjected to the worst conditions.

At the store, I frequently told the Filipino laborers that they would be afflicted with "night eyes" if they stringently economized on food during the slack seasons. In Kona, where I was born, we had neighbors who could not see after nightfall. We were told that these people had denied themselves nourishment during their contract labor period on the plantations, scraping and saving on about \$10 a month pay in order to return to Japan with some money.

The days of indentured servitude of my parents were days of blacksnake whips. Conditions had improved in three to four decades but they still were not good. The laborers were no longer bonded slaves or treated as such. They could leave the plantations if they wanted to.

I used to tell the Filipinos with whom I became intimate that in Kona we had Japanese neighbors who had two names. These men had escaped from sugar plantations during their contract labor days and had taken refuge in the district which was relatively more isolated.⁵¹ There, under a new name, they leased and cleared land thickly covered with guava, lantana and keawe, and planted coffee.

After two years at Pahoa I returned to Kona to work for the coffee company which held the mortgage on our farm. With a few boys my age I pulped and dried coffee down on the beach near Kealahou Bay. All day long we worked under the sun, naked except for the shorts we wore. We drank gallons of water which flowed out of our pores. When the hard day's labor ended, we jumped into the cool ocean. After supper we visited the Hawaiian village and often heard tales of old Hawaii which were packed full of superstition.

We slept in a small room above the pulping machine. The cracks in the plank walls and floor helped the ventilation. Small larvae from coffee berries snapped and twisted on the flooring outside us and came into our room. Bees, centipedes and scorpions kept us company in bed and when one of us got stung, we groped in the dark, swearing as we searched for match and lantern.

The juicy pulp from the coffee berries rotted below our small shutter window. Large green flies swarmed over the stinking and rotting heap during the day. At night large maggots made millions of snapping sounds that made us imagine that by morning they would have eaten up the whole pile.

We were young and rugged and enjoyed the life in a fashion. We cooked canned corned beef with cabbages or onions almost every day and stuffed ourselves with rice. Catsup was a delicacy and we poured this over our rice. Between bites we chased away stubborn flies and wiped the dripping perspiration. We were paid wages, and in Kona, where farmers were poor and there were almost no openings for jobs besides farm work, we considered ourselves fortunate.

One day while I was visiting home, the manager of the coffee company came to see mother and me. He offered me a job to drive trucks, clerk in the store, and to oversee a section of the mortgaged farms. He proposed that half of my \$50 monthly wages go towards paying for our groceries.

Mother argued that since our farm was mortgaged and we were getting credit like any other farmer, why should my wages be taken in such a manner? She said that in sharecropping, the food allowance should come out of the farm. "We will clear our debt when the coffee price rises," she said. The manager said that we should do everything to pay the farm debt. Mother argued that it was unfair to take my wages to pay the farm debt, which had accumulated because of a slump in the coffee price, overcharge of groceries, household needs, and farm supplies by the company store, and high interest rates.

One day I was asked by the manager to talk to one of the farmers who was suspected of selling fertilizer which the company had supplied him on credit. He told me that he had used every bag of fertilizer on his farm and

this I reported back. But I knew as I observed his farm that the amount of fertilizer he had spread under his coffee trees was smaller than what it should have been.

On special occasions, farmers' wives asked me for rare delicacies such as canned asparagus or canned fruits which the store did not give on credit to the poorer farmers. There was a Japanese farmer who had many small children, and everyone knew that the company's grocery allowance was insufficient. He frequently asked me to let him buy a few dollars beyond his allowance.

Highly embarrassed, he asked me one day to let him have a can of asparagus and a jar of mayonnaise.

"It is for my 12-year-old son," he said. "It is for his birthday. He worked so hard during the harvest that I had to promise him something he liked."

I wrote his order down in my order book. He smiled and his tears began to flow. He was a father who was able to fulfill his promise. His little children who stood by us stared at their father, who was wiping his tears.

Experiences like these made me want to leave Kona. On our farm we were not doing well. I discussed the happenings of the day with mother, and she always said that people must help each other. As months passed, brother and I tried to convince mother that we should quit our farm. She always opposed strenuously.

About this time many of the bright and gifted companions of my school days were settling down on their parents' farms, giving up hope of advancing themselves elsewhere. They saw that opportunities were limited.

We boys asked mother to give us the opportunity of finding work outside of Kona. She finally agreed, although the decision to leave the farm must have hurt her deeply. I left for Honolulu, and mother, with brother, returned to the plantation environment where she and father had worked nearly 40 years before.

* * * * *

In my youth I generally turned to construction projects when I was looking for a job. Thus, when I came to Honolulu in 1935 I became a construction laborer.

I remember shoveling mud for weeks during a rainy season. I was a bricklayer's helper for a while. I drove trucks.

Construction work did not provide steady employment. Therefore, whenever I was out of a job I spent my days at the public library. There, in a stumbling manner, I went from the works of one author to another, plodding through their writings with the help of a dictionary.

When I worked I was too exhausted to read books, but never too tired to read the *Hawaii Hochi*, particularly its editorials. I am sure a great many of my generation were influenced by this forerunner of the present *Hawaii Herald*. It gave us ideas. We thought over issues it discussed. The *Hochi* was courageous and it championed the common people, and as its publisher, Fred Makino, told me once, it was a paper that fought for the "underdogs."

In those days the *Hochi* raised its voice sharply, criticized the Big Five policies, the corrupt politicians, and stepped on the toes of the privileged.

Because Makino had led the successful fight against the outlawing of the foreign language schools, I had a great admiration for him. This was more so because my father participated actively in this struggle, and we kept up with developments as the case was fought right up to the United States Supreme Court.

The fight Makino carried on wiped out the illusion from the minds of many that the government is always right. To the older generation of Japanese who came here as immigrants, practically worshipping the employer as God and ruler, Makino's constant campaigns and crusades for the people, as against the practices and decisions of constituted authority, were inspiring education in democratic processes. The aliens followed closely, for instance, his defense of Pablo Manlapit when the Filipino lawyer was being deported for his labor activities here.⁵²

The *Hochi* was a fighting and crusading paper, and through its fearless policy it inspired courage among its readers. The fact that it carried no Big Five or big business advertising was proof to its readers that it was not controlled by powerful interests.⁵³ It gave the side that the other big employer-controlled dailies did not print. On the other hand, it forced the dailies to publish items that they would have left out. Progressively, I came to this realization. I can see now that the *Hochi* gradually opened my eyes by throwing light on events which would have passed me by unnoticed without even raising my curiosity.

Since construction work was irregular, the family with which I lived obtained a job for me through a friend at Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd. I became a truck helper and made frequent trips to the docks. At that time my alien Japanese friends advised me to stay on with Davies "even as a janitor," they said. There is security in a big firm and opportunities for promotion, I was told. This view was widely held until recently when five clerks were laid off, one with 31 years of service. The fact that all were of Japanese ancestry caused bitterness and resentment among some employees. Old-timers I knew at Davies have now organized themselves into a union, after all these years, for protection.

When I worked at Davies about 15 years ago, "union" was an unpopular subject. Most of us were ignorant about this subject. Whatever we read about unions was picked up in the dailies, and looking back, I can see that the articles were unsympathetic, if not hostile to the trade union movement.

When I started working at Davies there was a shipping strike (1936) on the West Coast. The waterfront became a beehive of activity once the strike was over, and I heard longshoremen say there were plenty of jobs on the docks. I left my Davies employment to work as a longshoreman.

The regular longshoremen belonged to gangs, and casual employees like me were picked up only when steady gang members did not show up for work. A timekeeper stood on a box at the corner of Queen and Awa Streets and filled the vacancies in gangs, as foremen went to him with men they had picked from among 200–300 men who waited for jobs.⁵⁴

A Hawaiian foreman picked me practically every day, since one of his men was sick. The piers were then crowded with ships and we worked from seven in the morning to eleven at night. Almost every day I worked in the ship's hold and, just like oldtimers, I carried a towel with me to wipe away perspiration. We wrung our towels and hung them around our necks, and soon they would drip with perspiration from our heads and faces again.

The work was hard but to me it was extremely exciting. I liked the sound of the grinding winches and the warning call of the operators as the cargo came swinging into the hold. I remember my great satisfaction when a foreman, for whom I had never worked before, picked me on the second day for "machine sugar," which was loading sacks of sugar brought to the ship on a conveyor from the warehouse. "Machine sugar" was considered hard work and dangerous. This was the first time that I had done it, and I was able to perform my work because I had handled sacked material in Kona as a truck driver and coffee mill worker.

Some of us who felt that stevedoring was a great adventure took pride in being picked up to fill vacancies in "number one" and "star gangs." These were high-production gangs which were assigned more skilled work such as "heavy lift" and cleaner cargoes, while some other gangs handled sacks of cement and such other material. This preferential treatment of gangs was a speedup technique of the company, but a great many of us didn't see it that way. We competed with each other, between gangs, and exhausted ourselves.

My reaction to stevedoring was that of a rugged individualist. Every morning we casual employees waited to be picked up. We wished more regular gang members would be exhausted and stay home so that we would all be hired. We crowded around the foremen, made ourselves conspicuous,

and every man was for himself. It was dog-eat-dog competition for a day's work and this shaped our behavior.

A decade and a half ago, when I was a stevedore, a ship foreman checked out individual longshoremen or a gang as he pleased. He knew he would have no repercussions from the unorganized workers. Therefore he demanded bigger sling loads of cargo and yelled from the deck into the ship's hold at perspiring longshoremen, stripped to the waist or wearing only shorts, to speed up the work. Once in a great while a gang would balk and refuse to be pitted against modern machinery. Then the ship foreman barked: "Check out!"

When we were checked out we expected punishment in the form of less work, and assignments to handle unclean and hard-to-handle cargo. The other gangs on the ship continued working, forced to pile cargo on lift boards as high as the ship foreman demanded.

Unlike today, the gangs did not stick together. There was no union to hold them together. Among us workers union consciousness did not come automatically. The atmosphere was not hospitable to unionization programs. The employer propaganda in the press had poisoned even the minds of workers against unions. The big employers everywhere were fighting the Wagner National Labor Relations Act, which they were to defeat years later during the Truman administration with the Taft-Hartley law.

There was no government educational program to let us workers know that a new law, the Wagner Act, had been passed, which gave us protection we had never enjoyed before. This information was not publicized by the employer-controlled dailies.

While working as a stevedore I wrote a series of articles on the plight of coffee farmers in Kona. I did this when I read in the papers that the legislature was being asked to provide assistance to the distressed farmers. The *Star-Bulletin* published the series, which told of the poverty, the bootlegging of coffee, overcharge by the company stores, and so on.⁵⁵

Following this initial writing venture, I did a series on stevedoring.⁵⁶ Longshoring to me then was a romantic undertaking—hard labor fit only for a "man." This attitude ingenuously flavored the articles. I felt too that the shipping company treated the stevedores comparatively well, a view which I soon learned oldtimers on the waterfront did not share.

I could not see eye to eye with them. For six years I had worked at some of the toughest jobs at small pay. On the waterfront a day's pay, including overtime, was more than half what Davies had paid me for a whole week.

At this time I came to know a brilliant young Chinese-American who was associated with the YMCA. One day he told me that my articles on

Kona coffee farmers were splendid. But he saw no reason why I should glorify stevedore work and praise the company. He asked me if it wasn't the same thing—the coffee farmers being squeezed by the company and the stevedores overworked by the shipping companies?

"But stevedores are well paid," I said to him.

He said I had written that we worked 14 hours a day. "That's almost two days' work," he said. I had written that we worked 36 hours without sleep, sweating on the docks and in the holds of ships. He remarked that it was no wonder that I received the pay I mentioned.

When I said that I was man enough to take it, he was not pleased. He asked me if the old stevedores, in their 50s and 60s, would be able to take the grind day after day. We intensified the speedup. They became exhausted. And we waited to take their places, actually like vultures picking a man's bones.

Discussions with this friend made me see that he was right. The coffee farmers, the plantation workers at Pahoia, and the longshoremen were all struggling for a living. Unorganized, they were pitted one against the other. Those of us who were seeking steady employment competed with the regular stevedores, and in this way we stepped up the competition for their jobs from the outside.

New vistas were opened to me through associations like this. I began to have new ideas. On many Sundays I rested from work to attend breakfast gatherings at the YMCA, and there listened to young men of my age discussing local and world problems. All these were entirely new experiences for me.

One Sunday Frederick Kamahoahoa was our guest. He was a pioneer of the longshoremen's union here, and we asked him questions after he told us about the fledgling union.⁵⁷ I had read a few leaflets on the waterfront but I had not paid much attention to the union movement. On the job, we worked long hours and we were tired. Close to midnight we rushed home in order to recuperate ourselves for the following day. We were thus kept from getting acquainted with unionism. We knew that some of the longshoremen were union members, but membership was more or less a secret, for it was tacitly understood that this might cause an employee to lose his job.

On that Sunday I asked Fred Kamahoahoa numerous questions, and most of them were not sympathetic. He was patient as he explained what a union could do for employees. We had a long session and Kamahoahoa's answers gave me great satisfaction. It was a great surprise to me that while union activities went on in our midst, many of us had been oblivious to them.

On another Sunday, Arnold Wills of the NLRB [National Labor Relations Board] spoke to a larger group and we had a discussion period. These sessions were valuable in giving me an understanding of trade unionism. On the job, I began to take greater interest in the union, and as I talked to longshoremen like Benjamin Kaito or Sam Kohunui, I discovered that they were union members. Both of them were in my gang.

A lesson I learned from this period is this: That union consciousness does not come spontaneously. People learn from personal experience and from each other, some faster and others slower. Many learn from others who champion a good cause like unionism, which at the particular moment may be under the sharpest attack from the dominant ruling class.

Another lesson I learned is that there is need of patience to explain to people in order to raise their understanding of the problems confronting them. It was a young man close to the YMCA who helped me to appreciate trade unions, although he was not a worker and I was one. I am ever grateful for the interest he took in me. He helped me acquire, generally, a liberal outlook.

Thus today when I hear that certain individuals do not appreciate unions and what their organizations are doing for them, I first raise the question: How well do these people understand unions and what roles they should play to strengthen them and improve their general welfare.

The YMCA sessions were a turning point for me, for there I began to think differently of unions. The basic YMCA approach of working together helped me to rub off the rugged individualism. I began to take a greater interest in the union and not long after that I was asked to join the organization.

At that time, membership in the longshore union was considered a "conspiracy" against the shipping company, and I remember wearing the union button inside my cap. Sometimes I pinned it inside my pocket and showed it to longshoremen I wanted to recruit into the union. I learned of the term "blacklist" after I had joined the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. Among union and non-union stevedores the Big Five's conspiracy to deny work to pro-union men was commonly discussed.

The magnified version of this past "conspiracy," which was used by employers to intimidate the dockworkers, is today's red-baiting, political frameups, McCarthyism and loyalty oaths that are used to suppress militancy and independent thinking, deny employment to any non-conformist, and to strike fear into everyone.

In the 1930s, a few years after Franklin Delano Roosevelt took office, there was a widespread belief that the New Deal would do away with

depression. When I entered the University of Hawaii in 1937, I had such hopes. I felt the starving depression days, when I survived on a bowl of noodles a day in the Aala district when the going was rough, were over.

In 1937, I lived with a family who had helped me in attaining a high school education by finding work for me during the summer months. I had confided to the wife that I wanted very much to continue my education. So one morning in September, she woke me up early and reminded me that the freshmen were taking entrance examinations at the university that week. When the moment came for me to return to the classroom again, I felt old among younger students. The six years that I had knocked around had increased my curiosity about various issues and had changed my outlook, and this helped me to enjoy my two and a half years at the University of Hawaii.

I spent some time down on the waterfront, working during weekends and on some week nights when shipping was busy. During the summer months I worked as a longshoreman.

During my freshman year I was fortunate in having a young instructor in English who encouraged reading and tried to teach us how to think. I learned then that the Roosevelt WPA projects on which I worked as a laborer in Pahoā, Puna, had a literary counterpart. New writers with a novel approach, with thinking inspired under the New Deal, were producing proletarian literature.

I believe all those who studied under him saw the world in a different perspective, different from what they had seen only a few months before in high schools. There was nothing radical about this instructor. He was intensely interested in making students read and think for themselves.

It must have been about the end of my sophomore year that I read in the *Hawaii Sentinel*, a weekly, that the university regents did not renew the contract of this instructor. The Big Five, which controlled the regents, had a way of blacklisting or getting rid of faculty members who made students think, not only about what they read for their classes, but of local and world problems in association with various books they picked up in the library. I gradually came to this realization when I observed that quite a few instructors and professors restrained themselves from saying in lectures what they knew to be facts.

I found that professors whose lectures were dry appeared most sensitive to non-attention. For example, elementary economics was taught by a person whose lecture notes were worn out and faded from years of handling. One day after we had moved into the new social science building [Crawford Hall], the wind blew in from the window behind him and scattered his notes on the floor. The pages became mixed up. Unable to continue

without his notes, which he must have used for more than a decade, he dismissed the class.

This professor rotated his examination questions from year to year, bringing them back in a cycle, so that all any enterprising student had to do was buy the collected set of his questions from former students and study them to make the passing grade. Elementary psychology examinations were handled in the same manner. The examinations were a farce, with honest students who devoted their time to reading the assignments and taking lecture notes often making the poorer grades.

The New Deal was something which students taking elementary economics wanted to know about and would have been interested in. The professor almost never touched on it. Those who had borrowed lecture notes from students who had taken his course waited for him to crack his jokes, which came at the precise moment and in the same words that he had uttered the year before and in years before that. A large number of students laughed at the exact timing of the jokes which were written in the professor's notebook.

A course in American literature made me see how writings of a given period reflected the social conditions of the time. Thus, writings of Emerson, Melville, Tom Paine, Dreiser, and Steinbeck came to have more meaning for me. At that time the social, political, and intellectual climate were hospitable to books like John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* or *In Dubious Battle*.

While at the university I took part annually in raising funds for students in China who were moving inland because of Japanese imperialist aggression. I remember writing a column in *Ka Leo*, the university newspaper, asking support of the fund drive. In the Oriental Institute library I read of the conditions under which Chinese students studied. There was a description of a place named Yen-an in the northwest hinterland of the vast country. Students were studying in caves, I read. I included this information in my column. I did not know that about five years later I would live in one of those caves in Yen-an as a United States Army G-2 personnel.

After I had completed two and a half years at the University of Hawaii and again returned to stevedoring, I found many contradictions between what I had heard in classroom lectures and what I heard from speakers at Aala Park, a place for down-to-earth education during the late '30s in Honolulu. As I walked home from the docks where I worked to the street car stop, there were many evenings when voices of labor organizers and politicians came booming over the loudspeaker from the Aala Park bandstand. I was drawn to the gathering and I listened to what the speakers said.

I began looking forward to these rallies, where men with courage stood up and exposed the monopoly-controlled system in the Territory. The audience was comprised almost entirely of workers. The speakers were down-to-earth and it was not difficult to follow what they said. But to understand all they said was another matter. At the rallies, the speakers were pro-labor or workers themselves. At the university, a liberal professor was exceptional. Some lecturers tried to put on a front that they were not prejudiced against laborers and that they were "fair."

Pro-labor speakers at Aala Park like Willie Crozier and his brother Clarence awakened and raised the social understanding of those who listened to them. I recall that when Willie Crozier left the Democratic Party because, he said, it was controlled by Republicans and the Big Five, he spoke frequently at Aala Park on the Independent Non-Partisan Party platform. This took place during 1936 and 1938. His exposure and blasting of the vested interests here sowed seeds for thought throughout the Territory. One of the main planks of the party was the right to collective bargaining, more or less accepted by the big Hawaiian employers today but booted around by them in the middle and late thirties.

At the university a professor in elementary economics used to say that labor had the right to collective bargaining; however, he almost always had his "but" Another remark we students heard was "if only laborers and their leaders were responsible."

Such qualifications were not applied to employers or their conduct. I do not know how many students readily fell for this prejudiced line, but repetitions of such remarks undoubtedly left impressions. Most of the students came from working class families on the plantations, in towns, and in Honolulu, but the professor lectured to them as though laborers who were trying to organize were a different type of workers from the students' parents. Here again, I do not know how many students felt they were dissociated from the working class. But I recall that students did not question anti-labor remarks in classrooms, remarks which actually criticized or ridiculed their own social class.

I heard of the "Bloody Monday" shooting of laborers and their supporters at the Hilo docks in 1938 from speakers at Aala Park. The Big Island policemen were used by the big interests to shoot demonstrators who protested the scab-manned *Waialeale*.⁵⁸ We could and should have drawn lessons from this incident in the university classrooms. But I did not hear a single instructor or professor remark about this in the classroom. In private, one of them discussed it with me, and I was grateful to him then for giving me a deeper understanding of the strike situation. I believe there were others among the faculty members who felt outraged at the "Bloody Monday"

shooting, where more than 50 were wounded, but they carefully avoided comment to their classes in order to keep their jobs.

The control of the university by Hawaii's vested interests is such that independent-minded, open and courageous faculty members have no guarantee of continued employment. Teachers who make students think become unpopular with the board of regents. Thus, the instructor who taught me freshman English was released. In like manner, a man like Dr. John Reinecke, who took great interest in the fledgling labor movement and who refused to be thought-controlled, could not obtain continued tenure at the Manoa campus.

I came to know Mrs. Aiko Reinecke in an American literature class. I found that the Reineckes had deep sympathy for the workers and their struggle to better their livelihood. When I then received a YMCA scholarship to study in Georgia shortly after I came to know them, I wished that I had met them sooner. I felt that perhaps they could have helped me to understand the various questions that came into my mind, pertaining to depression, war, unemployment, land monopoly, labor organizations, classes in society, and social and economic discrimination, subjects that the Crozier brothers had frequently blasted at their Aala Park appearances.

What are the answers, the solutions to these ills in society? The motivations of human conduct? Like a jig-saw puzzle, scattered bits of information filled my mind. I could not piece them together into a consistent whole. I could not understand the whole panorama of social life, with all its struggles and uneven development. I could not understand why things happened as they did or why people behaved as they did.

During my second year at the university I had become intimate with a Japanese American graduate student. His home was in Hamakua [Island of Hawaii]. He was brilliant and made straight 'A's' without much difficulty.

He expressed the opinion frequently that people of Oriental extraction did not receive equal opportunities here. He seemed bitter against discrimination. When he worked in a bookstore in town he spoke of the double standard of treatment of white and non-white employees.

One day he asked me to look at his face carefully. "Do you see any difference in my right and left sides?" he asked.

I did not see any distinguishing features.

"One of these days you will," he said. "I was operated on and a doctor accidentally cut a nerve. Part of my face is paralyzed and it will not age. The other side will."

"Did you sue the doctor?" I asked.

"How can I? He is an influential haole doctor. He gave me a couple of hundred dollars and that was all," he said.

This friend of mine wanted to go to Japan. One of my classmates was thinking of going there also. They explained that there would be no discrimination.

"You'll get drafted into the army and sent to China," I told my friend.

"But the war won't last forever," he said. "I'm going anyway."

I saw him leave on a ship during the summer of 1940. I told him he should hurry back if he felt that there would be war between the U.S. and Japan. He said he could get ahead in Japan. He would not stay here to fight discrimination and improve conditions.

A few weeks after his departure I sailed for the West Coast, then travelled to Georgia. My activities had brought me close to a YMCA secretary who encouraged me to study on the Mainland. Through him I received a scholarship. We chose Georgia. By then I was deeply interested in the South. I had read some writings of Erskine Caldwell. I had become interested in the Negro people. I wanted to major either in sociology or journalism. The YMCA secretary and others suggested that I keep in close touch with them because war with Japan seemed only a matter of time.

GEORGIA: TOBACCO ROAD EXPLORED

In September 1940, I arrived on the West Coast and sped southward from Los Angeles on a Greyhound bus. Its tires sang on the highway as we passed green fruit orchards and farms that stretched for acres and acres and mile after mile.

In a few days we were passing through Texas. A commotion in the back of the bus made us all turn around. Slumped in a seat was an attractive young Negro lady, unconscious and supported by a Negro man sitting beside her.

A white lady in front of me said something like: "She's probably starved!"

I looked back again. I saw the color-line sharply drawn. There in the back were Negroes, segregated by a flexible line. When numerous white passengers came on, the bus driver made them crowd toward the rear and the line of demarcation moved backward. When white passengers were few, the crowded Negroes eased into seats left vacant in the rear section. But if the vacant seats were up front, they remained in the crowded area. The bus driver did not ask the white passengers to move forward to fill in vacancies so that the Negro passengers who were either standing or sitting in the uncomfortable aisle seats could occupy the more comfortable ones.

I tried to recall where on this trip I had first seen the "For White Only" signs. Why did I go into the lavatories marked "For White Only"? Why was I riding up forward in the bus with white passengers? I was not white but colored, and according to common classification, "yellow." I was deeply tanned from stevedoring under the Hawaiian sun, but no one questioned my sitting up front. Nevertheless, I began to feel uncomfortable.

At bus stops the Negro passengers travelling long distances had difficulty buying food. They had to go to the side door of the kitchen. But since serving white passengers kept the kitchen workers busy, the Negroes were often ignored.

The kitchen help were Negroes. They helped prepare the food. But the food they prepared in the kitchen was served by white waiters and waitresses in "For White Only" restaurants.

This made me think of Kahala and the restricted upper Nuuanu residential districts in Honolulu, where the white people kept non-whites from buying property. But, as in the southern restaurants that did not serve Negroes but employed them for services, the white residents of Honolulu's "For White Only" districts employed Oriental yard boys and maids and cooks. In both instances, white supremacy showed itself in its ugly form.

Because of my background—a non-white who had worked with his hands as a laborer all along—I felt that I was much closer to the Negroes than the whites. There were so many things in common in the struggles of the non-white people.

When the Negro lady who had fainted became conscious, she started crying. She was hungry and nauseated.

When the bus stopped, I brought her a few oranges, sandwiches and a bottle of milk. A white couple also brought oranges to her.

At the next bus stop I started a conversation with the white couple because I was curious to know why they were thoughtful and why they were unlike the others. They told me they were from San Francisco, going to New Orleans for a trip. They were not southerners who accepted segregation as "proper social behavior" every hour of the day.

The lady seemed more understanding. She presumed that the Negro lady who had fainted had been reared in the North. Her pride and dignity made her go hungry rather than buy food in a begging manner at the kitchen door. And the white lady commented: "Thank God she was reared in the North."

Her husband asked me if I were Chinese. I answered I was a Japanese-American from Hawaii.

He said there were many like me in California. When I asked him about anti-Oriental discrimination in California, he said it was not too bad.

His wife seemed annoyed at his statement and she told me that Orientals on the West Coast are somewhat like Negroes in the South and Jews in the eastern states. We shouldn't have discrimination in our country, she remarked, but we have it just the same.

We were ready to go and I sank into my seat on the bus. But even as night closed in on us, sleep would not come to me. I was going through new experiences. As I thought of the day's happenings, the past came rushing back to my mind. Some of the pieces of my jig-saw puzzle began fitting into each other. A pattern began forming and the inter-relationship of the pieces began to take shape.

Way back in grade school at Napoopoo, a Hawaiian teacher had taught us about the youngster in Kentucky who split logs, read by the light of kindling firewood, became President of the United States, and freed the Negro

slaves. We had sung "My Old Kentucky Home" at the top of our voices, each trying to outdo the others. We had drawn log cabins and his long, bearded face with color crayons. Lincoln was not only of Kentucky, but of all America.

The legal abolition of Negro slavery had influenced the treatment of Asiatic immigrant laborers like my parents. When the United States made the Hawaiian Islands her territory, she had abolished feudal bondage of Asiatic contract laborers, and thus my people were freed.

The Negroes had won equal rights and privileges on paper through constitutional amendments, but legal guarantees were insufficient. They still have to fight every inch of their way to implement those guarantees and make them realities in everyday life.

Could they do it alone? How many of the other non-whites would join with them? How strong were the forward-looking whites who would fight with them and for them to make democracy work for all?

I thought of my father and what he used to say. He told us that the Negroes and the Jews will be oppressed as long as they do not have a strong nation to look after them. He said as long as Japan is strong, we would be treated decently in America. This was a feeling shared by many of the older generation years before the last war.

The Japanese government opposed the U.S. exclusion act as discrimination against the Japanese people. Japan successfully interceded when California cities segregated students of Japanese ancestry from public schools where white students attended. Such acts made the Japanese residents believe that Japan opposed segregation and discrimination.

But in Korea the people had been subjugated by the Japanese government. In Manchuria the Japanese warlords and financiers were doing the same. And in China, cities were wantonly bombed by Japanese aircraft. Chinese women were being raped by Japanese soldiers at Nanking and other places. The Chinese were treated as an inferior people. And to make it seem as though the Chinese were a great threat, the Japanese government was conducting mock air-raid drills in Japan and whipping up war hysteria within the nation. Secret police and thought-control police abounded in such an environment. Thought control laws were enforced long before 1930.

A strong Japan such as my father had envisioned was not the answer to the elimination of discrimination and exploitation of people by people. A Jewish nation or a Negro nation established on the principles and programs of warring Japan would not improve human relationships.

What would do it? I knew then that I would never be satisfied until I found the answers to this and other burning questions that stayed in my mind constantly.

* * * * *

Because I was brought up on a coffee farm in Kona, and toiled there into my mature years, I have a deep interest in farms and farming. Therefore, I wanted to observe the sharecropping system in the South. When I attended the University of Georgia at Athens during the school year of 1940–41, I took frequent walks to the outskirts of town to talk to farmers, both Negro and white. I saw dilapidated farm shacks, seemingly in the last stages of general decay, where Negro families lived. There was a school building in almost the same condition where Negro children studied.

During the cold winter months in various places in Georgia, Negro students do not go to school. It is too cold to study, for either the school buildings are full of cracks and holes, or there is no appropriation for heating fuel, or both. These students are taught by Negro teachers, many of whom had not had the same opportunity for training in the segregated colleges as did the white teachers.

The white students enjoyed better facilities. Thus when I heard the often used terms, the “American Way” or “making better citizens,” I wondered if the speakers realized what they were saying. Which was the “American Way”—the life enjoyed by the whites alone, or the whole social pattern of master and oppressed relationship? There was nothing to boast about in either case. The life which the Negroes led certainly could not have meant the “American Way” to those who used the term.

The Negroes were kept from voting to exercise their public responsibility. They were segregated, kept from attaining decent education. They could not eat in public places or sit in movie houses or buses with the whites. But they were hired to cook the food for non-Negro customers in restaurants or private white homes, and to do janitorial work in movie houses and churches, some of which segregated them while others banned them altogether.

I wondered how the white people actually felt toward me. I noticed that a Chinese family, the only Oriental people in Athens to my knowledge, lived what seemed to me to be a lonely existence. When I used to pass their shop I noticed that their social activities were severely restricted by the pattern of segregation. They were not accepted by the whites because of their color. The Negroes, who were inhumanly discriminated against and constantly “shown their place” through lynching and other violent methods, kept to themselves. And the attitude employed against the Negroes by the whites was carried over in their dealings with the non-white people like the Chinese family and myself, although not in the extreme form.

At the YMCA where I lived, its director, "Pop" Pearson, and its secretary, Miss Annie Foster, were very friendly toward me. They and the Negro janitors made my stay there extremely educational and enjoyable.

I became intimate with the Negroes who worked at the YMCA, but as I tried to build a friendly relationship, I noticed that this made them ill at ease.

Once when one of the janitors called me "Mr. Koji," shortly after my arrival in Athens, I asked him to call me "Koji."

He quickly replied: "No sir, Mr. Koji."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Mr. Koji, it is not proper. I respect you, Mr. Koji."

"Sure you do, and I respect you, too."

"No sir," he said. "I can't do that. It's not proper. But I thank you just the same, Mr. Koji."

I asked him to regard us as equals. He seemed uncomfortable and almost scared. After he left I thought the whole matter over. He could have imagined that I was a plant who might stool on him if he adopted a familiar attitude toward me. He and the other Negroes lived in constant fear of the white supremacists who wanted to keep them "in their place." Actually, the white people feared any tendency that would make the Negroes conscious of independence and equality. And non-whites like me were denied the freedom of association with Negroes on an equal basis, the only way human beings can live with each other in self-respect and decency.

One day Margaret Mitchell, the author of the popular novel *Gone with the Wind*, visited the university. In the chapel where she spoke a student sitting beside me said: "She's the greatest writer Georgia ever produced."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"She wrote of the true, great South," he answered.

Actually, what Margaret Mitchell had done was to glorify the past that belonged to the slave-holders. She had actually portrayed the desperate struggle of a decadent class that went down fighting because it did not wish to give up its privileged position.

"I'm sure glad Miss Mitchell wrote of that ol' South. She recaptured that period for us; we Southerners won't easily forget," the student later said.

"What do you think of Erskine Caldwell as a writer of the South?" I asked him.

"He writes trash. I don't care much for him," he answered.

"He writes about the present, about the life and death struggles of the poor whites," I said.

"There is no 'Tobacco Road' in Georgia," he answered.

In the weeks that followed I tried to find out more about "Tobacco Road." This is the title used by Erskine Caldwell in one of his novels in describing conditions of the poor whites.

Most of the students I talked to denied that there is such a condition as brought out by Caldwell. I found that students in general resented the fact that the novelist made Georgia the locale of his book on poor whites.

One day a student talked to me in private after a group of us had discussed *Tobacco Road* and its writer.

"I have heard from a good source that Caldwell acquired first-hand information from the actual life of white sharecroppers. We resent the book because Caldwell set the scene in Georgia. Why don't you go down to 'Tobacco Road'? There is such a road. But don't expect the poor whites to talk to you," the student warned me.

Then at the YMCA I met a student whose sister had taught school with Mrs. Ira S. Caldwell, the writer's mother. He asked his sister to write me an introduction to the Caldwells, and this she did for me. I intended to write a series of articles about the sharecroppers.

In her letter, my friend's sister asked me this: "There is one thing I would like to ask you to include in the article and that is something to the effect that Tobacco Road can be anywhere in the world—not just in Georgia. Most Georgians resent the book because it gives Georgia as a setting. You really can't blame us."

As the ground began thawing in the spring, I hitch-hiked to Augusta, about 100 miles away, during a weekend. I went to a teachers' convention there in hopes of meeting Mrs. Caldwell. I did not see her, but teachers I talked to indicated that I was on a wild goose chase in trying to find conditions written up by Caldwell.

Toward evening I headed for Wrens, where the Caldwells lived, about 33 miles from Augusta. At nightfall I passed Tobacco Road and saw the wide, red-clay road running through barren land. There was no signpost since tourists have always taken them down since Caldwell popularized the name.

The following morning I met the Reverend and Mrs. Caldwell. They told me about their son, who has always been a quiet observer, always questioning, always curious.

Mrs. Caldwell said he just presents a problem and "he never accuses. He never blames anyone in any of his works."

I thought of another contemporary writer. John Steinbeck in his *Grapes of Wrath* had written of the same kind of people, the Oakies, who gave up their land or were forced off it. Yet Steinbeck had focused the bright ray of hope on the common people, who would keep on coming by the millions

to fight for their place under the sun, as Ma Joad says in the novel. Caldwell's characters in *Tobacco Road* are presented as completely beaten down people.

When I asked the parents if it was true that Erskine Caldwell had exaggerated, the Rev. Caldwell said it was for me to observe. He said he would take me around the sharecroppers' shacks. Before we left, Mrs. Caldwell asked her husband if he wanted to take clothes to the poor. She said the Jews of Pennsylvania, Boston, New York, and Detroit areas sent clothes to them for distribution to the Tobacco Road people.

"They understand what suffering is. As a group, the Jews have already suffered a lot and many of them are thoughtful and generous," the Reverend said.

Mrs. Caldwell gave the Reverend some small coins.

"This is tobacco and snuff money," the Reverend said. "As you may know, tobacco is the main thing poverty-stricken people want. It helps to keep them from wanting food they can't get. It gives a burning sensation inside and takes the feeling of hunger away."

The first farm shack we came to was that of the Amersons. Dude, in the book *Tobacco Road*, is Dude Amerson. He was out selling wood in Augusta. His wife complained she was hungry, with nothing to eat in the house. She said the landlord gave the family a plot to cultivate but the men folks just didn't feel like doing it yet. Her skin was dry and cracked, her lips parched, her eyes sunken, and her stomach bloated. She spit brown tobacco juice that rolled on the ashes in the fireplace. Her daughter-in-law, about 16 years old, looked much older. She had snuff in her mouth. Her children, one aged three and the other a year, looked hungry and tired. The mother said there wasn't a spoonful of food in the house.

As we went from farm to farm, many shacks were vacant because sharecroppers move from farm to farm almost every year or two, hoping to hit a fertile field. With almost all sharecroppers doing the same, not taking care of the land, the soil gave less and less each year. It was a vicious circle.

Everywhere we went we met poor-white sharecroppers who seemed too exhausted to work, and children with sunken eyes and bloated stomachs.

"A man must have decent food to eat. If he hadn't had much for generations, lived on snuff and cornbread, how much energy and desire would he have to work?" the Reverend said to me.

He said that most people in nearby towns ignored these people and many do not know how much poverty and human degeneration exists. You have to go to the sharecroppers, he explained. They have been pushed back to the sand hills and have gone down with the poverty of the soil worked over and over, year after year.

When we returned to the Caldwell home that evening, I told the Caldwells about farming on leased land in Kona. We talked of land monopoly and the Reverend said the sharecroppers were beaten even before they started.

Before I left Wrens, Mrs. Caldwell asked me if I had learned what "Tobacco Road" actually meant. And she explained: "It is poverty—poverty wherever you find it. 'Tobacco Road' is not only in Georgia; it is a belt road for poor folks that runs around the earth for people who have been pushed back by soil erosion, land tenancy and monopoly, and progress of physical science far beyond advances in social sciences."

I did not understand all that she said then. But since then I have seen "Tobacco Road" conditions in the Far East. All people—Negroes, Asians, poor whites and Middle Eastern people—tread that road.

On Georgia's Tobacco Road were starving people, too exhausted to scratch the worn-out soil to make it produce. I had never in my life, especially in Hawaii, seen white people in such a pitiful condition. In Kona, my birthplace, the white families were rich landlords, whose predecessors somehow had taken over land from the Hawaiians.

In Honolulu, in the various places I had worked, even on the waterfront, I had noticed that the haole firms did not seem to approve of white laborers working with us. Haoles became clerks or watchmen, holding down what appeared to be cleaner jobs. Only a rare haole became a longshoreman or was hired as such.

There was such a man, an adventurous person, whom I came to know intimately because of our mutual interest in literature and writing. We non-haole longshoremen felt that he was a source of great discomfort to our white employers. Years later I learned from him that after he had come to the Hawaiian Islands from the Mainland, he had gone to Aiea Plantation on Oahu and to Kohala Plantation on the island of Hawaii to find work even as a field laborer. The haole employers turned him down, saying a white employee only served on the supervising staff. The white man's "prestige" had to be kept.

I was to see this manner of upholding white prestige carried out in the same manner but to the extreme in colonial countries of the Far East when war took me there. These observations brought sharp realization to me that the treatment of a large majority of the non-whites in Hawaii by the haole employers was semi-colonial, with double-standard pay and fewer opportunities for advancement.

But in Georgia, as well as in other southern states, a whole mass of white people were stricken by poverty, and in their helpless position, they were further exploited by the merciless landlords. Here, the white man exploited

the "poor whites," who were treated as peasants and coolie laborers are in colonial territories. But being propagandized by white supremacy doctrines, these poor whites believed they were superior to any Negro.

I could see how this poisonous propaganda worked. It divided the Negroes and whites of a class—those toilers who lived on Tobacco Road, which is the belt road of the poor that runs through state lines and across international boundaries. It pitted one people against another. It kept both down. Thus the poorly productive countryside kept the cities that much poorer. The poor pay scale in the farming areas also held down wages of workers in cities.

In principle, these divide and conquer tactics were the same as those used on Hawaiian sugar plantations where workers from different countries were imported, housed in segregated camps, and used against each other, particularly during times of demands by laborers for better conditions.

Organizations like the unions would bring people of one social class together to implement and protect their rights, and win decency and dignity, but even the right of assembly, as spelled out in the First Amendment, is denied by the ruthless employers to workers in the South.

In the summer of 1941, Governor Eugene Talmadge packed the board of regents and fired eminent and progressive educators from the state university system on charges that they were "n——r lovers." This was costly to Georgia's educational system, particularly in the segregated white institutions. As long as the disease of racial prejudice remains, no one is free—not even the whites.

To Talmadge and his kind, anyone who even spoke sympathetically of the Negroes was labelled "n——r lover." A southerner who believes in democratic traditions and the Constitution should be proud of being labelled such, for it represents a progressive attitude, but it carries heavy penalties of ostracism, loss of job, or even attacks by Ku Klux-minded mobsters. This labelling is no different in straitjacketing the thinking and behavior of people from the use of labels today against those who fight for peace and for civil rights, who are called Communists.

While in Georgia, I was thoroughly convinced that I must fight against discrimination at every turn. The fight for Negro rights was a fight for my rights also. And this was sharply brought home to me when war came and I was locked behind barbed wire and watchtowers in a mainland concentration center. While 110,000 of us, all of Japanese ancestry, were thus impounded as dangerous people, the anti-Negro and the anti-Oriental congressmen from the South and the West Coast got together in "racial alliance" to kick us around.

SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS, 1941

In the summer of 1941, Japanese assets were frozen in this country. The embargo had already been slapped on shipment of strategic materials to Japan. We had been registered by the selective service, and special military training programs were going on at the universities.

One day the Marine recruiters came to the University of Georgia at Athens. A friend persuaded me to enlist with him so that we could go to Quantico for officer training. I told him that the Marines would not take me because I was of Japanese extraction, but finally, to satisfy him that I was not backing down in serving my country, I went along with him and was rejected. He could not get over the fact that ancestry made such a difference. So I mentioned to him how ancestry and not merit was used to keep Negroes down in the South.

The year in Georgia had passed rapidly. The world scene had changed drastically. England and Russia were fighting Germany and Italy, and our government had pledged all possible aid to the former.

Soon after graduation I headed back for the West Coast, and in San Francisco I became a longshoreman. My life revolved around the union hiring hall, which provided equal job opportunities to all dock workers. The union dispatcher assigned us to work on ships and docks. We kept within our quota of hours, and if we exceeded our quota one week, we put in fewer hours the following week. The racketeering shape-up still used on the East Coast had been swept away during the 1934 longshore strike in San Francisco. There was no dog-eat-dog competition among workers for jobs, only cooperation and unity.⁵⁹

Working conditions were good. Unlike on Honolulu docks where I had worked, sling loads were not high and dangerous. The old men worked with the young at a steady pace, not at a "killing" pace such as had prevailed on Honolulu's waterfront.

One night a grievance arose on the job, and the steward of our gang argued over working conditions with the foreman. The steward pulled out the contract agreement and he won. But toward dawn the foreman found a pretext and checked out the steward.

This matter came up before the grievance committee for trial, and the steward had asked those of us who worked in the gang to be his witnesses. At the trial, I was the only witness present and he won. From that day, friendship developed between the steward and me.

I recall going to his home to read books which were soiled and marked from constant use. He and his wife were strong, class-conscious individuals who had dedicated themselves to the struggles of the workers to improve their lot.

"We can't be merely working stiffs in the literal sense," he used to say. "We get our practical education down on the waterfront but we must read books and hold discussions to sharpen and broaden our thinking."

I began reading volume after volume of books at my friend's home, at the public library, and my own copies which I bought at book stores. In various left-wing books I began to find answers to the questions I had in mind for many years, and I wished that I had come across them earlier.

One keeps moving and searching for more knowledge in such a passionate quest. At a gathering one evening I heard a woman lawyer from Oklahoma describe book-burning in her home town. She and her husband, also a lawyer, were imprisoned for running a progressive book store and she was out on bail, touring the country to gather support in the struggle against repression in Oklahoma. She told us how vigilantes and the police wrecked their store, threw the books into the street, and set them afire. Among them were copies of the U.S. Constitution, with cover flaps illustrated with the Stars and Stripes. This, I believe, was my first contact with political repression, besides the persecution of Harry Bridges.

This woman lawyer spoke at a longshoremen's meeting. She had a responsive audience, for most of the longshoremen understood the reason for such sharp attacks against people who tried to raise the thinking of the working people.

Harry Bridges was then fighting deportation, and we were fighting with him. He was our leader. The longshoremen remembered their animal-like treatment by the bosses before the 1934 strike. If Bridges had not remained loyal to his fellow workers, the government agencies would not have hounded him.

I remember one night when Bridges walked into Eagles Hall where we longshoremen met. He had taken time out from his hearings to come back to the West Coast. As he climbed onto the stage, a couple thousand of his membership stood up and clapped their hands in ovation for 15 minutes.

I was deeply agitated by this moving event, which left a lasting impression upon me. I looked around at my brother longshoremen. Most of them were immigrants; many had become naturalized. Almost all of them were oldtimers who had gone through years of inhuman exploitation, the strike

struggles, massacre and death at the hands of national guardsmen, goons and strikebreakers. They knew what they were fighting against when they rallied to defend Bridges. He was a symbol to them and to me.

We were fighting for democratic rights to be enjoyed by the working class as they were enjoyed by the employers. Long ago, for example, under the British monarchy, the nobility enjoyed privileges which they, as the ruling class, denied to tradesmen, farmers and artisans. The rising class of businessmen won their rights through hard struggles. The workers still have theirs to win. And men like Bridges were, and are, giving capable leadership to the working class, refusing to be bought off by the bosses.

I remember buying Bridges defense stamps and carefully pasting them in my union membership book. These acts made me conscious more and more of my role as a worker. And as I saw the sharp struggles all around me, I saw why, by employer propagandists and even in the universities, the doctrine was spread that there is no such differentiation as a class or classes in human society, but that all people were alike and living in harmony. As more workers realize that they constitute a class, they become united to struggle harder to better their common lot.

* * * * *

War came all of a sudden. I was on night shift at an army transport dock in San Francisco on the night of December 7, 1941, "Pearl Harbor" day. During the morning I heard the news of the Japanese attack over the radio.

One of the first thoughts that occurred to me on December 7 was about the status of people of Japanese ancestry in the United States in this new situation. Will we go on living as we are, making our contributions to the war effort as any other person, or will we be subjected to demands for "proving" our loyalty? During the decade prior to Pearl Harbor, Japanese Americans were criticized by the press in Hawaii and on the West Coast for not denouncing Japanese aggression in Manchuria and China proper strongly enough. There were some, however, who wanted expressions of loyalty in order to strengthen their defense of the Japanese Americans.

Although the Japanese Americans took this country as their native land, and their parents regarded the United States as their adopted country, those white Americans who were prejudiced against us because of color questioned our loyalty the most. Racists who discriminated against any non-white were quick to question our loyalty. This was logical. Ironically, this is the behavior of people who feel they are "the Americans" and because they have not treated non-white people with decency and respect, they could not see how these people could love a country which they call their own. Here are people with a different concept of what America means. One

thinks of it in terms of monopoly by a few, while the other believes in the extension of constitutional rights to all—still not obtained.

In looking back, I see that my experiences of December 1941 and January, February and March of 1942, before the evacuation, were weird and are almost frightful even today. I remember being marched off the docks at bayonet point. Uniformed state guards also marched in front and beside me with drawn pistols. I remember the questionings by the FBI, naval and army intelligence officers. I was judged on my ancestry, and government agents practically ignored the fact that I, as well as others of Japanese extraction, were products of this country. Their behavior actually showed their contempt of education and other influences in this country that shape the development of individuals. The hysteria created against those of us of Japanese ancestry was almost beyond description. I see similar aspects in the hysteria created today against political non-conformists.

* * * * *

On the evening of December 7, I went through my bags to pick out my selective service card, citizenship certificate, seaman's papers and other identification. These I carried to work with me that night.

Shortly after we commenced working there was a great deal of commotion on the dock, with army officers and enlisted men rushing around. We longshoremen commented that war had alerted everyone, particularly the military.

Then, we all learned that I was the cause of the excitement. A man in army uniform grabbed my arm and took me to a major who was all flustered.

The major was intensely infuriated and indignant at me because I did not realize what a serious situation I had created for him by being present on docks where military cargo was handled.

"But I am a citizen!" I told him and took out my citizenship paper, birth certificate, and other identification.

"You can't work on the docks from now on. Don't ever come back here! Can't you see we are at war with Japan?"

"I'm a longshoreman and a citizen. Even aliens have the right to work cargo on these docks," I said.

The major told a sergeant to take me out of the docks. I pointed at my identification papers and the major shoved them toward me. He said they did not mean a thing to him. He was concerned about our country, he said. I said I was too, when citizenship was a scrap of paper without meaning to him.

Finally the major said: "Come see me tomorrow at the Presidio. Here's my name and address."

The following day I went to see him. The guard at the gate phoned him. The major could not see me; he was busy. No, not even tomorrow or the next day or the day after. I understood very clearly.

Thereafter, the union dispatcher at the hiring hall sent me out to work on private docks which handled non-military cargo. Since army transport docks took only citizens, most of the longshoremen I worked with were aliens. Some were German and Italian, but they were against Fascism and Nazism.

Down on the waterfront, sentry boxes were everywhere. Even as I walked to work on the Embarcadero to my assigned dock, national guard sentries halted me at short intervals. Often I was stopped more than 10 times. The sentries examined my pass and when they saw my Japanese name they became excited. A few of them made telephone calls to their superiors. Every one examined my lunch kit, and for each of them I took out my sandwiches and thermos bottle to show I concealed nothing. When some tried to stall me and I was afraid I would be late for work, I pulled out my citizenship papers. The sentries changed frequently and this made it more difficult for me, as I had to go through the same ritual night after night.

Some guards made it very unpleasant for me. They were young, inexperienced and, I was afraid, trigger-happy. A few told me in no uncertain way that if they had their way, they would shoot me.

I deeply felt the effect of the white-supremacy and racist propaganda every time the sentries stopped me on the Embarcadero. German and Italian aliens were not stopped, and they did not have to take their sandwiches out to show that eggs or luncheon meat were between the slices of bread, and not dangerous weapons.

One night as I started up the gangplank a guard told me to jump down and wait until everyone had gone on the ship. The gangplank was pretty crowded with longshoremen in front and back of me. A great many of them knew of my difficulties and had seen me showing my citizenship papers.

"Tell the Hawaiian brother to show his citizenship paper!" a longshoreman yelled.

"Stop bothering the poor guy. He's a native American and he gets treated worse than us aliens!" came from someone else.

"Show the guy your paper, brother!" another longshoreman yelled.

Up and down the gangplank union brothers swore at the guards. The uncomplimentary remarks directed at them brought laughter. The longshoremen had no love for national guardsmen, who had been used by employers to shoot and club them in past strikes.

The guard on the ship pointed his rifle at me and I finally got out of line where I was sandwiched by shoving longshoremen.

After this incident, if I worked on a ship, I had to wait until all the stevedores had climbed the gangplank. Then a special guard with fixed bayonet accompanied me down into the ship's hold where I worked.

Several weeks later, I was handling sacks of plaster on a dock. Someone from behind yanked out my cargo hook which I carried in the back pocket and tore my jeans. I whirled around and saw a national guard sergeant.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You're under arrest," he said. Then he turned the hook in his hand to indicate that it was a dangerous weapon.

(This I recalled a few months ago when three FBI agents burst into my home in an early morning raid and rushed into our bedroom. Then they went through our bookshelves and picked up three books from among many, and handled them as though they were dangerous items. These books are on library shelves and, like the cargo hook, are sold in the open market.)

The sergeant of the guard would not let me talk to my foreman. I picked up my jacket and lunch kit. I then noticed a lieutenant and five enlisted men besides the sergeant. The sergeant and a private with a fixed bayonet walked behind me, with others in front and on each side.

As I was marched off the dock the longshoremen in my gang milled around the state guards and demanded that they examine my papers. Those I had come to know quite well began protesting. Before we were out of the docks a small demonstration was taking place.

The FBI, army and navy intelligence men questioned me at the Ferry building. Why did I leave Hawaii? Why did I go to Georgia? Did I go to the seaport of Savannah? Why didn't I? Etc., etc.

Twice the state guards picked me up in the same manner, with so much fanfare that the longshoremen gave them a razzing they deserved. I still kept on working and this annoyed the intelligence agencies. There were two of us Japanese Americans working on the San Francisco docks. One day we were called to the waterfront employer's office and told that the army did not want us to work on the docks any more.

Some Japanese families were being evacuated by the government from so-called strategic areas. I considered going on the farms as a migratory laborer.

About this time my Japanese American longshoreman friend and I learned that a printer was selling a poster saying: "Open Season! Jap Hunting License."⁶⁰ We went to the print shop and told the owner that this sort of incitement would stir up race riots.

"Never mind; we don't want the Japs around here," he said, thinking we were Chinese.

We went to the daily newspapers in San Francisco and wrote them letters asking them to discourage such activities. Only one newspaper out of many responded, and as I recall it was the *Daily People's World*, whose editors are today on trial under Smith Act indictment for advocating and teaching the overthrow of government by force and violence.

The "free" press was then doing a damnable job. The Hearst newspapers were leading the assault against people of Japanese ancestry. Japanese American loyalty was ripped to shreds and painted black as night. Rumors of downed Japanese airmen in Honolulu wearing rings of West Coast universities, Japanese American sabotage, and other groundless information were printed as facts day after day, even after government authorities, who conducted an investigation, denied such acts. Japanese toy weapons were photographed and printed in West Coast newspapers as actual weapons.

In the whipped up war feeling, Japanese Americans became scapegoats. The anti-Oriental press on the West Coast really went to town and they played a large role in creating the sentiment to oust us from the western states. These newspapers showed Japanese in horn-rimmed glasses and with buck teeth. This was propaganda to create hatred for all Japanese. The meaning of Japanese imperialism, the thought control of people in Japan, the persecution of Communists, trade unionists, and liberals in order to stifle criticism of the policy of foreign aggression, the feudalism of the countryside that made the peasants serfs of the landlords—these were not explained to the American people.

The newspapers and radio propagandized that all Japanese were "treacherous." War feeling created through such information was unhealthy. Americans should have been informed about the basic reasons for Japanese aggression and who profited from it, and told to fight them, not the Japanese people in general because of their alleged "inherent treachery" or their "horn-rimmed glasses and buck teeth."

With time, I was to learn that the war had different meanings for various people. For the white supremacists and western imperialists, the early Japanese victories were a terrific loss of prestige for the white man. For West Coast racists and vested economic interests, it meant the opportunity to wrest cherished properties from Japanese aliens and their children accumulated through many years of toil, by banishing these people inland. For the workers and democratic-minded people, it meant the struggle to defeat fascism at home and abroad, to defeat imperialism and help win freedom for colonial people.

RELOCATION TO MANZANAR

In the spring of 1942 when 110,000 of us, all of Japanese ancestry, were put behind barbed wire and watchtowers, we were not charged with any overt act or crime against the United States. Hysteria had been whipped up against us by the press and radio.

A whole people of common ancestry were labelled subversive, dangerous, or potentially dangerous. The majority of us were American born, educated in public schools. What meaning did American birth, education, upbringing and experiences have in time of war and the whipped up war hysteria? Actually the 200 percent super patriots showed how little regard they have for the teachings, cultures and traditions of this land, which shape people's minds. After all the years of living in this country, people of Japanese ancestry were to the West Coast racists just "Japs" and nothing more.

This was the period when the leaders of our government could have set an example for the whole world and given true meaning to the war against imperialist aggressors and their superior race myth. The American people could have learned lessons in democratic processes by the government's firm stand in face of pressures and hysteria, and by informing the populace who the people of Japanese ancestry in the United States and Hawaii were, and how they differed from the Japanese militarists and war financiers. We could have taken the wind out of the Japanese propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics."

But our country, which denies 15 million Negroes equality and holds Indians in custody on reservations, had a long way to go before carrying on such a healthy program to mobilize the people. Civil rights cannot be fully enjoyed by one minority and be denied to others. All the people must believe in and live by them. On the other hand, such education as mentioned above would wipe away jim crow and the ward system among Indians, and those who forced the evacuation did not want this to happen. Evacuation was a great setback for civil rights.

Prior to my leaving San Francisco, I frequently met with a group of Nisei in the Montgomery Street workshop of sculptor Isami Noguchi. We

discussed the coming evacuation and speculated on the kind of life we would be permitted to live.

One night Larry Tajiri, now editor of the *Pacific Citizen* and one of the ablest Nisei newspapermen, came with a news release from General J. L. DeWitt's Western Defense Command headquarters. The information said that DeWitt would evacuate Japanese aliens, American citizens of Japanese ancestry, German aliens and Italian aliens—in this order.

"Citizens before enemy aliens?"

This question came to my mind and I believe to the others.

We began making preparations for evacuation. Some moved far inland, beyond the jurisdiction of the Western Defense Command. Tajiri went to Salt Lake City to edit the *Pacific Citizen* for the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL). This was one of the very fortunate things that happened to the Issei [immigrants born in Japan] and the Nisei, for Tajiri made the weekly an influential voice that elicited support nationally for people of Japanese ancestry. And the *Pacific Citizen* published outside the relocation centers, gave voice to grievances of evacuees in the camps, kept the evacuees informed of occurrences in the various centers, and generally helped to give them perspective.

I moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and there I found the alien Japanese dreading and fearing the FBI. Those I talked to did not know for what reason they might be arrested. Most of them had been affiliated with some Japanese organizations, church or community groups. Many of these organizations are still on the attorney general's "subversive" list, and not long ago some Japanese aliens were having trouble with the immigration service just because they had once belonged to now defunct associations.

In Los Angeles, as in San Francisco, I saw family heirlooms going up in smoke. Photographs, letters, particularly those from relatives in Japan, books and periodicals were burned in haste. Kodaks and cameras were broken or given away.

Fear had infected our people. Some second-generation community leaders were being accused as "FBI informers" who were turning in names of "disloyal" elements at \$25 per head and for personal protection. This allegation was fantastic, but it divided the Japanese community by instilling fear and distrust for one another.

Propaganda of the racists and vested interests and dramatized arrests by the FBI in early 1942 made the Nisei and their alien parents appear more and more "dangerous." Nisei were losing jobs. Japanese-owned businesses suffered. Families lost their life savings, part of which they are still trying to collect today in the face of government stalling. And cold hostility of the

uninformed but propagandized public developed. By the time the order for evacuation came, there were many who felt that it was safer for them to go into inland relocation centers.

At this time, white persons visited the Issei and Nisei homes to buy their belongings. One morning I heard a visitor offer \$15 for a brand new, \$250 refrigerator. The Japanese couple finally sold for \$25. Another family sold a 50-gallon drum of oil for \$2. Everything was sold for a song, for the white people knew the Issei and Nisei would have to dispose of their property in a hurry, and they drove a hard bargain. In the meantime the army was instructing us to get rid of all excess baggage in a hurry.

I remember the day I went to register to go to the Manzanar Relocation Center. The man at the desk told me I could take only one duffle bag or two small bags, whichever I could handle by myself.

"Where can we store our furniture and other personal property?" I asked for an old alien couple.

"Get rid of them; there are lots of junk buyers," the man answered.

"Doesn't the army or government provide warehouses?"

"Not that I know of."

When I told this to the old couple they quietly shed tears and remarked about the callous treatment of human beings. I helped them store their belongings in a church. Months later, when we were far inland, we were informed that vandals had broken into the storehouse and taken the valuables.

For later evacuees the army and the government provided storage places, but by then the frenzied people had disposed of their belongings, accumulated over a long period of years, for practically nothing.

To the man in charge of the evacuation, General DeWitt: "A Jap's a Jap. They are a dangerous element, whether loyal or not. There is no way to determine their loyalty. . . . It makes no difference whether he is an American citizen; theoretically, he is still a Japanese and you can't change him. . . . You can't change him by giving him a piece of paper."

General DeWitt expressed this and other views before the House Naval Affairs Sub-Committee in San Francisco much later.⁶¹

We read in the anti-Oriental Hearst *Los Angeles Examiner* that about 20 beauty parlors and fancy barber shops with manicurists were being planned for Manzanar. Manzanar would be a modern city, with stores and shops to satisfy our needs. We were going to be paid union wages, the army press releases said.

One of the first photographs to come out of Manzanar was rather interesting. I saw it in a Los Angeles newspaper. A few Nisei girls smiled as though the world was theirs in a barracks room with a photograph of General MacArthur pinned on the wall behind them.

I later learned from one of the girls, who were early volunteers, that a news photographer had gone to Manzanar with MacArthur's photograph under his arm. He tacked it on a wall and asked the girls to relax and smile. They were played up as loyal elements who were taking evacuation without bitterness or anger, but with an adventurous spirit.

One of my friends received a letter from his friend who had gone to Manzanar in the first contingent. "Don't rush to come here," the letter said. When the first 83 volunteers arrived in the most inhospitable, isolated desert land, four barracks were taking shape. They ate dry sandwiches at mealtime. The first night they huddled against each other because there were no window panes. No roof over their heads either. It was extremely cold, with a strong, cutting wind blowing down from a nearby snow-capped mountain range. The plank lumber walls were full of holes and cracks. Dust and sand swept by with the strong wind.

The army had a white construction crew of 400 men to build Manzanar in 90 days, a community of one square mile in area, to house 10,000 of us. One thousand evacuees were to move in seven days after construction began. Naturally, hardships resulted.

On April 2, 1942, I too joined a contingent to Manzanar that rode on a train with cars that seemed to have been dragged out of antiquity. I took a last look at Los Angeles, people waving, white friends of evacuees wiping their eyes as the train pulled away. All day we travelled northward and saw black lava, glittering white alkali lake beds, desert stretches, oases, and bronzed, parched mountain ranges.

At nightfall we arrived at a town near Manzanar where we transferred to a bus. The cold wind howled outside and as we approached the new clearing amidst the sagebrush that was Manzanar, sand and dust pelted the bus windows.

At the gate the bus stopped. A military sentry was there. As the bus entered the barbed wire enclosure, I looked back into the darkness, on the road we had come. Out there, beyond the barbed wire, was the world we knew.

"We cannot go back now," a friend said. "We are locked up."

* * * * *

The night of April 2, 1942, when our bus entered the barbed wire compound, I wondered when we would get out of Manzanar Relocation Center. I wondered whether people outside who believed in civil rights would raise their voices and fight for us. One of my friends who had studied in Japan told me that we might be shipped to Japan after the war. His wife, who was

to give birth to the first child born in Manzanar, listened quietly, showing all the signs of exhaustion after the 13-hour trip from Los Angeles.

My longshoreman friend from San Francisco [Karl Yoneda] was already at Manzanar, having arrived there in an earlier contingent. He greeted us and helped us stuff our mattress sacks with straw. We registered at an office and were given numbers. Then we walked to the tar-papered barracks assigned us.

I was thrilled by the sight of people working together, strangers thrown together. The early volunteers helped new arrivals to get settled. No one could miss the spontaneous unity of feeling, the common struggle of displaced persons to make a go of this existence. For the moment we were all alike, the rich and the poor, talented and untalented, strong and weak. I thought that as we build this community on this dry, forsaken land, we would find grooves to fit into. We would discover new interests and nurture hopes of passing through the gate in the barbed wire fence on our way out of this imprisonment.

I walked into the small barracks room covered with dust, with wind whistling in from between the rafters and the walls and from the wide cracks in the flooring.

Four old bachelors walked in with their straw-filled mattresses. We introduced ourselves.

"Where are you from?" one of them asked me in Japanese.

"From Hawaii, originally," I answered.

"You have a home then. At least a place to go back to some day," he said with an encouraging smile. "But your home is far away."

"For the time being, this is home for us," I said.

"Mine, too." The old fellow half-closed his eyes, shook his head sideways and said softly, as though he were talking to himself, "I've lost everything I had."

"We'll make out all right. We all will," I tried to encourage him.

We walked out into the darkness and my longshore friend yelled: "Watch out for the ditches. A guy broke his arm the other night."

When I opened my barracks door shortly after dawn the following morning, I saw in front of me a gigantic harsh granite wall which soared into the sky a few miles to the west of our concentration camp. This was the Sierra Nevada range, stretching north and south for miles and miles. What a chilling image! It looked dark and foreboding, like a giant bat with wings outstretched, watching us from aloft.

I had never imagined I would see the highest mountain in the United States under such circumstances. To the south of us was Mt. Whitney,

14,500 feet high. Much closer, about 10 air miles away, stood Mt. Williamson, almost as high. The grandeur of these lofty summits did not fascinate me as I had once thought they would.

In my grade school in Kona I had studied about them from beautifully colored illustrations and descriptive words in geography books. I had a tourist's view then. But at Manzanar, the Sierra Nevada range was a natural barricade for us, outside the barbed wire compound. Early in the afternoon, the mountain range cast shadows over Manzanar, shadows that brought with them depressing feelings to hundreds of people.

To the east of us rose the tawny, rolling Inyo and White Mountain ranges, running parallel with the lofty Sierra Nevadas. Owens Valley was a narrow strip between these two ranges, and our Manzanar was a point in this arid, semi-desert, bronze, sage-covered plain. Far to the north was Reno, the city of quick divorces, and south of us was Los Angeles, from whence we came.

As I stood looking at the granite giant from the doorway, I heard a woman in the next room praying to Buddha. How like my mother, I thought. With all the cracks and openings in the wall that ended halfway to the roof and had no ceiling to give privacy to occupants, I could hear the prayer very clearly. The woman prayed for her health, her family's well-being, and for everyone in camp.

Later on in the day, her daughter told me that her mother should not pray, for the FBI might arrest her. And the mother told me that she had prayed as long as she could remember and deeply regretted that fear of government reprisal had forced her to burn her Buddha and the tablets of the family dead.

One of my roommates woke me up as I was sitting in the doorway and asked: "Who do you think will try to escape from here?"

"I think no one here thinks of that," I replied.

From where I sat I could see the eastern and western ends of Manzanar. Military guards patrolled outside the barbed-wire fence, and high watch towers were going up, equipped with searchlights whose powerful beams were to play over the camp at night, disturbing our peaceful slumber.

A few days after we arrived in Manzanar, an administrative officer talked to those of us who lived in Block 10. He asked us not to complain but to cooperate, to be model evacuees so that the government would not make it tough on us. He said the newspapers had whipped up sentiment against us, and that we were in no position to roam the country at large. He said that the watch towers and barbed wire fences were put up for our own protection from "angry" Americans.

In the late spring the wind blew vehemently, frequently at supper time when we stood in long queues. Dust moved like a thick brown wall at 40 to 50 miles an hour, so thick that we could not see the line of barracks across from ours. The rooms were constantly filled with dust and there was no use in cleaning.

Mothers carefully covered their infants' heads with blankets, and hurried into mess halls where people lined between tables in twisting, endless queues, waiting their turn to be served. We could not see anything outside the windows but brown dust, which blew into the mess hall and formed a brownish scum over milk for babies and over our food like pepper.

People hurried through their meals. The morale was high for people who had suffered so much, sustained great losses in crops they had left behind, farms and property they had lost. We all got together to combat harsh physical elements of cold, wind and dust. We had almost no time to brood. The novelty of communal living took time and effort for adjustment. But all this was a temporary condition and we faced difficulties ahead.

* * * * *

One morning, Elaine [Black Yoneda], the wife of my longshore friend from San Francisco, came storming into our tar-papered barracks. I asked her what was the matter. She said she had just seen Assistant Administrator Kidwell and had asked him to partition the women's toilet.

"The young girls are so bashful," Elaine complained, and told us about mothers who brought curious little boys into the women's washrooms.

"Are the partitions going up?" I asked her.

"Kidwell said the army made the specifications for the buildings," she explained, and "partitions were not provided for. But he said he would see what could be done."

Soon after this incident, newer washrooms had partitions put up. Those in already established blocks were installed later. This pleased Elaine immensely, although by her standards her contribution was small. But these little things, small improvements here and there, made the camp more livable.

Elaine kept calling the camp administration's attention to such matters. In such a way this Jewish woman won the hearts of countless alien Japanese and Nisei who were prejudiced against Elaine's people because of incessant anti-Semitic propaganda they had been exposed to. She had a double-count against her in a community where so many of the people, held behind barbed wire, harbored bitterness against the white people, a category into which Elaine fell.⁶²

Manzanar had a great need for a woman like Elaine. She put to use effectively all the training and experience she had acquired in the labor and civil rights fields. She had been district secretary and national vice president of the International Labor Defense League [IDL] from 1931 to 1941. This organization, which she had led on the West Coast, had come to the aid of Filipino workers in Maui when, in 1937, the Vibora Luviminda, an organization of Filipino workers, struck the Puunene Plantation. It made a vital contribution in preventing the Vibora Luviminda strike from being crushed through the jailing of its leaders.

In the 1930s, California had 39 long-term labor and political prisoners, more than any other state. Elaine had helped organize and had participated in the defense of labor and political prisoners. She had participated in the 1934 waterfront strike, Salinas lettuce strike, lumber and gold strikes, the free speech fight in Los Angeles, and organized the unemployed during the depression. She herself had been arrested eight times on charges ranging from "suspicion of criminal syndicalism," riot, refusing to move, and vagrancy, for which she had been fined \$1,000. Twice she had been convicted, on the vagrancy charge and on [inciting] riot. She appealed her cases, handled her own defense, and in jury trials won complete releases.

To Elaine, this experience with her husband Karl made her all the more anxious to help the evacuees. Their son Tommy, namesake of Tom Mooney, who was framed and jailed following the Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco, asked many pertinent questions about the barbed wire, watchtowers, sentries, and the searchlights that shot strong beams into the camp and through barracks windows.

The washroom and the mess hall constituted our community centers for a long time. When we first arrived in Manzanar, small, single-seat privies were placed between blocks. These were built on sleds so that the drum receptacles could be emptied after trucks dragged the privies to a sewer hole.

One morning a truck driver, who generally knocked on privy doors, forgot to do so. He tied a rope to the sled and started the vehicle. A feminine voice yelling from inside the privy attracted people from the rows of barracks, alarmed by the cry for help. Somewhere down the line the truck was flagged down and an old, gray-haired woman stepped out, extremely angry at the careless truck driver.

Cruel and embarrassing experiences often resulted in a camp hurriedly put up, into which the government poured evacuees even before the limited facilities were installed. The people were highly indignant and embarrassed at such a situation as the one described above, but in public, they tried to pass it off as a joke.

In the beginning cooks in the public mess lacked essential cutlery. Once in a while when frozen pork arrived, they let it thaw in the sun before cutting it. The result was devastating. From midnight on we rushed to the privies only to discover long lines of the afflicted ahead of us.

Food was a problem. A great many of the evacuees were old rural farmers, and they could not stomach food prepared in bulk in the Western style. Weeks passed before farmers could enjoy food served in mess halls, and more weeks passed before food was prepared semi-Japanese style. The cooks had a difficult problem in satisfying the evacuees, for each person was allowed about 35 cents a day for food.

It was the farmers who soon began planting vegetables in the fire breaks between the rows of barracks, and the vegetables supplemented food supplied by the government.

In this crowded community, people had difficulties in adjusting themselves to the new situation. The older women, for instance, both from the cities and farms, never felt clean unless they bathed, Japanese style, in a tub filled with steaming water. So quite a number of them shunned the showers and relaxed comfortably in laundry tubs in the wash-house. When this news got to the administration's ears, it caused excitement because officials thought the tubs might collapse. Posters prohibiting bathing in laundry tubs immediately went up everywhere.

During this time, all kinds of signs went up prohibiting this and prohibiting that. Some did not make sense, while others did. Some signs were unheeded, like the ones which asked men and boys to refrain from making peeping holes in the fiberboard walls of women's shower rooms.

Manzanar was a community of all types of people, from various economic classes, temporarily stripped of their former status. There were comedies, tragedies, happiness and sorrow. With almost no outside technical assistance, the people made it a functioning society.

Our asset was a superabundance of trained personnel and inexperienced college graduates. The West Coast Nisei had plenty of education but little opportunity to use it in their fields of aspiration. Thus, college graduates had been truck drivers, soda jerks, farmers and produce market clerks. Manzanar was a break for them in that they were able to apply in practice what they had learned in theory. It could be a perfect training ground, for white employers were not there to discriminate against them.

A few white administrators sat at their desks to advise us. For the work we did, we received \$8 a month for common labor, \$12 a month for semi-skilled work, and \$16 a month for professional services like those of doctors. Later, the wage scale was upgraded to \$12, \$16 and \$19. Some of us

worked with white teachers, doctors and others, doing exactly the same thing for a mere fraction of the salaries they drew.

Because it seemed in the early months of the evacuation that we would be kept behind barbed wire for the duration, Nisei I talked to spoke of the need for small handicraft industries and agricultural projects at Manzanar.

Others began asking these questions: Why couldn't we be employed outside the center after we had been cleared? We could make contributions to the war effort. We wanted union wages, as General DeWitt's Western Defense Council, which set up Manzanar, promised the early volunteers. The press had featured this news in such a way that it antagonized the white people against us. Actually, the volunteers received \$2.67 for the first month, but this, of course, was not printed in the newspapers.

The War Relocation Authority [WRA], a civilian agency, took over the administration of relocation centers from the Western Defense Command a couple of months after we settled in Manzanar. An administrator told me just about this time that the WRA was considering work projects for us. But the plan eventually fell through.

"Why?" I asked the administrator.

He said the white people in California and inland states did not want us to have productive communities. They opposed ownership or cultivation of land, even reclamation of waste land.

"Not even to produce Food for Freedom?" I asked him.

"No. They don't want you people to produce for the market. In other words, they don't want competition."

"Free" enterprise had to be protected. This was the free enterprise system with its divide and rule employer policy that had fostered anti-oriental sentiment against immigrants from the Far East. And this "yellow peril" propaganda of the past had laid the groundwork for the evacuation.

Into Manzanar came the *Los Angeles Times* and the Hearst *Los Angeles Examiner*. They spewed anti-evacuee propaganda, and these were the only dailies we were able to get in camp. The *Examiner* frequently printed whole-page colored maps of the Pacific war front, showing Japanese victories. We saw groups of evacuees poring over these maps.

Japanese victories combined with anti-evacuee hysteria being heightened by the press brought concern to many in camp. Some began asking: "What if the Japanese landed on the West Coast, even on a short raid?"

"We would be starved out right here," said some.

Others felt that we would be slaughtered by the military guards and additional troops brought to Manzanar.

As the mode of living at Manzanar became more formalized, with the whole efforts of the people not taken to combatting dust and wind and

inconveniences of a crowded life, people began to look to the future and began to think what would happen if war came closer to our West Coast.

Numerous parents would go to the mess halls in the morning, and even if they were not fond of boxed cereals, they took their share anyway. These and other food they could preserve, they brought back to their barracks and stored away. Some day, when the government stopped giving us food, at least the children would have something to eat for a while, they said.

The reactions of many of these evacuees were not unusual. Prior to evacuation, for instance, Attorney General Earl Warren, now governor [later Chief Justice, U.S. Supreme Court], had read to the Tolan congressional committee that it was not a mere coincidence that Japanese farmers lived in close proximity to strategic air fields, oil fields, military installations and power lines.⁶³ The fact is that by 1910 the main geographic pattern of the Japanese population in California had been set. The Japanese immigrants who arrived in California had limited opportunities and had settled wherever they could. Some inhospitable communities had burned down their shacks, and others had put the immigrants in box cars with warnings never to return. The military installations, power lines, etc., came long after the Japanese had settled down in the area. They did not know that these areas would become strategic.

* * * * *

A sickness of fear and suspicion took hold of numerous people in Manzanar Relocation Center. In April and May of 1942, when evacuees were crowded into the first relocation center, they sensed the presence of FBI informers among them.

Many aliens, who were relieved because they had not been picked up by the FBI and separated from their families, feared that some stoolpigeon might be writing letters to the FBI that they had been active in Japanese churches, language schools, fencing and other organizations. And they expected FBI agents to reach into the barbed wire enclosure, pick them up and herd them away. The fear of the FBI was paralyzing to the aliens in the early weeks of our concentration. This was particularly so to those who had rushed into Manzanar, expecting that prolonged stay in Los Angeles would inevitably result in their arrest. Thus, they were extremely cautious.

Some of these men had been of some influence in the Japanese community in Los Angeles, and by arriving at Manzanar as pioneers, they conveniently became instruments through which the Caucasian administrators dealt with evacuees. They thus occupied important positions in the new community. The Caucasian administrators apparently believed that in using

the “pacifying” influence of these former leaders of the Japanese community, they would be able to run the camp smoothly.

Because criticism was directed against people of Japanese ancestry [Issei] as potentially subversive and “pro-Japan,” it seemed more logical that Nisei would be put in positions of importance. It was not that the aliens were anti-U.S., but the mere fact that the Nisei were running the camp would have been proper in counteracting anti-evacuee propaganda of the press. But as an assistant camp administrator told a few of us: “What the hell; you’re all behind barbed wire anyway. It doesn’t make any difference.”

This person was a tall and husky lawyer who soon earned the reputation of being able to out-talk anyone in camp, and he boasted and spread this information about himself. When the director, who formerly managed an Indian Reservation, made a mistake, or the camp administration had to go back on its promises to us, which it often did, this assistant director bullied, cajoled or argued 10,000 of us into accepting the administration’s viewpoint. Lower down the echelon the administrator’s Caucasian staff had healthier attitudes toward us.

In Block 10 where I lived, the great majority of the residents were from Terminal Island. They were fishing people, and the aliens had come from Wakayama in Japan, which is the native home of most of the immigrant fishermen on the West Coast and in Hawaii. Because Terminal Island was classed as strategic, the people of Japanese ancestry were given 30 days to evacuate the area not too long after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. But one day the government issued an emergency order for them to clear out of their homes within 24 hours. Chaos followed, with families being forced to sell their possessions for almost nothing.

This forced removal followed a pre-dawn FBI raid on the Island’s Japanese aliens, dramatized as almost all FBI raids are. This was indeed a reign of terror, and this is a mild statement.

If the FBI agents had walked up to the homes of people, knocked on doors gently and told aliens they were under arrest, the drama would have lacked headlines and hysteria-creating qualities. The wee hours of the morning apparently lend to imagination, with FBI agents yelling and pounding on doors, rushing into bedrooms, flashing badges and giving orders to frightened women and to crying, horrified children.

This kind of behavior by G-men prevailed during the Palmer raids, and it is still a tactic of the FBI, particularly during periods of repression. Once done, it gets repeated by emboldened agents, until an aroused people put a stop to such conduct that flouts the constitutional rights of the people in their faces.

In like manner, when Indians, who are the native Americans—robbed of their land and pauperized—are kept in government custody in reservations, it is a step not far removed to put 110,000 people of common ancestry behind barbed wire.

These are precedents that have robbed people of their rights and make it easier to take other similar steps. Thus, in January 1950, the Justice Department revealed that it has a program to put 21,105 people behind bars or in concentration camps—people who would be hauled into court for their thinking and tried for their ideas.

Raymond P. Whearty, the acting assistant attorney general, said that the 21,105 include “persons who are active members of the Communist Party and similar organizations, or who appear to be acting in concert with Russian interests. . . .” A sweeping and dangerous generalization, no different from the concentration of 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry in 1942, ostensibly for security reasons, alleging that we were potential saboteurs.

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In Manzanar of 1942, a person identified as an FBI stoolpigeon was despised as a lowly creature. There was one person who told confidants he was keeping the FBI informed. One day he was sitting on the porch of a block leader’s office. At that time, some evacuee laborers were delivering rolls of linoleum to the earlier occupied barracks, and they stopped to leave a few rolls at the block office. My longshoreman friend from San Francisco [Karl Yoneda] was the block leader there, and he told me later that one of the men heaved a roll that crashed through the porch flooring, not quite reaching where the suspected FBI informer sat. My friend said this seemed deliberate, but the suspected person pretended not to notice the intention of the delivery man.

Too often the temper and mood of large groupings of evacuees were ugly and unpredictable. A small incident would excite a whole barracks or even a block. We learned through letters from the Santa Anita assembly center that a riot took place there when evacuees became incensed at an FBI suspect.

Shortly after my arrival, I worked on the Manzanar *Free Press*. A large staff of aspiring writers produced a weekly of two mimeographed sheets. One became exhausted trying to get an item in the paper with so many writing for it. Later on it became a four-page tabloid but by then I had left the staff. I worked as a laborer clearing sage brush, and as a policeman. The police station was the center of almost all complaints and we knew practically everything that went on in camp. Still later I became a police postal inspector, examining packages that came in.

FURLOUGH TO IDAHO

One day a labor recruiter for the Amalgamated Sugar Company of Idaho came to Manzanar, looking for several hundred laborers to work in the sugar beet fields. He said a manpower shortage was ruining crops. The response was very poor and only a few volunteered. The evacuees distrusted the government and there was good reason for this attitude. So many promises had been broken.

Because of the poor response an Issei spokesman for the camp administration addressed a mass meeting at night called specifically to urge volunteers to go to Idaho. He intimidated the evacuees by saying that if volunteer procedures failed, the government would draft us for labor battalions. This was already common talk.

During the day the labor recruiter talked to evacuees, and he promised ideal working and living conditions and wholesale prices for groceries, and the camp administration promised freedom to evacuees while they were in Idaho.

"No guards with bayonets?" we asked.

He said "No," but that this might result if labor battalions became a reality through lack of cooperation on our part.

I was concerned that evacuees might be used as migratory laborers, transported from one farm area to another, without adequate protection, and exploited like farm laborers in California. With hysteria whipped up against us, we would be at the mercy of white farmers.

I asked the assistant camp director whether the War Relocation Authority would protect us.

"Can we return to Manzanar when the season is over or when the deal does not work out well?" I asked.

Ironically, I was asking him whether I could come back into the barbed-wire confinement.

He said to me: "Why do you want to come back here? The WRA will protect evacuees everywhere and at all times!"

"If we are mistreated or abused, would we be brought back here?" I kept asking. "It is safe here."

He told me not to worry, that the ground had been prepared for a favorable reception in Idaho. He said we would be pioneers, paving the way for relocation of evacuees. I read a contract and signed up. Because I was a policeman, the chief of police asked me to help the company recruiter in handling affairs of our men. There were only 129 of us volunteers.

We rode a bus to Reno, where we were herded together like cattle into a restaurant through the back door. The company recruiter apologized, saying that he wanted to avoid any unpleasant incident. We ate heartily of the good food, for "freedom," even on a leash, after being penned up was refreshing.

During the train trip from Reno to Rupert, Idaho, an AJA [American of Japanese Ancestry] from Hawaii who had been a seaman and I talked to the volunteers on the need of organizing ourselves. We told the men we needed a council to handle labor grievances, committees to do public relations and look after our community mess and other problems. Men like George Shibuya and Ben Masaoka, and several Hawaii-born Nisei, thought this was an excellent idea. For hours we circulated among the laborers and talked to them. But most of them were too full of the spirit of freedom and looked to the enjoyment in Rupert and other Idaho towns.

Toward evening on a day in June, 1942, the cold wind swept the flat lands on the outskirts of Rupert, Idaho. The canvas of the rows of pup tents which were to be our quarters flapped violently and in the center of the fenced-in compound stood the big tent which was to be our mess hall. An hour before, 129 of us had arrived in this strange town as volunteers from the Manzanar Relocation Center, California, to help save an estimated \$16,000,000 sugar beet crop which was threatened by overgrowing weeds.

I began to help unload baggage when Meno-san, a tall Issei, came running to me.

"Something terrible has happened!" he told me. "Please come quick," he said and rushed back to the head of the train.

I followed and there I saw a one-armed sheriff standing in front of the evacuee volunteers with a disdainful look on his face. There was a strong smell of liquor on his breath, and he was driveling as he growled from twisted lips. His hand played with his pistol holster.

"All you Japs will stay in the tent camp! You go out when the farmers come for you with their trucks. When they bring you home, you'll stay inside the fence!" he said, and his narrow frame swayed. He said he would not be responsible for vigilante activities. Coming from him, the one who was responsible for maintaining peace and order, this was nothing short of agitation to stir up vigilantes.

I asked a white farmer if there were any sugar company officials around. He pointed to a tall, handsome man and I went directly to him. This person was greatly relieved to be able to talk to one of us. He said he was Harry Elcock, the manager of the Amalgamated Sugar Company in Twin Falls, Idaho. He cautioned me not to get alarmed.

"We were promised freedom," I told Mr. Elcock, and that we had looked forward to that. I also told him that we were promised good working and living conditions, not pup tents.

He told me that the recruiter had been sent from the home office in Utah and did not know local conditions in Rupert, about pup tents and fields overgrown with weeds.

Although Mr. Elcock tried to minimize alarm, he showed deep concern. He spoke candidly from the very first. He told me that Governor Chase Clark of Idaho had said publicly only a few days before that the "Japs live like rats, breed like rats and act like rats." The governor had said he did not want any "Japs" in Idaho. A U.S. Employment Service representative who was in charge of the farm labor tent camp said the governor had advocated dumping all "Japs" back on the islands of Japan to be drowned like rats when Americans bombed them!

Our men were uneasy. They sensed hostility and many spoke of returning to Manzanar.

In this situation, because I had been asked by the government authorities at Manzanar to look after the volunteers during transit from California to Idaho, I became their spokesman.

Harry Elcock was deeply concerned about this talk of returning to Manzanar. He told me that the governor's speech was "political," and that since the farmers needed us, he would have to tone down or have his political future jeopardized.

The atmosphere was charged with suspense. We did not know how the white people of Rupert felt toward us. Did the sheriff reflect their thinking?

The sugar company representative gave us a good supper at a restaurant, and the men, who finished eating, walked out to the U.S. Employment Service farm labor tent camp. Later on the manager and I went there.

Inside the compound were excited evacuees, and leaning on the newly-erected fence were farmers who had come to size us up. Merchants, city officials and sugar company officials were there too, discussing us volunteer laborers.

Meno-san, the tall Issei, who turned out to be a strong leader among the Issei, came up to me and said: "We want you to talk to us."

"I know only as much as you do," I told him.

"Talk anyway!" he said. "That will do all of us some good. The men are confused and they want to know whether they will have protection and freedom. Look at these tents! We were promised good living conditions!"

He pointed toward the evacuees—at a calisthenics platform—and told me to climb on there and "say anything."

Meno-san and I moved toward the platform, he telling me to give the men some confidence. With the passing of years, I have come to appreciate his encouragement more and more, for I see that this experience brought a great change in me.

I became more deeply convinced of the necessity of consistent and organized struggles among common people to better their social and economic positions. And during the course of my development, spurred by such experiences as these, I came to see more clearly the necessity of participating in such struggles. I can see that my thinking and convictions then and now have harmonized. We all have something to offer toward improving general conditions, in the face of opposition by bigoted and vested interests and the super-patriots who are used as their tools. Within our limitations, we can make our contributions.

So, on that windy evening, I climbed on the calisthenics platform and began talking to my fellow evacuees. I reviewed my conversation with the company manager. The volunteers had seen the canvas cots in the pup tents, and I told them that it would be freezing cold during the night. I said that working and living conditions can be bargained for between us and the farmers—but as pre-condition for us to remain in Rupert, we must be guaranteed freedom.

The evacuees nodded their heads.

The crowd edged closer. The evacuees were near the platform and the white people formed a half-circle behind them. More farmers arrived on trucks.

To all these people I said we were not "rats," did not breed like "rats," but were human beings just like them, and that we disagreed with their governor. Smiles broke out on their faces; the tension seemed to have eased.

From the platform I appealed to Rupert's city commissioners to hold an emergency meeting right away to rescind their sheriff's orders to us. I reviewed the evacuation, its injustices and our sacrifices, and our volunteering to come to Idaho to save the sugar beet crop. I said that if the sheriff and his kind of law were the extent of security we would enjoy, we would be compelled to ask government authorities to ship us back to Manzanar.

James Kubo, a Hawaiian AJA who had been on the Mainland for many years, spoke fluent Japanese and he interpreted for the Issei what I had said in English. As Kubo talked, some farmers moved back toward the sugar

company officials and they and the others met in a huddle. The company manager came to the platform to inform us that the city commissioners had gone back to town to hold a meeting. We reported this to our men. Smiles of relief showed on their upturned faces, and the meeting became animated with evacuees asking question after question. We asked them to get organized and they nodded their heads.

Twenty minutes later, as night was falling and we still stood talking in the chilly breeze, the manager came back toward us.

"Give them the good news," he said. "The city commissioners have rescinded the sheriff's order. They promise you full freedom and protection!"

And for as long as we stayed in Rupert, we were told, the sheriff, who owned a saloon, would tend to his bar and keep himself scarce.

I asked the manager if there was a newspaper in Rupert. He took me to an elderly editor who promised us favorable editorial comment. The editor kept his promise, and as I recall, he hammered away on this line: "The Japs are good spenders."

That night we held an election for camp councilors and committeemen. It was extremely encouraging to find the Issei taking so active a part in our common welfare. Some of them told me that this experience was an education in democratic processes. We formed a labor committee which was to play an important role in ironing out grievances between our group and the farmers.

Before we retired that night some laborers wrote alarming letters to relatives in Manzanar—about the sheriff, pup tents and bare canvas cots. When morning came, I went to the washroom. An old Issei, with misery and anger written on his face, came rushing up to me. He yelled at me that he had inadequate blankets on the canvas cot and because it was so cold, he had not slept a wink. I was blamed for his suffering because I had been elected chairman of the camp council the night before. This was a good sign, an indication that we would get backing from the laborers to bargain effectively with the company and the farmers.

In the ensuing days, some laborers wrote back to Manzanar about the back-breaking toil, and this was especially so among those who had never done a lick of farm work. And sugar beet thinning is one of the most difficult of "stoop" jobs.

Because of the letters written back from Idaho and the concern they caused among relatives and friends in Manzanar, the director of Manzanar and an Issei spokesman came to Idaho a few weeks later to investigate conditions. But by then, conditions had improved through the give-and-take bargaining of the volunteers on the one hand and the farmers and the company on the other.

Cool headedness prevailed among the people of Idaho, and they were not swept by the anti-evacuee hysteria. While we had been put behind the barbed wire fence of Manzanar, ostensibly for security reasons, the people of Rupert and vicinity quickly saw the injustice of uprooting and locking away 110,000 people because of common ancestry.

One evening as I returned from work in the fields, the sugar company manager and William S. Bronson, director of the U.S. Employment Service labor camp, told me that Governor Clark was coming to Rupert to deliver a political speech. Our tent camp was too close to town and they were afraid the governor might give an inflammatory speech on "Japs" which might provoke a few "trouble makers." They said the farmers and the merchants were all for us and they would tell the governor how they felt about the evacuees who were saving their crops.

Instead of posting guards of our men and some farmers around our tent camp, the two suggested that we move to a former CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] camp further away from Rupert. The accommodations at the CCC camp were good, with frame buildings and adequate living quarters. We agreed to move.

The governor came and made his speech. He made no mention of "Japs." The efforts of the people to lick hysteria had won.

The short sugar beet thinning season was over. We worked in the potato and bean fields. As the slack season approached, some of us decided to go back to Manzanar, to return to Idaho in the fall to top sugar beets.

The night before the majority of the volunteers left for Manzanar, we invited to our camp the white businessmen, farmers, professional people and Mexican migratory laborers in Rupert and nearby Burley. We put on Japanese skits and the Issei sang in Japanese. The program was immensely successful and the whole white community and the Mexican workers laughed and enjoyed the fun with us. This was the America we look for and struggle for, a nation of people of various cultural backgrounds, living in harmony and in enjoyment.

How different this was from the chopping down of cherry trees in Washington, D.C., and the renaming of the Japanese tea garden in a San Francisco park just because the U.S. was fighting Japanese militarism and its financial and industrial backbone.

Here were Mormons of the sugar company, a persecuted minority who had suffered in the past. Here were German immigrants and their offspring who had lived through World War I and after, when they were targets of attack from bigoted elements. And the Mexicans were there, unorganized and drifting from one farm area to another, exploited and abused. And we were the homeless exiles from the West Coast.

We spoke of our common struggles, of the need of preserving and extending constitutional rights. If the people got together and kept special interest elements from dividing them, we would have a better country, a better world.

Such was our agricultural furlough experience. Other evacuees from other relocation centers experienced similar success. All this contributed to paving the way for more ambitious and planned relocation of evacuees from the center to outside communities. A hitch anywhere in our agricultural furlough would have retarded, not helped, the resettlement program which came into effect months later.

We all had found new hope out of this experience, and a better perspective.

RETURN TO MANZANAR

During the month and a half of freedom in Idaho, Manzanar Relocation Center had undergone considerable transformation. When we returned to the barbed wire confinement in the summer of 1942, we found the detestable semi-desert land actually blossoming in spots.

At twilight, the night checkers still made their rounds with pads in their hands to account for all occupants of the tar-papered barracks rooms. And as darkness fell, the powerful searchlights from the sentry towers probed over the camp like moving fingers.

In this new community progressively becoming formalized, parents were worried by the tendency toward family disintegration. Children went their own way, since the family table and the privacy of the family circle, both of which knit a family together, were taken from the evacuees.

The greatest change I observed in Manzanar was the settled atmosphere among the residents, with the great majority thinking they would be kept there for the duration of the war. There was a feeling of despondency, of brewing bitterness and frustration, and also a growing sentiment to struggle and fight for human decency and constitutional rights.

Many evacuees felt that after the war we would be shipped to Japan, regardless of who won the war, because of the hysteria and anti-evacuee sentiment whipped up by special interest groups on the outside. There were others who were writing to their Caucasian friends and keeping democratic-minded groups on the outside informed as to conditions in camp, and telling them that they were fighting for freedom and civil rights from behind barbed wire.

So the evacuees were thinking of their future, having more time for thoughts because they had become more accustomed to conditions in Manzanar. We were not wholly engaged in fighting the elements and in getting adjusted, as we were in the beginning. The dust storms still prevailed but we fought them by planting grass and trees, which someday in the future would break the wind.

One week after my return from Idaho I learned what various Nisei leaders in camp were thinking. I was approached by a few of them to

organize a group which would have as its program the fighting for civil rights and better camp conditions.

These Nisei leaders represented diverse elements. There were left-wingers who had unequivocally opposed Japanese militarism prior to the Pearl Harbor attack, and whose outspoken stand had irritated and even embarrassed some of the other Nisei who now joined them in the civil rights struggle. There were leaders of the Japanese American Citizens League from the Los Angeles area, then sharply criticized by Manzanar evacuees for various reasons. The criticisms of the embittered people, such as those which blamed the JACL leaders for the evacuation, were in large part groundless. This was a difficult period for local chapter leaders of the JACL in relocation centers, and it is a credit to the organization that its national officers in Salt Lake City gave constructive leadership that eventually won the broad support of the Nisei.

I was told by these Nisei leaders in Manzanar that I was a logical choice to organize such a group, because of my recent record in helping the agricultural furlough workers in Idaho, which was well-known and appreciated by residents of the camp.

I called the first meeting at the centrally located Block 16 mess hall. Because it was well publicized by the Manzanar *Free Press*, and because many of the evacuees wanted to hear about our Idaho experiences, the building was packed long before meeting time, when it was overflowing. Many stood outside and some brought boxes on which they stood to get a better view through the windows. About six or seven hundred were there.

Shortly after the meeting was called to order, a World War I veteran took the floor to denounce the United States, which he bitterly criticized for throwing even a veteran like him into a concentration camp. He said the victory of the Japanese army was a victory "for all of us." "Once a Jap, always a Jap!"

Why organize a group to fight for civil rights? We were all in a concentration camp, citizens and aliens, all being treated alike, he said.

Another World War I veteran, a super-patriot who boasted confidentially that he was writing letters to the FBI, stood up and raved about "Americanism" in a 200 percent fashion.

Others stood up to give vent to their bitterness, and we all learned for the first time how individuals and groups of people felt toward the evacuation and life at Manzanar. There were expressions of frustration, anger and hope. The meeting was a good sounding board.

A few of us spoke on the need of organizing ourselves, in fighting for civil rights for the Nisei as well as for the Issei, to help improve conditions

in camp, and plan and work toward relocation and resettlement in inland communities.

There were Nisei who felt that the Caucasian administrators in camp should work closely with Nisei rather than always consulting Issei and letting them carry out policies.

As the night wore on the Manzanar Citizens Federation was born. Another meeting followed two weeks later, and out of this preliminary work the organization set its roots into the community. Various blocks elected their delegates to establish the Federation on a grass roots basis.

The World War I veteran who had spoken so bitterly at the very first Federation meeting failed to stop its organization. He next resorted to threats and with two henchmen, came to me almost every day, warning me to disband the Federation, or else. . . .

Theirs was a fanaticism engendered by bitterness. There was a danger of their turning the bitterness of numerous other evacuees to anti-America sentiment. Many months later, after we had gone to Idaho to top sugar beets and some of us had volunteered for the army, and the Federation was long since defunct because its active leaders had left the camp, there was a riot on the first anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack. The sentiment that had developed among a sizeable number of evacuees was not pro-Japanese militarist, but predominantly anti-America—caused by bitterness and bungling by the camp administration.

A striking example of bungling and bullying by the director and his assistant was the strike forced on the camouflage net factory workers, who were producing far above the quota and who had been cited by army authorities for efficiency. I was then working, in the summer of 1942, in the camouflage net factory. We had an incentive system. Every gang produced its quota, which was jacked up a few times, and went home fairly early in the afternoon. We were paid \$16 a month.

When word came to Manzanar that the army engineer corps inspector was coming to our camp to see the net project, the camp director and his assistant decided to keep the factory workers in the plant all day long. They anticipated that the inspector might come late in the afternoon and find the factory empty. When news got around that the directors were going back on their word on the quota system, all workers began talking of striking.

Early in the morning of the day the director was going to announce the all-day work rule, I went to his office for the second time to discuss the matter. I told him that members of the Federation had asked me to discourage the administration from instituting the policy, which was intended merely to put on a good show.

The assistant director, who boasted that he could out-talk anyone in camp, told me that we must show our loyalty, and that hostile Americans were watching our conduct from the outside. I told him his job was to help us, not bully us.

"What can we say when the inspector sees the idle factory?" he asked me.

"He knows we produce above quota."

"That's not good enough for him when he sees the racks idle part of the day. The government won't bring in other projects," he argued.

And the assistant director had a loud-speaker system rigged up between net factory buildings and announced the all-day work policy. The workers who listened to him were deathly silent, and the stop-work demonstration was on.

Eventually, most of the workers returned to the factory and continued on the old quota basis, ignoring the administration's new policy order, after a stop-work demonstration that lasted a few days.

The ringleaders of the small pro-militarist group took advantage of this administration bungling. They intimidated the workers. They still came to me with all sorts of threats and told me to dissolve the Federation.

"Think it over. Don't be a damned fool and be a white man's tool!" they would tell me.

"We won't dissolve the Federation," I'd answer them.

"What the hell good is your citizenship in this concentration camp?"

As was expected, these people called a meeting. It was a rally in support of Japanese militarists and war financiers and emperor worship, with plenty of "banzai!" The participants made wild charges of immoral behavior toward evacuees and misappropriation of funds by the Caucasian administrators. The camp administrators became excited when they heard about the meeting, and sent police officers to suppress it. After this, the small and rabid pro-Japanese militarist group held secret meetings at night in the apple orchard.

Karl Yoneda, the former longshoreman who was a member of the camp council, brought the matter of the pro-militarist meetings before the council. He denounced the secret meetings of these elements who eulogized the emperor and gave rousing "banzai!" to Japanese victories in the Pacific. He was told by the pro-militarist elements who packed a subsequent camp council meeting to retract his statement and apologize to them. He refused, and during all this time, the administration said nothing and aided the pro-militarists by their silence. Yoneda stood his ground and, ironically, he seemed to be on trial.

I remember that meeting, where Tomomasa Yamazaki, a man in his early thirties, with a keen mind and who perhaps was the most brilliant person on the council, supported his colleague on the council.

Yamazaki spoke of the urgency of winning back constitutional rights, of defeating the anti-evacuee hysteria on the outside, and to plan for resettlement and to work closely with Caucasian committees being formed on the West Coast and elsewhere in our defense. He was practically alone among the intimidated councilors, but spoke in a clear voice and with proper perspective for the welfare of all, in supporting the stand taken by the former longshoreman. Yamazaki was an alien who had been brought to the United States when he was a child and educated here. Because of discriminatory laws against naturalization of Orientals, he remained an alien. His speech in that crowded camp council room, where intimidation and fear prevailed, was the most encouraging and challenging and impressive speech I ever heard behind the barbed wire confines of Manzanar. Yamazaki later volunteered for military service, and while on occupational duty in Japan, he died in an air crash.

On numerous occasions during the war, I recalled his speech: when I reviewed the bungling treatment of evacuees (particularly in the early period); when I saw the bitter renunciants of U.S. citizenship among evacuees preparing to go to the Tule Lake camp where they were segregated; when I saw the treatment of Japanese prisoners of war in U.S. army camps on the Burma front; when I saw the atrocious treatment of Japanese POWs by Chiang Kai-shek's troops; when I was detailed to study the psychological warfare of the Chinese Communist troops as an American army officer, and observed the treatment of Japanese POWs who were given better treatment than Chinese soldiers and rehabilitated and reeducated to rid them of militarist psychology.

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Manzanar Relocation Center, in the summer of 1942, had a Caucasian director who formerly had managed an Indian reservation. The mere fact that high government authorities chose such a man to run a camp for 10,000 people of Japanese ancestry was enlightening. And his conduct and attitude at Manzanar showed how terrible his administration of Indians must have been.

There should be no Indian reservations in a democratic nation. The Indians had the land, and they were robbed and decimated. They should pursue life under conditions of freedom, but they are made paupers and wards of the government by profiteers who exercised strong influence in government.

In a less brutal manner, the 110,000 evacuees of Japanese ancestry were put behind barbed wire. Indian reservations stood as examples and as precedent for impounding our people.⁶⁴

This director had a very unsympathetic attitude toward us. Thus, the bungling of the camp administration, its bullying to make us accept policies even after they were found to be unpopular and wrong, all intensified the bitterness and anger among various evacuees. A small group of pro-Japanese militarist elements took advantage of this situation and tried to silence and paralyze through intimidation outspoken fighters for civil rights and improvements in camp.

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A few nights after the camp council meeting where Yoneda had stood his ground under pressure, about 18 pro-militarist and bitter anti-American elements broke into his barracks room with sticks and clubs. The presence of his wife and the frightened screams of their son evidently prevented these men from beating him up.

On the same night another Nisei who had been educated in Japan was beaten up by a gang of hoodlums closely tied up with the handful of pro-militarist leaders. This Nisei was outspoken against Japanese military aggression.

When I returned to my apartment late that night, I found a note on my straw-filled mattress from Karl. I was surprised by these incidents and rushed to his barracks. His wife was still quite shaken up and she objected to his going out, but we wanted to go to the hospital to see the Nisei who had been attacked.

During this period of terrorism led by the small pro-Japanese militarist elements, it was said in camp that it was unsafe for many who fought for the restoration of civil rights and principles for which the Manzanar Citizens Federation stood to venture out at night.

I served on the judicial committee of Manzanar in the summer of 1942. This was a trial court, and three of us evacuees and two Caucasian administrators, including the assistant camp director, were judges. We frequently exchanged opinions on camp affairs, and one day a Caucasian official who had attended our Manzanar Citizens Federation meetings said we should sit out the war quietly and not fight for civil rights. This official said that any such struggle would divide the residents because of the pro-militarist elements.

I told this official we were not living in an Indian reservation and I advocate full constitutional rights for Indians; that we were not living in

fascist Spain under Franco or in militarist Japan. And for the camp administration not to support our fight was tantamount to bowing before the West Coast racists. We had lively discussions at almost every meeting, before or after the court session.

The assistant camp director and I often clashed in disagreement. I was opposed to bringing into Manzanar a steel cage, used in old mining camp jails to lock up law violators. This small cage, with barely room enough for a man to stretch himself in, was brought into a padlocked barracks which was already a prison in itself. A prisoner put in there became a show thing, and thus it deprived human beings of decency.

A young man was once brought into court for taking a piece of lumber, which was weather-beaten and lying on the ground for weeks. He wanted to make a table and stools, for our barracks were empty except for cots. Everything was government property anyway and we could take away nothing. When time for our release came, we would not want to take away with us any of the makeshift facilities. By a split vote, the young man was found guilty.

Certainly the locking up of people in a cage in this modern time left deep scars in those who were thus abused.

If we had forums and educational programs on democratic processes, training people to fight for constitutional rights and making them a reality for all, Manzanar would have developed the evacuees to struggle militantly for democratic rights and freedom. But the director from the Indian reservation and his assistant thought in terms of a steel cage to lock up people, in a padlocked barracks room which was, in turn, behind barbed wire and sentry watchtowers.

One day a member of the Caucasian administrative staff who tried to make life more bearable for evacuees asked me to his apartment. There I met a solicitor from the national office of the War Relocation Authority which had jurisdiction over Manzanar.

The solicitor asked me: "Would you people live in peace if we improved your food, insulated your barracks with beaver board to keep out dust, and made conditions better all around?"

"We had peace when we first arrived here," I said. "We fought the wind and dust and cold together. But with the coming of stability we look to the future. Some of us struggle for civil rights. The great majority of us want to leave camp and resettle on the outside."

I was extremely disappointed in this official, who practically told us to sit tight and wait for the war to end.

About this time, the Federation called a meeting to discuss agricultural furlough work. I drafted a petition, asking the President to utilize us for

farm work outside. About 800 Nisei and most of the Issei signed it. We circulated copies of this petition widely, and sent it to officials in Washington as well as to governors of Western and Mountain states. The response was surprisingly favorable, for manpower was short on the farms.

We began organizing and orienting evacuees who wanted to leave for the sugar beet harvest, and before long the camp administration set up a labor council to help evacuee farm furlough workers. We objected because the council members chosen by the administration were inexperienced and unable to help evacuees who would go out to inland state farm areas. True enough, when fall came, evacuees who were recruited for Montana from Manzanar were exploited, intimidated and treated inhumanly. I was in Idaho then, where we were well organized. They wrote us for suggestions and help.

Some wrote that they were living in chicken coops and it was cold in Montana. I wrote to Larry Tajiri of the *Pacific Citizen*, suggesting that the Japanese American Citizens League investigate conditions in Montana and parts of Idaho from where I heard complaints. He wrote back that the JACL was considering such a project, and one evening Tajiri and his colleagues came to our camp in Idaho. They asked me to accompany two of them who were going to Montana, but I could not leave our area where we had several hundred evacuee farm workers.

I still have the shocking reports the JACL investigators brought back from Montana. It is encouraging to read them now, for the struggle of the Nisei, Issei, and their supporters has made tremendous headway.

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When we left Manzanar Relocation Center to top sugar beets in the fall of 1942, unlike the volunteering during the spring, more of the men's wives accompanied us. Quite a number of the volunteers who had returned to the concentration camp after the spring sugar beet thinning had married, and I was one of them. Mrs. Margaret D'Ille, in charge of social work on the Manzanar Caucasian administrative staff, drove Taeko and me to the nearby town of Lone Pine one day so that we could apply for a marriage license. We had a pass, and this was the first time that Taeko breathed the refreshing air outside the barbed wire confinement since evacuating to Manzanar in April.

The neon signs, restaurants, display of articles in stores, barber shops and beauty parlors all looked attractive and inviting. And we laughed that the Hearst papers had propagandized and protested prior to our evacuation, which they had spearheaded to bring about, that we were going to be coddled at Manzanar with beauty parlors, manicurists and swanky shops of

various sorts. We asked Mrs. D'Ille what else could the most vicious of the "free" press of the vested interests do.

A few days after this trip outside, Mrs. D'Ille went alone to pick up the license. She told us that the white officials of nearby towns had protested against "Japs" running around free.

Taeko and I had planned to be married by the justice of the peace at nearby Independence, but at the last minute our passes were revoked. We learned about this when we went to Margaret D'Ille's office to ride out to Independence.

"I arranged to have a Nazarene minister come in to perform the ceremony," she said apologetically. "I hope you won't mind."

After the ceremony, we were given a room in a "honeymoon cottage" for a period of two weeks. This was a tar-paper barracks with bare rooms, for newly-weds. When the two weeks were up, they had to give up this privacy to occupy a two-army-cot space in crowded rooms. Family compartments in such rooms were marked off by white bed sheets hanging between beds from clothes lines strung between the rafters. During the day the sheets were pushed aside for airing the room.

So as our group, including Taeko, left for the sugar beet fields that fall from Manzanar, the womenfolk enjoyed the sight of the neat small towns. Some said they were looking ahead to a new life, with a feeling akin to that of their immigrant parents who had crossed the ocean to come to America. Practically everyone was economically ruined by the evacuation, and this was a new start.

The young women from the West Coast cities went out into the fields and harvested potatoes with the men. In the late fall the frost came and then the snow, but by then we had harvested the sugar beet crop in our area. The farmers who earlier in the year had anticipated loss of their crop were happy. Some said we were "good Japs" while the more understanding said all people were alike. Some denounced their governor, who had said "Japs breed like rats" and were like "rats" a few days before we arrived in Idaho on our first trip in the spring. Now the governor was silent. The drunken sheriff who had threatened us with vigilante action and talked with his hand on his gun holster when we first arrived in Rupert was still tending his saloon, instructed by the city commissioners to stay out of our sight.

Here, the people licked racist hysteria and we realized more strongly that the people have the power to do this everywhere, in face of opposition by racists and super-patriots who feed from the palm of the vested interests that want to keep the people divided. And we learned to struggle by fighting for our rights. In Idaho, anti-Oriental racism was fortunately not deeply ingrained like jim crow in the South.

MILITARY SERVICE, 1942

When the sugar beet topping season was about over, I was invited to the national conference of the Japanese American Citizens League in Salt Lake City. I was informed by the league's officers that delegates would come from the various relocation centers where 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry were detained. I was asked to lead the discussion on agricultural furlough work on the basis of our Idaho experience.

During the week-long convention at Salt Lake City, Karl Yoneda wired me from Manzanar that an army recruiter was in our camp. He urged me to return immediately if I wanted to volunteer for intelligence service.

During lunch hour, Taeko and I discussed the telegram. Half an hour later we were packed and down at the bus station, headed for Idaho. In Idaho, we could not obtain travel permits to enter the Western Defense Command so we back-tracked to Salt Lake City. From there we travelled with four delegates of the JACL and arrived at Reno at midnight. A woman at the station, who evidently was poisoned by propaganda of the Hearst type, called the police upon seeing us. When the policemen arrived, they asked us a few questions, took us to the station, and held us overnight. It seemed ironic that we would be detained when we were rushing back to get in the service. We had violated the curfew order for citizens of Japanese ancestry and enemy aliens.

Taeko sat up all night, watching the four JACL delegates play poker. I slept on the floor beside a drunken sailor. Taeko remarked that the poor fellow might go crazy if he woke up and suddenly found he had been "captured" by "Japs" who had taken over Reno, the city for quick divorces, gambling joints, and playing poker, even in jail.

Back in Manzanar, I learned that the military intelligence service wanted Japanese language specialists. I was afraid I would not pass the examination, for early in childhood after a few years of study I had completely neglected my Japanese. I remembered how mother constantly encouraged us to study Japanese, saying the Caucasian-owned firms would never employ us unless we knew the language, for they would prefer white employees to deal with English-speaking customers.

I remembered the trips mother made down the slope of Mauna Loa, over the narrow trail in the coffee fields of South Kona, to the Napoopoo Japanese school to arrange with its principal to have him tutor us at night. Mother had a high regard for this man, who had come to teach us in Kona after serving a prison sentence with other Japanese aliens. They were all leaders of the Japanese workers' sugar strike of 1920, thrown in jail by Hawaii's big employers in order to crush the strike for higher wages and better conditions.

In late November 1942, the response to military intelligence recruitment was poor. Therefore, the recruiters scraped the bottom of the barrel and passed those like us with low Japanese language qualifications.

On December 2, 1942, 14 volunteers left Manzanar—just 14 from a camp of 10,000. This was certainly a reflection of the poor administration at Manzanar, where no educational program was instituted to give evacuees perspective and understanding in the struggle for their constitutional rights in a nation with democratic traditions. There was a great deal of bitterness which was to break out in a riot a few days after our departure.

It was a cold morning, with just a handful of people at the exit gate to see us off. This was not a time for fanfare. Volunteering was then not a popular thing to do. The small pro-Japanese militarist group which was to lead the riot looked upon us as "traitors," and some of us had been cautioned not to volunteer.

I said goodbye to Taeko inside the barbed-wire enclosure because she could not step outside. Only a few days before, we were both free, rushing back to camp so that I could volunteer for military service. As we drove away, we saw the handful of people who had come to see us off, waving from inside the desert city of exiles which was full of bitterness and charged like dynamite.

* * * * *

The news of the bloody riot which exploded in Manzanar on the eve of the first "Pearl Harbor" anniversary, December 7, 1942, reached us at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. I read a long account in the Minneapolis *Star-Journal*. Fred Tayama, who had returned to Manzanar with me from Salt Lake City only a few days before, had been beaten up.⁶⁵

Military guards had moved into the concentration camp and bursts of machine gun fire had caused casualties among evacuees. The few extremists among the small number of pro-Japanese militarists, who capitalized on the Caucasian administration's bungling and bullying in camp and upon the raw bitterness of the uprooted people, had been removed from Manzanar.

On the other hand, those who had spoken out against Japanese militarism and fascism and/or for the America of democratic traditions were also removed.

A few days later, I received a letter from my wife, Taeko, and I was surprised to learn that she had remained in Manzanar. She wrote that in mid-day a masked gang had broken into Tayama's barracks room and attacked him with clubs. His daughter, who was alone with him at the time, yelled for help and finally scared the men away. Shortly thereafter, the pro-militarist leaders mobilized a gang which they led to ransack the hospital in search of Tayama. They combed the hospital, but a doctor had hidden Tayama skillfully. When I met Tayama months later he said the mob brushed past his hiding place.

An armored ambulance from the nearby military police camp rushed into Manzanar to pick up Tayama. He was a victim of the pre-evacuation rumors that the leaders of the Japanese American Citizens League had been instrumental in bringing about the evacuation. Nothing was further from the truth, but in the hysteria-filled atmosphere and mass suffering and injustice, men like Tayama became scapegoats. The white racists and vested interests on the outside that caused our exile had actually won the day.

Taeko's letter said that when one of the top pro-militarist leaders was picked up by the police, his colleague led a mob to the police station in demanding the former's release. Numerous evacuees tagged along to observe the demonstration. The military guards fired into the mob, killing a Nisei and wounding others. Another Nisei died in the hospital. The mob pushed toward the administration building to take down the Stars and Stripes. At that moment, Nisei Boy Scouts gathered around the flag-pole and challenged the angry demonstrators. The mob was stunned, lost momentum, and gradually moved away.

"Manzanar after the riot is like a camp of the dead," Taeko's letter said. "Almost no one saunters out and the streets are practically empty. Some people are mourning the dead, some are wondering what had happened. The great majority had not taken part in the riot. They are remorseful and bitter that this has happened and has brought a mantle of sorrow and shame to the community."

She wrote she was glad that I had left, for on the night of the riot a mass meeting was held in our block, where most of the pro-militarist ringleaders lived. A speaker shouted "get so-and-so," and Taeko heard my name mentioned. She ran into the barracks and locked the door.

I felt strongly that Taeko should leave the camp but she had nowhere to go. She informed me that we were going to have a child.

From Fort Snelling I moved to nearby Camp Savage which was a Military Intelligence Service Language School. Practically all the students were Japanese Americans being trained for duty in the Pacific and Asiatic war theaters.

We had Hawaiian-born Nisei who had volunteered for intelligence service from the 100th Infantry Battalion which was then stationed at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. After the War Department had decided to use Nisei ground troops in Europe against Germans and Italians rather than against Japanese, the unit was shipped to the Mainland. The men waited around, performed repeated maneuvers and months slipped by. Some doubted they would be sent overseas, those at Camp Savage told us, so they had volunteered for intelligence service.

At Camp Savage, I saw the difference between Nisei brought up in different environments. For example, the Hawaiian-Nisei would not stand "Jap" baiting. Shortly after they arrived at Camp Savage, some of the cocky and prejudiced white defense workers who had been calling the Mainland Nisei names without comeback in the restaurants in the town of Savage were forced to change their manners. One of the Hawaiian-Nisei spoke with his fists, and they were surprisingly eloquent and convincing to the defense workers. After that, they respected all Nisei.

We heard stories that the Hawaiian-Nisei at Camp McCoy occasionally tangled with Texans who had a grudge against them because the Japanese troops had captured or killed Texans at Corregidor and Bataan. The Hawaiians showed the Texans through the "hard way" that they too were Americans in uniform.

On the other hand, the West Coast Nisei were generally less aggressive and outspoken and would not throw their fists when the white men called them "dirty Japs." They had a reserve about them which I felt was basically akin to the attitude of the Negroes in the deep South who are conditioned by pressure, intimidation and brutality of the white supremacists to know "their place." Unlike the Hawaiian-Nisei, who had enjoyed more freedom, they had been discriminated against and oppressed on the West Coast to a far greater extent. Comparatively, the Hawaiian-Nisei were more like Negroes in the Northern states.

The Mainland Nisei, particularly their leaders, struggle through political action for equality under the Constitution. They have become, during and after the war, better organized and more experienced to fight against discrimination, and are spearheading the fight for naturalization rights for all aliens now barred by the government. Among the Hawaiian Nisei, such concerted struggle is absent.

At Camp Savage, we studied Japanese from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon, with an hour's break at noon. Classroom competition was intense and the study load heavy. After supper we studied from seven until nine, but the classrooms did not empty until the lights went out at eleven. Quite a number of us went to the latrine after this and spent another hour or two with books wide open on our laps, sitting on toilet bowls. When inspecting officers made their rounds, we pretended the books were incidental and that we were there for legitimate reasons. I had a friend who studied in his bunk after lights went out. Under cover of his blanket, he used a flashlight.

Almost every student took his studies with deep seriousness. We realized that a useful intelligence operator would be one who could interrogate Japanese prisoners or translate captured documents all by himself. For those with little language background the going was rugged.

I believe I spent more time than any student at Camp Savage on studies during our six-month term. For this diligence the student body voted at the end of the term that I had made the most progress and I won a prize. I believed in the war and that made me apply myself to the utmost in my studies.

A few elderly white officers studied with us. These were repatriates from Japan who had returned aboard the *Grippsholm*. The commandant of Camp Savage had taken them into the army immediately and made them majors and captains. Their aptitude for Japanese was far from impressive to deplorable, considering they had lived in Japan 10 to 15 years. For example, when students were reshuffled after the first six weeks, a major was demoted five grades and a captain two grades. These white officers were to supervise us when we were assigned to duty after graduation. Usually ten Nisei constituted a team, with a white officer leading it.

As time went on, white students who had studied six months of Japanese at the University of Michigan came to Camp Savage. They were called "cadets," and after the short period of training at the camp, they were to become officers. Nisei who studied with them, in the same classrooms, under the same instructors, and who covered the same subjects, were to be assigned under them and were not made officers the same as the white cadets upon graduation.

The cadets were concentrated in lower classes since their knowledge of Japanese was limited. They lived in new and better barracks and ate in the officers' mess. This was segregation along the color line and it was jim crow extended to another American minority. It was a slice of the ugly bigotry and prejudice that bars Negroes from schools attended by whites in the

South, that limits students of Asian and Jewish ancestries from professional training in our universities, and discriminates more harshly against Negroes in the same fields of endeavor.

I felt that these young men trained for the officer caste at Camp Savage because of color would have preferred to be with us, and among us. Their freedom was restricted, for they had no chance to compete with us equally and stand on their merits. Some of them who were less gifted became the butt of Nisei jokes. You would hear remarks like: "Look at that officer material!"

In both a limited and a broader sense, when one people is discriminated against or oppressed, there is no freedom even for the privileged. Thus it was at Camp Savage, where the whole school depended on Nisei language specialists. Thus it was at military camps where I saw Negro soldiers segregated in barracks areas, in recreation, and even in military assignment. They were fighting the same foreign enemy as the others, and more intensely, for democratic rights at home to give full meaning to the Constitution.

In late January, the War Department announced it would activate a special combat team of Japanese Americans. In the barracks, the Nisei debated whether this was a forward step. It was, by the sheer fact that mass enlistment was reinstituted. But why the segregation? Why not throw open all the services to Japanese Americans, the navy and the marines included? Some argued that a separate unit would afford the Nisei a better chance to prove their loyalty more conclusively.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose speeches agitated the colonial and semi-colonial people in faraway lands to strive for liberation from foreign imperialism and oppressive landlords at home, and made them look to the United States as a nation which was on their side because our country had the proud democratic tradition of the spirit of 1776, said as he approved the War Department proposal for a Nisei combat unit: "... Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry."

As expected, the professional anti-Oriental racists on the West Coast immediately protested this forward step. Nothing would please them more than Nisei ignominy. And public officials of the jim crow South joined in the attempt to sabotage the plan. Rep. John E. Rankin of Mississippi, well known for his services on the House un-American Activities Committee, advocated in Congress our deportation after the war, with the government purchasing our property. In the meantime, he wanted us to be used in labor battalions. Like Sen. Albert B. Chandler of Kentucky, he said the South would ally with the West Coast on white racial ties to combat the Japanese American menace.

The racists lost a round. In Hawaii, 10,000 volunteers answered the call for 2,500 Japanese Americans.

Response from the 10 relocation centers was not as impressive. In order to take a deep sounding of this poorer response, it requires a sympathetic understanding of the hardships, sorrow and bitterness of the evacuees. And to further rub salt into the wound, the government passed out questionnaires in camps during the recruitment, to be answered by all aliens and citizens over 17 years of age.

Question No. 28 asked: "Will you swear unqualified allegiance to the United States of America and forswear any form of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese Emperor, or any other foreign government, power or organization?"

The alien Japanese, whom discriminatory U.S. laws bar from naturalization, could not answer in the affirmative. They would be people without a country if they forswore allegiance to Japan. America was not offering them an alternative of citizenship. After the war, Japan would remain. She was their country. What mattered was that Japan should be democratic and no longer militaristic. And in this country the aliens should be given the right to naturalization. But this is still being fought for by certain Asian and Pacific peoples today.

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In the late fall of 1943, almost a year after my enlistment into the army, I received a sudden notice for overseas assignment. The Office of War Information [OWI] had requested the army intelligence training school at Camp Savage for a 10-man combat psychological warfare team. I was put in charge of this team of writers, newspapermen, an artist, translators and interrogators.

I was told by the commandant of the school that this was entirely a new task for graduates of the school. He asked us to prepare a leaflet to be shown to the OWI and government officials who were considered experts in this line, reportedly well versed in "Japanese psychology." This we did, and we were told our product was satisfactory.

We did not realize then the complexities of the war of nerves. Because most of us had been raised by parents who spoke Japanese and because we were familiar with Japanese customs and mores, we thought we knew the Japanese soldiers' minds and could understand their behavior. Five members of my team had gone to Japan in their childhood, and had lived and studied there for years. One was a graduate of Waseda University. Another had been jailed in Japan during his youth because he had participated in the organizing of printers.

We were to discover that our knowledge of Japanese militarism was shallow, and that the Japanese prisoners of war were about the best study material for us. Their minds were brutalized—to hate and fear all white men, to worship the emperor, to fear any unorthodox views not conforming with emperor worship and the views of the Japanese militarists, to sacrifice their lives for the emperor whose wishes were “Asia for the Asiatics,” and “Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.”

In 1943, when we were assigned to psychological warfare tasks, Washington was full of experts on Japan who had built and supported myths that the Japanese militarists and the people were incomprehensible, unpredictable, fanatic, treacherous and so on. There was an extreme type of specialist who even tried to prove that the Japanese were unknowable. We felt that the psychology and behavior of the Japanese militarists were understandable. We were happy that we did not receive briefing from the OWI's Japan experts.

The attitudes of these “experts” were slices of Hollywood movies that pictured the Orient as exotic, mysterious, and even eerie. People are people everywhere—they are peasants, workers, landlords, employers, intellectuals, etc.

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With my team I moved to California. I wanted to see Taeko and Linda, our four-month-old daughter who was born behind barbed wire. We obtained four-day passes at the staging area. I went to Los Angeles, and as I walked the streets I swelled with exuberant triumph. I was back again on this coastal strip from which we had been banished months before.

I kept reminding myself about this. Never mind if this stay was temporary. Never mind if I had to come back in army uniform. I was back just the same. And this was made possible by the people of Japanese ancestry on the Mainland and in Hawaii fighting for their constitutional rights, fighting against imperialism abroad—all this with democratic-minded Americans of other ethnic and national stock.

From deep curiosity, I went to the former “Little Tokyo” and saw Negro families living there. They had come from the South, tearing themselves loose from farm tenancy and servile tasks to seek wage labor in war plants. I enjoyed talking to them and went into restaurants where Negroes largely congregated. Deep within me I felt that they had open minds and hearts, because they have suffered much more than we have through man's inhumanity to man. I thought how Negroes must feel all the time, or the Jews. There is no peace of mind or feeling of freedom for the persecuted.

I felt that the propaganda against us before, during and after the evacuation had deeply poisoned the minds of the white people generally. Because there were almost no people of Japanese ancestry on the coast except Nisei in uniform passing through for overseas duty, we stood out quite conspicuously. I felt this, and at that moment an invitation by a Jewish family to make ourselves at home was a moment some of us would not forget. One of the team members was married to the daughter of the family. There were white people, friendly people, there as guests. This was at a time when it was still unpopular for the whites on the West Coast to befriend people of Japanese ancestry.

I took a bus at Los Angeles for Manzanar. I was going home, I said to myself. Home was Manzanar, where Taeko and Linda lived in a tarpapered barracks. Home was behind barbed wire and watch-towers.

The bus stopped to pick up a man in soiled clothing. The bus operator called him "Oakie" and behaved insultingly toward him. The white man said nothing, and later on, as the seat beside me became vacant, he sat there. I tried to talk to him and he opened up slowly. He had come from the dust bowl area of Oklahoma and he was now a migratory laborer.

How terrible, I thought, that this white man can be so easily identified as an "Oakie" years after his migration from the dust bowl. He was, in a way, like the poor whites of the South. In many ways he was like us and the Negroes, only he was discriminated against, not by color, but by harsh economic stratification.

He travelled the wide belt road which Mrs. Ira S. Caldwell, author Erskine Caldwell's mother, described to me as the "Tobacco Road," the poor people's road that crosses international lines.

I had travelled that road too, particularly in Kona, Hawaii, and now I was heading for Asia, where no one can escape the harsh impact of "Tobacco Road" conditions. And I wondered what were the solutions to all this.

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A man in GI uniform, walking through the Manzanar Relocation Center in the winter of 1943, presented a strange sight. And so it must have been with me as I got off the bus at the gate, walked through the opening in the barbed wire fence, and headed through the sandy fire-breaks between rows of tarpaper barracks for my home.

I remember the quiet evening and the feeling of emptiness which I experienced. Many of the youth had left the camp for employment or education in the mid-west and east. Some had volunteered for the army. Still others, frustrated and bitter because of the evacuation, were waiting to be

segregated by the government and sent to a camp at Tule Lake in northern California. It was understandable for aliens to choose segregation, but a considerable number of young men and women over 17 had renounced their citizenship.

There were others too young to decide for themselves, who were also affected because their parents turned their faces away from the America of the anti-Oriental racists and press, and the economic vultures of the West Coast who grabbed the properties of various evacuees.

I had a few days furlough to spend with my family before going overseas. It being supper time when I arrived, I headed for the familiar mess hall of Block 22 and as I had expected, my wife Taeko was there. We rushed back to the barracks room where our four-month-old child kicked and played in a makeshift crib.

I remember the long discussions we had during my furlough. Someday we would tell our daughter of this home in a concentration camp, in an America of democratic traditions. We hoped for better conditions, for the return of sanity through struggles of freedom-loving peoples.

Being born an Oriental in a nation with lashing waves and an undertow of racism meant the starting of life with several counts against her. Also, the fact that her birthplace was Manzanar Relocation Center gave us disturbing thoughts.

There are times in a person's life when a great and rapid change takes place in him. Such a moment was my visit to Manzanar. When I saw my child in that tar-papered barracks, I yearned for a future which would be her friend.

Such a future must be a peaceful one, no more an era when man must choose between war or depression, or when a large segment of mankind lives in poverty while government subsidy buys "surplus" food to be stored in caves, and/or destruction of man's worldly goods goes on in order to keep prices high and to guarantee profits for the few. Is it a good and efficient system that operates best when it produces for destruction, either by plowing under when many people starve, or by killing and maiming millions in war? This gives neither security nor peace. It breeds fear, hatred, oppression and wanton death.

While spending my furlough at Manzanar, I visited with old friends. An old man whose son studied with me at Camp Savage came by to ask me about the military intelligence school. I told him his son had become a sergeant and was already on his way to some Pacific island.

"I am going to Tule Lake Camp for segregees," he said. He wanted to be repatriated to Japan so that he could live with his youngest daughter. "I must look after her. My son is a soldier and he will take care of himself."

"Did you discuss this matter with him?" I asked.

"He will understand. I've been father and mother to both and now I must look after my youngest," he explained.

This was a tragic situation—a son in the U.S. army and his father planning to be repatriated to the enemy country. The man was speaking as a parent, with deep emotion, and I understood his feelings.

One cold morning, I walked with Taeko to the gate. I was leaving Manzanar for the last time. As we waited for a bus, Ralph Merritt, the well-liked project director, drove up to the gate. How unfortunate, I thought, that he had not been assigned to Manzanar from the beginning, instead of a director who had been manager of an Indian reservation, a man with no deep feeling for the oppressed and the downtrodden.

A truck came by with young boys. Merritt gathered them together and lectured them for their previous day's conduct. The day before, this youth work gang had been cleaning the roadside by an adjacent military police camp. The boys had ridiculed and laughed at Manzanar's sentries, who were being given close-order drill. An officer had complained to Merritt.

The director told the boys he could not let them work on the public highway outside the camp. The gang listened silently, then moved off to work. We saw this as a clear manifestation of inarticulate protest and rebellion against evacuation and detention. A year and a half ago, most of them were too young to perceive the full meaning of Manzanar. Today, they were nurturing resentment.

Why couldn't our country rejuvenate them, instill new faith in the democratic traditions of Jefferson, Tom Paine and Lincoln? They would then participate in the broad struggle for democratic rights, coherently and in an organized manner, thus more effectively. In post-war America, or Japan, a poisoned mind of this sort would not help the cause of democracy. This is clearly evident in Japan today where the former soldiers who were drilled with the militarist philosophy and not reeducated since V-J Day have become the strong core of resurgent Gumbatsu.

During this period, the West Coast press still howled at us like starved wolves. One day it wanted segregation of the "loyal" and "disloyal" in the camps. This was good propaganda to point out that "Japs" could not be trusted. But when the government set the process of segregation in motion, a howl rose against that program too, for it might easily lead to the return to the West Coast of those cleared in the screening.

The atmosphere was no different from that prevailing today, only the hysteria and fear are much more widespread. Then, it was Japanese aliens and Japanese Americans who faced the vicious attacks. Today, the attack is

against the militant, organized and vocal left which criticizes the harmful, wasteful and dangerous war program, the striking down of civil rights and official graft and corruption. The Communists are the first targets, as in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy or Zaibatsu Japan, and as happened in these countries, the repression soon extends to progressives, liberals and trade unions.

We finally won, to a considerable extent, our struggle against the anti-Oriental elements, and this is history. There are people who time and time again say that this could only happen in a democracy like the United States. Such thinking is so commonly expounded that people actually take it at its face value. In times like this, it is dangerous thinking, for from it flows the disarming assurance that someday, despite how bad repression is today, conditions will improve automatically.

The mere fact that such violations of constitutional rights as those perpetuated against us took place in a nation with democratic traditions show up the limitations of our democracy. Fortunately, democratic-minded white people were able to speak out on the West Coast, and they fought side-by-side with us while they were lashed as "Jap-lovers."

At this stage, how can one say that someday all the repression will pass by? Without the freedom of the press, which means the right to read, without the freedom to assemble and to discuss, without the freedom to think and advocate, to lead or to follow and support causes and ideas, democratic rights cannot be won or preserved.

Manzanar itself is but a memory today. It is a symbol of prejudice, of shameful and dangerous hysteria. But now camps like Manzanar are going up again. Manzanar and nine other camps for Japanese aliens and Japanese Americans set a precedent. The Justice Department announced January 1 [1952] that about 3,000 Communists would be put behind barbed wire. But months before, President Truman had asked for about 60,000 to 70,000 guards for the new concentration camps. How many hundreds of thousands of people is the administration contemplating on concentrating, to be watched by so many guards? There are reportedly about 50,000 Communists in this country. Who will be the others? Will the red-baiting hysteria pay off, or will decent and democratic-minded Americans win freedom's struggle?

To remain silent at a time like this, a time of festering fascism, of the corrupt and graft-ridden era of government, means only this—that the silent and the cowardly are not preparing a friendly future for our sons and daughters and for coming generations.

HEADING FOR INDIA AND BURMA, WINTER 1943

We boarded a Liberty ship at San Pedro harbor and sailed southward, circling south of Australia through the rough waters of the Tasmanian Straits. We stopped overnight at Perth, in Western Australia.

The trip had taken us about a month, zigzagging day after day. Most of the members of my Nisei team hungered for rice and a good Chinese dinner. We looked everywhere in Perth and Fremantle for a Chinese restaurant. We thought Australia was completely "lily-white," but someone on the street informed us there were a few Orientals. Hopefully we combed the streets.

After what seemed like several hours, we finally located a small Chinese restaurant. The sight of us thrilled its proprietor and his children almost indescribably. They crowded around us and asked question after question. They laughed incredulously when we said we were Japanese Americans.

Stop kidding, they said, and brought out hot tea and salted nuts and dried seeds.

"You boys are Cantonese," the attractive daughter of the family kept insisting, sort of proud that we were in GI uniform. Perhaps our presence gave them more prestige in the community, for during the last war, the GIs were generally popular and regarded as an army of liberation.

Fortunately, we had two Chinese American GIs from our ship with us. They spoke Cantonese and finally convinced the family that we were AJAs. But this information did not change the family's attitude.

The daughter said she had read accounts of the Nisei 100th Infantry Battalion in Italy. We talked of the 100th. She said she could hardly believe that Nisei were in the Pacific theater. Then she told us what it was like for lone Chinese families in Australia.

We gorged ourselves with rice, fried noodles and various choice dishes, and said good-bye to this most wonderful of families. They begged us to return and talk some more with them. What special dishes did we have in mind? Yes, they would prepare anything for us. How reluctant they were

to see us go. It seemed that they had realized at that moment how isolated and perhaps lonely their past years had been.

On the Liberty ship going to India in the spring of 1944, we experienced a wave of hysteria and witch hunting which I will never forget. We had a month of surface travelling between Australia and India and the trip was monotonous. Besides the ship's crew and the navy gun crew, we had on board the ship about a dozen OSS [Office of Strategic Services] "cloak and dagger" men, their two second lieutenants, and my 10-man team.

On some days the talk of Japanese submarine activity brought a tense atmosphere on the ship. We stood alternate watch around the clock and this helped to occupy us. Gambling, however, was a favorite past-time.

Sergeant Kenny Yasui, a member of my team, was a skilled gambler and he had won his reputation back in our military intelligence training school. On the ship he patiently taught other members of our team, who had never gambled in their lives, the rules governing dice and card games. He cleaned out the wallets of my team members. He loaned them money and won that back. He won from the OSS men, from the ship's crew and the gun crew. Some were envious of him and others resentful, because Yasui was often rude and impatient during gambling sessions.

I began hearing rumors about Yasui. I heard attacks against his loyalty. Several of my team members reported to me that OSS officers and men suspected Yasui because he reminisced about his experiences in Japan. They asked me to caution Yasui because an attack against him was the concern of the whole team.

We Nisei were all sensitive about criticism of our loyalty, and went out of our way to prove that it was unquestionable. I believe almost all Japanese Americans felt the same way. It was a time when an average Caucasian believed he was doing us a favor when he said: "You are a good Jap and not like the other Japs."

Yasui was a man with independent thinking. He spoke of Japan as a tourist. He had studied at Waseda University. He spoke of the scenic spots he said he would visit after the war. He said he had seen more beautiful places in Japan than in the whole United States.

Actually there was nothing wrong with Yasui's thoughts. He merely spoke of good times he had enjoyed in various Japanese amusement centers, of his work with a movie company, and experiences like that. I was convinced that he was anti-Japanese militarist.

That was what I had told the FBI agents who questioned me about my team members before we left for overseas duty. They asked me if I would go into combat zones with Yasui and four other members of my team who had received education in Japan. I said I would.

One morning when I came off my watch, my team members informed me with considerable excitement that Yasui had been put in the brig in the forward part of the ship. I rushed to the ship's security officer, who was a second lieutenant.

He informed me that Yasui had been asleep on watch last night. The officer said he and the other officers had decided to put Yasui on a bread-and-water ration for two weeks. I asked him if he would give the same punishment to the others. We all knew Yasui was not the only one who had slept, and the OSS officer knew it too. Their men had also been caught dozing on watch.

As I explained to the officer that the punishment was too harsh, he revealed the real reason for his action. He said Yasui had expressed "pro-Japan sympathies." The OSS men had reported to their officers, and they in turn had told the lieutenant.

He said in a serious manner that Yasui might light a match on deck some night on the blacked-out ship and we might all be blown to pieces by Japanese torpedoes. I asked him if he believed all this and he seemed almost hysterical.

I gave Yasui's background, our background and what we were trying to do. As we argued the officer completely ignored the original charge of "dozing," and I told him that this was used by others merely to pin something on him.

Yasui was being punished, not for dereliction of duty, but because he appreciated certain aspects of life and culture of the Japanese. And this appreciation was a healthy thing. Our enemy was the Japanese militarist, not the people. I indicated that Yasui's crime resulted from his winning in the daily gambling games and that we all knew why he had become unpopular.

The security officer reluctantly reduced the two-week sentence of bread and water to two days. The "cloak and dagger" men and their officers were displeased.

At that time, on that small Liberty ship which zigzagged every moment of the day, not one of us expected that Yasui would be the hero among us all. Months later, when the Japanese soldiers holding out stubbornly on a tiny island in Burma's Irrawaddy River refused to surrender, Yasui swam across the river and brought 13 of them back. A lieutenant tried to kill himself and Yasui, but the latter survived. In the China-Burma-India theater, Yasui became known as the "Nisei Sergeant York."

To me, he is Sergeant Kenny Yasui, a victim of a witch hunt on a Liberty ship, who built a record that condemns the hysterics and the bigoted.

I was stationed in a U.S. army transient camp outside Calcutta. When we arrived there, a briefing officer told us to guard our rifles and carbines with our lives.

"Don't lose them and don't sell them!" he warned us. He said the Indians were collecting weapons for uprisings, and to fight the British in the future for independence.

Our camp was near a large British hemp plantation which employed hundreds of Indian coolies. We visited a British estate where the plantation manager lived. In immaculate white shirts and shorts, the managerial staff played croquet on a green spacious lawn toward the evening. At night they showed movies. Always it started off with: "Ladies and gentlemen, the national anthem!" We all rose while the reel was run off with King George's picture on the screen and a voice singing "God Save the King!"

From Calcutta we sailed for Colombo on the island of Ceylon, which in the early spring of 1944 was still plagued by the tail end of a famine that had swept Bengal province. The poor were still dying in the streets. We saw naked people whose bodies were caked with mud, begging with heart and soul, for death was not far away from them. We also saw rich Indians and Britishers living luxuriously, callously disdainful towards these people.

But amidst the poverty and disillusionment, I sensed, as I talked with students and small shopkeepers, a restless wave stirring with great, swelling cumulative force, someday to remove this burden that rested heavily on the common people like a giant parasite.

In India and China I constantly recalled the words of Mrs. Ira S. Caldwell, mother of novelist Erskine Caldwell, who told me when I went to their area in Georgia to visit "Tobacco Road," that "'Tobacco Road' is not only in Georgia; it is a belt road for poor folks that runs around the earth, for people who have been pushed back by soil erosion, land tenancy and monopoly. . . ."

I believe almost no GI would forget the tired voices of the beggars, who salaamed and came up to and followed him, repeating all the time: "No papa, no mama, no uncle, no sister, no brother, no first sergeant—bak-sheesh, master. . . ."

In Colombo, I passed through a settlement one night and saw children and mothers engaged in wholesale procuring.

There was a youngster of about eight, who came running up to me and said: "Joe, my mother. She young, nice looking. Very good!" Another pulled my shirt sleeve to say: "My mother, she good, Joe. Come, come, Joe." Or a mother saying in a pleading voice: "Joe, my girl." She lifted her hand in explaining that her daughter was small, still a child. She squeezed a smile hopefully.

What a brutal way to supplement the piddling pay they received from Englishmen! All dignity had been stripped from them.

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Every day, in many languages and dialects, the propaganda arm of our country beams radio broadcasts to neighboring and far-flung countries of the world. During the war, when I was assigned to the China-Burma-India theater, I frequently listened to these broadcasts, in line with my work and from curiosity.

I wanted to know the reaction of people of India, Burma and China to our propaganda of democratic life and the "American Way of Life." Thus, I talked to people who listened to our radio broadcasts and to those who read our leaflets and other informational material. I asked them what the others, the illiterate and less articulate masses, thought of these matters.

Day after day I learned from them. In Calcutta a group of students asked me pointblank: What is the "American Way of Life"? Is it like the British way of life, where natives in colonies and semi-colonies are squeezed by English businessmen who spread a small share of their foreign profits to their working people at home? Or is the "American Way of Life" a movement to help liberate the Indians, Burmese, Indo-Chinese, Malayans, etc., so that the wealth of these countries could be exploited by them?

They asked, what do we think would happen after we defeated the Japanese militarists? Would the imperial powers flood back into the countries of the Far East, to occupy the positions they held before the Japanese troops mauled them and pushed them out? One thing they all agreed—the white man's prestige had suffered irreparably.

They had taxed the people to maintain a garrison force and frequently put on a show of strength to impress the natives. They said the troops were necessary to protect the Asian people, but when the Japanese troops came, the white man's army fled. And in fleeing the British troops turned rifles and machine-guns on the natives to clear the roads, to keep them from crowding onto trains, trucks and river barges—so that their troops and civilian businessmen, colonial officials and their families, could make their get-away as quickly as possible. They had behaved as they had done all along, using the troops against the natives to protect themselves.

As soon as we arrived in New Delhi in the spring of 1944, my team was assigned to the OWI psychological warfare unit in the North Burma sector. The unit was located in Northern Assam, India.

We landed at Chabua airport, a clearing in a drizzling, misty jungle. Indian laborers worked on runways with primitive tools. Rows of women

carried baskets of mud and gravel on their heads. And not far from them large transports, fighters and bombers kept roaring off airstrips built by their hands.

What stake did the people feel they had in this war, I wondered. No one was telling them anything about the nature of this war. And common sense said there was a strong reason behind this. Any mention of freedom or fighting imperialism, whether Japanese or of any other country, would inspire the struggle for national sovereignty. This would be tantamount to digging a grave for British Imperialism.

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The OWI team was located at Powai, on the Lido road which was being constructed to connect with the Burma Road, a supply line to China. We arrived there in the evening and an American missionary who was in charge of administration of the psychological warfare operations assigned us an Indian bearer.

A bearer was another word for servant. The members of my team felt strongly that we had no use for servants. We had never had one in our lives, and why should we have one in a jungle clearing to clean our tents and supply us with bathing water? I spoke to John Steves, the missionary, who had lived in India for 17 years. He said we needed servants. It was customary for foreigners to have servants, and he insisted that we accept his policy. Finally we gave in.

Early the following morning someone shook me and I looked out from inside the mosquito net. The bearer was there with steaming cups of tea.

"Master, tea," he said.

I did not want any. He insisted that I take a cup. We told him that he need not bother with tea for us the next day, and told him he could do whatever he wanted to with his time. And we did not want to be called "Master."

My Nisei team met with the American staff of the OWI on our second day and we left the meeting with a deep impression that several white Americans did not know how to behave toward us. We had in the psychological warfare team Burmese, Chinese, Cahn, Shan, Indians and others. Some American civilians, including two missionaries in the outfit, treated these Asians as inferior people. We Nisei were non-white and we looked like them. The natives would watch the social relationship between the Nisei and white Americans.

As days went by we noticed some of our Asian colleagues with lesser responsibilities being trampled on by some Americans. One morning, Mr.

Steves in a fury threw a cup at a bearer serving him food at the table. One of my team members came to me later and asked that I request a transfer of our team from the propaganda warfare outfit.

Then one evening a Burmese printer said he wanted to talk to me and accompanied me to my tent. He was bitter about the treatment they were getting. He said it was a mockery for all of them to be in a psychological warfare outfit, trying to win over their own people in enemy-occupied territory to our side. He said he noticed that some white Americans were prejudiced against us Nisei.

"Look at the Negro soldiers on Lido road who drive trucks," he said. "Why are they given such an assignment? We know. . . . But we notice their conduct toward the Indians and our people. They are good, free of prejudice toward us. Who can propagandize America more effectively than they can? But would the white Americans here invite them into our compound and mix with these colored Americans? And they are supposed to sell America to us!"

The Burmese printer expressed his bitterness until late into the night. Next day I talked to a State Department official who was General Joseph Stilwell's political advisor. I told him how we Nisei felt and how the Asian people felt toward white supremacy.

The following day the white American staff held a meeting and it was a heated meeting. The head-on argument made enemies among them. We had a few young former newspapermen who, I learned, had been quietly fighting against the racist ways of the missionaries and some other civilians. After that meeting, these writers went out of their way to improve social relationships with the non-whites. They helped Mr. Steves rub off the ingrained racism in him, and to his credit, Mr. Steves changed.

Morale improved among our Asian colleagues. Here a group of white Americans took the lead in fighting white supremacy.

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The first prisoner of war I met on the Burma border in the spring of 1944 had two deep bayonet gashes on his throat, and his tongue, half bitten off, was swollen and bleeding. He had inflicted these wounds upon himself in two suicide attempts.

"Do you still want to die?" I asked him.

"No, I want to live if the Americans will let me."

"Why did you attempt suicide?" I asked him, although we assumed from the reports we read that practically all Japanese prisoners of war tried to take their lives.

"Because," the POW answered, "to be a prisoner is the supreme disgrace of an imperial soldier."

Sergeant Kenji Yasui and I talked to him, paying close observation to his views and sentiments. The prisoner was a Japanese peasant who had been physically and psychologically drilled to become a fearless and ruthless automaton, with "Yamato spirit" and the "Code of Bushido."

He had no deep social philosophy. He was a product of a society where thought control prevailed, and where the people had been silenced and whipped into conformity by Japanese militarists and their big financial backers. And such shackling of the people's rights to speak and listen, to read and write and to hold and advocate non-conforming political views, was necessary for the warring elements to eliminate opposition to the invasion of Manchuria, to the war of aggression in China proper, southeast Asia, and the Pacific.

I saw then how different this soldier was from us back in the States. This prisoner had talked to other Nisei GIs who were with Merrill's Marauders at the time of his capture in Northern Burma. The 14-man Nisei team with the Marauders, led by Sgt. Edward Mitsukado of Honolulu, was doing invaluable work as infantrymen and intelligence operators.

The Japanese prisoner told us that he was shocked when the Nisei GIs first came to interrogate him. He was of the opinion, after reading about the evacuation and treatment of the Nisei and their parents, that we were all still being ill-treated.

This soldier still clung to emperor worship. The "Imperial Way" to him was the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere," and "Asia for the Asiatics." The "Imperial Way" was actually camouflaged international profiteering and banditry. Not aware of this, the soldier had made his supreme and heroic sacrifices for the emperor.

The inculcation of emperor worship in him and other soldiers by the Japanese imperialists to the point of blind fanaticism stopped their minds from questioning the conditions of poverty, landlordism, tenancy, low wages and unemployment. They had been told to sacrifice everything for the "Imperial Way" and the "Co-Prosperity Sphere."

Japan used the slogan "Free Asia." Today, "freedom" is again abused by Western imperialists in the attempt to keep down the surge of the down-trodden millions for liberation. This people's resistance to colonialism and exploitation in Malaya, Indo-China, Egypt, Iran or Tunisia is propagandized as a movement against freedom by the Western press.

The present-day mouthing of "freedom" and "freedom-loving nations" by the imperialist powers, who include among the "freedom lovers" the

fascist Franco, is today's substitute for the "Co-Prosperity Sphere" and the "Imperial Way," and the Asian people see this quite clearly.

In the bamboo hut in the prisoner of war compound on Lido Road I saw how the nature of war itself molds soldiers. There was a Corporal Suehiro, a POW, who appreciated the good treatment by Americans. To show his gratitude he sang for the MPs who guarded the prisoners. He sang loudly of how his invincible 18th Division routed the British from Malaya, marched through Indonesia and chalked up victories in Burma, too. He sang of the innocent people he had killed and the women he raped. I interpreted Suehiro's songs for the Americans. They laughed at the irony of this situation, where a POW sang of Japanese victories to his captors to show his gratitude.

We were then a liberating army. The Japanese troops were the aggressors, forced to fight the natives and to deal with them ruthlessly. There is no getting away from it that the behavior of imperialist soldiers is brutal, for they are in unfriendly territory. And their tasks make them so. They must search civilians, shoot everyone that moves, and hold people as hostages.

The allied soldiers have been forced into a like situation in Korea today because of the nature of the war they are fighting. The current burning of thousands upon thousands of Koreans from the air with jellied gasoline, the "shoot everything that moves" policy, the support of British imperialism in rubber-rich Malaya and of the French in Indo-China, where everything is done in the attempt to crush the aspirations of the native people for freedom, full stomachs, decency and independence—all these do not differ essentially from the Japanese rape of Nanking and Gumbatsu Japan's conduct to establish an empire throughout the Far East.

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One day in the early summer of 1944, a Japanese second lieutenant walked into an American command post to give himself up with one of the tens of thousands of surrender leaflets we had prepared and dropped over enemy troop concentrations. When this report came in, we were extremely happy.

Already by then we were discussing the desirability of re-educating some prisoners so that they would be our propagandists. Some of them in responding to our good treatment were writing leaflets for us. We went over these carefully, reproduced some, and dropped them among Japanese troops.

At this time we heard of a Japanese political refugee [Kaji Wataru] in China who had re-educated Japanese POWs and was using them for psychological warfare on the front lines.

I spoke to the state department official who was one of General Stilwell's political advisers about the advantages and need for doing that ourselves. Why not use POWs in psychological warfare to save lives? Why not remold them with democratic ideas? A defeated Japan would need such people to proceed along democratic reconstruction. And the POWs needed a new faith after their illusion of the "Imperial Way" had been crushed. They must not be left alone, to turn back to militarism at some future time.

The political adviser told me that we were bound by the Geneva covenant on prisoner treatment, that we cannot indoctrinate the POWs. I recalled then that I had heard the same argument in Manzanar from the camp administration, that the rich tradition of democratic processes cannot be indoctrinated among the aliens because of the Geneva covenant.

There were many other heart-breaking restrictions upon our psychological warfare activities. We could not stoke the fire of national liberation in the hearts of millions of Asians. We were committed to a policy of the British return to Burma. We were to elicit Indian resistance without invoking freedom movements. It was like this everywhere. We were told that in Washington, British and Dutch officials requested OWI to tone down, or not use at all, stories of native Philippine resistance in our overseas propaganda. To the imperialist, the idea of people's resistance, once planted in the minds of Asian masses, foreboded the beginning of the end of their empires.

The average GI was not aware of world politics. He was not even conscious of the role he was playing as the instrument of American foreign policy. He was not concerned with Roosevelt's Four Freedoms or what the oppressed people thought of them. He longed for his home, and the conveniences of modern living. When he saw the poverty and misery in Asia, his love for America became painfully acute. He wanted to "get the damn war over with and get home."

He did not realize the change in social thinking he brought to the natives wherever he went. He was essentially kinder than the British, for he felt he was part of a great liberation army fighting imperialism. He was not fighting native people. There was no order issued to him to "shoot everything that moves." He did not see the flattening out of villages by his airforce or the burning of innocent people with jellied gasoline, as is being done in Korea today.

He made friends then, and basically enjoyed a comfortable feeling among the native people. But this was during the period of Roosevelt's leadership, not Harry S Truman's.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S CHINA

In June 1944, the director of the Office of War Information in China came to observe our Burma front psychological operation. He said that the Kuomintang government had finally lifted the ban on Nisei from China. He recruited me and three members of my team for his China operations.

Only a few times have I been moved so deeply by the sight of land as I was when I saw China for the first time from the sky. As we descended from high altitude after flying over the Himalayas, I saw scarred land down below, showing every mark of human toil. Small blocked-off farms stood side by side, and every valley and hill, some steep and as high as mountains, was cultivated to the very top.

From the sky there was so much beauty on the face of the good earth that peasants tilled to make productive. Yet when I went out to visit the rice fields and farms around Kunming in the short time we stayed there during the early summer of 1944, I saw a picture of poverty and struggling humanity which in many ways made me recall the lean years we farmers spent on coffee farms in Kona.

But here the conditions were much worse, with a brutal sharecropping system where the landlords took from 50 to 60 percent of the crop for land rent alone. I had little to do then so I watched the peasants toil from early dawn to nightfall. When I went into the city of Kunming I saw pompous, porky and smooth-skinned landlords drinking and dining and wasting food.

All this reminded me of the feudal Japan which my parents had left to work in the sugar cane plantations in Hawaii as contract laborers. Mother frequently told us stories of planting rice in paddies, of the high land rent, of the teahouses which the well-to-do patronized, and of the daughters of poor peasants who were sold to the teahouses so that the families would be able to pay their debts to landlords.

I thought of Georgia, too. Of its "Tobacco Road," where the poor whites were so undernourished that they were exhausted before they started the day.

Here in China was "Tobacco Road," and I asked myself, What was the solution? Just as in the sharecropping South, the problem in Asia was land tenancy. Among the hundreds of millions in Asia, easily 80 percent lived directly off the land. The pressing issue was land reform. More than 20 years had passed since the great Dr. Sun Yat-sen had raised the slogan of "Land to the Tillers!" but Chiang Kai-shek had not carried out this program.

I felt that looking at these problems so far from home made me see conditions in Hawaii with better perspective. There were occasions when I went over in my mind what general points I remembered of the speeches and writings of Hawaii's labor leaders and liberal politicians of the '30s who influenced my thinking to varying degrees. There were times when I thought of the Crozier brothers, Clarence and Willie, who lambasted the Territory's land monopolists during political elections. I could understand land monopoly quite well because I had suffered from it as a farmer.

In Kunming I heard the same distressing voices my ears had become so accustomed to in Colombo and India. On narrow, cobblestoned streets of Kunming I saw GIs hurrying away as emaciated, sore-covered beggars in tattered rags ran after them. "Joe, no papa, no mama, no first sergeant," old Chinese who don't speak English said, in begging for money. Prostitutes limped up to touch GIs along dark streets, rasping "Hey, Joe! Hey, Joe!" Their vulgar, accented English, all that they knew, flowed with a mixture of cussing and swearing they had learned from GIs. Like souvenir peddlers and money changers and pimps, these prostitutes used the famed "battle cry of Kunming."

"You say how much!" they said with a strong challenge, if one even as much as paused or said a word to them.

In Kunming I saw women and children with baskets on their backs going toward the mountains every morning. They returned in the evening with twigs, pieces of wood and other kindling material in their baskets. There was no firewood around the city and its barren outskirts, for scavengers fought for pieces of wood. So many people spent all their days merely trying to provide their families with fuel needed to boil water, for instance, which was polluted almost everywhere.

All this was part of the whole life and death struggle going on everywhere. These people had been swept into the backwash of society. Some of them were ex-concubines who had been discarded by rich businessmen or landlords. They were like daughters of poor Japanese peasants who were sold to teahouses to pay off family debts.

I frequently heard GIs and officers say that there were too many Indians or Chinese. Their remarks were directed at the poor. If one went out to the countryside to investigate, he would have found that the poor in

this semi-feudal economy actually produced the wealth, and the rich took away the harvest of their hard toil. There were too many absentee landlords feasting in the cities. There weren't too many Chinese or too many Indians. There was not an equitable distribution of the fruits of labor.

When we arrived in China, our limited troops at forward Chinese air bases were being evacuated as we gave up airfields in the face of Japanese attacks. We heard evacuated GIs grumbling that the American press did not give them the truth about the fighting in China. They told us that the Chinese Nationalists were not fighting and had been sitting out the war from about 1940.

This was unbelievable to almost every GI who arrived in China, because the American press had been playing up for years Nationalist resistance to beat the band. A few months later this news of non-resistance, which had been suppressed by Chiang Kai-shek's government for about four years, shocked the American public.

A sergeant, who was thoroughly disgusted, occupied a bunk next to mine at Kunming. He told me of the racketeering Chinese contractors who took American money to build airfields, conscripted peasant labor and paid them almost nothing. He said the peasants blamed the Americans for this treatment. And when the Japanese drove toward our air bases and bombed them at night, Chinese traitors lit fires to mark off target areas. The sergeant was aghast at the passive mood of Chinese commanders, whose first concern was evacuation of family and loot on military vehicles and on wagons they stripped from the local peasantry. They acted like the British colonialists who frantically ran away from Burma, turning guns on natives who wanted to use the roads, river barges and vehicles. Chiang Kai-shek's army did more—they looted.

So bad was the treatment of the local people by Chiang's armies in Honan Province the peasants rose up with pitchforks, sickles and knives to attack General Tang En-po's few hundred thousand soldiers. The ired populace timed their uprising with a Japanese attack and shouted: "Better the Japanese than Tang En-po!" Three hundred thousand soldiers dropped their rifles and gladly fled. They probably went home to sharecropping, for they, too, had come from farms, and evidently appreciated the feelings of the peasants.

Many of them had been dragged into the army by local landlord elements, with hands bound so they could not escape. There were, too, many recruits who were brought to the American training center in Kunming who had been impressed into military service in this manner.

But porky landlords' sons and young slick-haired speculators in the cities were never drafted. Soldiering was the most degrading profession in China and the poorest were impressed into it. What were they fighting for? Did they know? These and other questions made me observe the peasants in uniform closely.

I am of the generation that was drilled in school with the concept that freedom is absence of restraint. Freedom meant the right to say what we wanted, to befriend whoever we wanted to, to write what we wanted and to read what we wanted.

There was a time when this explanation satisfied me, but by the time I arrived in Asia as a GI, I clearly saw its many limitations.

In India, for example, I saw countless people spending all their hours from dawn to dusk begging for food and money. Many of them carried children in their arms and shoved the tiny, starved bodies right in front of your face and asked you to look at them.

Is there freedom here, I asked? Does freedom to them mean the right to read, write, speak and assemble? Freedom explained in this sense, as we had been taught in our schools, was incomplete.

They had no leisure for these activities, for they were engaged day after day in the fundamental task of seeking meager supplies of food. They were as badly off as or worse than the primitive man who spent all his time hunting and fishing. The primitive man, too, was not free, for while he had no one to exploit or oppress him, he was a slave to nature. As man extends his control over nature, that much more his freedom grows.

In the West, particularly in our universities, we had heard of Chinese philosophers and classics, yet as we moved around the cities and countryside, we saw that education had been and still was a privileged thing for a few of the upper class. The masses, who we saw begging, peddling small items, or toiling the fields of India and Kuomintang China, had no leisure or means to study, to read, or to come in contact with new ideas.

Feudalism was a root cause of this poverty and ignorance. Squeezing of these weaker Asian nations by foreign powers was another cause. Freedom therefore meant, as I observed in the towns and countryside, complete sovereignty of these nations and the development of their productive resources to benefit the millions of underprivileged.

It would mean, then, more schools, the introduction of new ideas; electric lighting for reading and discussion rather than dim candlelight or going to bed early; pure tap water in one's home, rather than walking hundreds of yards for a bucket of polluted water; electric and oil-burning stoves; and increasing the wealth of the country by improved means of production,

which actually is the key to liberation for the millions who spend many hours doing chores which should take but minutes in this day and age.

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During our war against Japanese militarism, there were extremely few influential Japanese living abroad who were fighting the regime in their native country. The name of Ikuo Oyama was prominently mentioned in the U.S. In the early part of the Pacific war we heard of no other.

This Japanese statesman, who was a veteran of the Japanese Diet and a militant liberal, lived in Chicago as a political refugee and taught at a university. He had fled Japan during the '30s, when political repression grew stronger as the war financiers and the militarists pushed onto the Asian continent and carried aggression into Manchuria and China. In the U.S. he worked closely with our government.⁶⁶

While we were behind barbed wire and the watchtowers of Manzanar, while in the military training camps and in India, we Nisei GIs wondered if there were any others like Oyama on the Asian continent.

Then on the Burma front in the late spring of 1944, we heard of Kaji Wataru, a Japanese anti-fascist writer. Ever since that day I had wanted to meet him. I wondered how he re-educated the Japanese soldiers who were deeply indoctrinated with the teachings of Emperor worship and "bushido." I wondered how he made the Japanese prisoners of war discard their deep contempt for people they regarded as ragged, cowardly and inferior. How long did it take Kaji to convert them from fanatic soldiers, who would rather commit suicide than be captured, to willing propagandists for the Chinese army?

In China I heard his name more frequently. Almost every Chinese intellectual and American correspondent knew him personally in the war-time capitol of Chungking.

I remember the morning we met Kaji and his wife, Yuki Ikeda, in the OWI director's office at Chungking. I had imagined that Kaji would be stocky and rugged. Instead, we Nisei met a short and slender man with kindly, doe-like eyes. This was the exiled left-wing writer who had shaken the cockiness of the Japanese military brass in China. I say "had shaken" because when we met him he was virtually a prisoner of Chiang Kai-shek's government, which had turned its efforts away from the anti-Japanese war and was preparing for the anti-Communist war which it would engage in after the allies defeated the Japanese.

Yuki Ikeda was very attractive and she conversed brilliantly. From the first meeting, she impressed me as a sincere person and I soon found out

that she was the pillar of Kaji's Japanese prisoner re-education program. She was a stabilizing force, a young mother to men who needed new faith after becoming captives of people they looked down upon as their inferiors. She was a student of world politics, constantly studying and applying her knowledge to practical work.

When she smiled and talked, you would never imagine that she had been tortured by the Japanese militarists. You would not think that she had fled Japan while very young and danced in the ballrooms of Shanghai to eke out a meager living, all the while suffering from poor health.

I met Kaji and Yuki frequently. One evening shortly after I met them, Kaji and I were at a restaurant when the air raid alarm signal went on. The restaurant owner came to us and asked us to leave, saying that there might be an unpleasant incident since Kaji was a Japanese.

That night I asked Kaji to tell me his experiences. I wanted to know why the Chiang Kai-shek government, to which he had made vast contributions in the war effort, was not publicizing his activities, particularly the anti-Japanese psychological warfare conducted by him and his converted prisoners.

To hear the wartime experiences of Kaji and his wife was to get a general picture of China at war.

Kaji told me that he and Yuki fled Shanghai when the Japanese sacked the city. With the help of friends they went to Hong Kong. Again helped by Chinese friends, like China's cultural leader Kuo Mo-jo, they were brought inland to participate in anti-Japanese psychological warfare.

"We were convinced that we were ideologically stronger than the Japanese militarists," Kaji said. "We thus began appealing directly to front-line Japanese soldiers."

Kaji, Yuki and another Japanese, Kazuo Aoyama, were the first to re-educate and use Japanese captives on the front lines in Asia. The task was tremendous, for the Japanese were piling up victories on their side.

They made politics their sharp cutting edge, and appealed to Japanese prisoners as peasants and workers who had been forced to fight the peasants and workers of China, all for the profits of the war financiers and military rulers. Was raping and pillaging in China their concept of "Asia for the Asiatics" or "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity"? Such ideas cut deeply underneath the haughtiness and fanaticism of "bushido."

"When I went to the front lines with my first group of re-educated prisoners, I had faith in them. I knew they would not escape but direct propaganda attacks against the enemy," Kaji said to me.

The first venture was a success. Kaji and his colleagues used a public address system, leaflets and comfort kits with propaganda messages enclosed

for Japanese troops. The peasants distributed the leaflets and kits. The Japanese high command took measures to counter Kaji's "contaminating" effort by shifting frontline troops to the rear and having them replaced.

All this occurred during the Nationalist-Communist united front resistance against the Japanese. This was the period following the nationwide student movement which demanded that Chiang Kai-shek fight Japan. It followed the capture of Chiang at Sian by young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, whose troops revolted against the generalissimo's anti-red campaigns. They wanted to fight the Japanese invaders, and this, Chiang was forced to do.

During the united front, it was a people's war. The peasants in the countryside and the merchants in the cities were told what stakes they had in the war. They saw that full participation was necessary in fighting the invaders, for they had vital interest in the resistance.

In such an environment of a whole nation fighting a common enemy, Kaji, Yuki and Aoyama conducted their prisoner re-education. They were encouraged to do so.

But in the face of the Japanese onslaught the united front cracked. First the Nationalists wavered and subsequently some of their leading elements under Wang Ch'ing-wei went over to the Japanese and set up a puppet government at Nanking. Not only on the military front but on political and ideological fronts they collapsed. The quisling government of Wang Ch'ing-wei, in a very illuminating manner, served both the Japanese and the Nationalists, as an anti-Communist front.

History has proved that from this time on it was the Chinese partisans under Communist leadership that resisted the Japanese. Consequently, they received the brunt of the Japanese attacks. They carried this anti-Japanese struggle far into the Japanese rear to the China coast and into Manchuria, and the Nationalists practically sat out the war.

Kaji told me that when the united front broke and the Nationalists began suppressing the liberals and anyone who demanded an all-out anti-Japanese war in alliance with the Communist-led guerrillas, his work with the Japanese POWs was stopped. He returned from the war front with his converted psychological warfare workers, and at the docks at Chungking many hundreds of Chinese turned out to welcome their Japanese allies and pay them tribute.

But in a few days the prisoner converts were locked up as dangerous elements, although they had faced the Japanese troops on the firing lines with public address systems. I talked to some of them. I was encouraged that even under Nationalist suppression, they studied and held discussions in preparing themselves for their roles in a democratic Japan. In observing them I felt deeply that the future Japan belongs to peace-loving people like them.

Kaji himself lived like a captive outside Chungking. He was red-baited along with Chinese patriots who wanted to fight Japan. When the Americans arrived in China and set up headquarters, the Nationalists made pretenses of using Kaji. They paid him a small subsistence allowance, for Kaji was a symbol of China's resistance. When I met him he was a show-window piece for the Chiang government. And to the credit of Kaji and Yuki they maintained their dignity and did whatever they could for the war effort.

Whenever I met them or went to restaurants with them, they would point out Tai Li agents who kept close watch of them.

"What is the fundamental reason that the Nationalists broke the united resistance with the Communists?" I asked Kaji.

A people's war, he said, brings a new sense of power to the peasantry in rural China. The peasants see they have a stake in the war, that they are fighting in order to better their living conditions. They visualize new hope and not mere empty promises. The warlords, landlords and bureaucrats in the Nationalist regime, who survive by squeezing the peasants, became alarmed. A new challenge had been created, and after the Japanese were driven out, they would utilize their experience to destroy and change the social forms of the past.

The British have the same fear of the colonized natives in Burma and Malaya, the Dutch in Indonesia and the French in Indo-China, Kaji explained to me. In fighting the Japanese they would learn to oppose the western imperial powers.

Kaji and Yuki were like aliens in the United States today, aliens who have made contributions to this country as labor leaders and civil rights fighters but in reactionary times, as their steadfast views become sharply non-conforming, they are hounded, persecuted and threatened with deportation. Only, aliens in the United States have made this country their home, while Kaji and Yuki wanted to return to Japan after the war.

Kaji frequently said that it was unfortunate that he and Aoyama were on bad terms. At his request I tried to bring the two together, for both were political exiles fighting the Japanese military rulers. Finally I gave up my efforts when I saw that Aoyama was not interested in cooperating with Kaji. I also discovered that Aoyama worked closely with Tai Li agents, popularly referred to as the Chinese Gestapo.

Aoyama operated quite freely in Chungking. He openly said that he was a Communist, but the Nationalists left him alone. Kaji, on the other hand, known merely as a left-wing writer, was persecuted.

Aoyama had a small printing plant. He came to us at the OWI with an offer to let us have it free. Neil Brown, the administrative officer, negotiated for the OWI and I interpreted for him.

"I don't want a cent," Aoyama told Brown. "I am a Communist so money does not matter." Since he was tied up with Tai Li, it was safe for Aoyama to say that he was a Communist.

When I told this to Brown, he frowned. Brown told me to feel out Aoyama further, for we knew he was not going to give anything free. He repeated that Communists don't need money so he was not asking for any from the OWI. We insisted that he had to have money to live. We wanted to agree on a price for his printing plant. He grinned condescendingly, as though pitying our ignorance.

As we expected, two days later he sent us a list of his equipment with a price list prevalent in Chungking's black market. Finally, when Brown paid for Aoyama's plant, he not only paid the black market price but was forced to hire Aoyama's printers at wages he demanded.

Occasionally Aoyama came to our office with samples of leaflets he had written for the Nationalist propaganda department. He boasted that the Nationalists were dropping hundreds of thousands of leaflets over Japanese lines. We knew differently. Hundreds of thousands of leaflets for use against Japanese troops were stacked in storerooms. Coolies slept on them while Nationalist officials were content with lining their pockets with funds allocated for leaflet projects.



TOP: Dixie Mission members and "Red" Chinese allies; Koji Ariyoshi is in the front row, fourth from the left.

BOTTOM: left to right, Huang Hua, interpreter, and later PRC Ambassador to, among other countries, Ghana, the United Arab Republic, and Canada; unidentified Dixie Mission member; Dr. Ma Hai-teh (George Hatem); and Koji Ariyoshi.



TOP: Koji Ariyoshi and Mao Tse-tung, Yanan, 1944.

BOTTOM: With General Chu Teh, Yanan, 1944

"RED" CHINA AND YENAN

When I attended the University of Hawaii in the late 1930s, I took part in a fund-raising campaign to help students in China who were carrying universities on their shoulders in moving inland from the coastal area to the hinterland. They were escaping the Japanese invaders. I wrote a guest column for *Ka Leo*, the campus newspaper, and an article in a downtown daily, appealing for funds.

In the university's Oriental Institute library, I read literature on the valiant struggle of Chinese students, and I was impressed by stories and illustrations of students studying in caves in a place known as Yen-an. I wrote about the cave classrooms in the *Ka Leo* column, not having the faintest idea that Yen-an was the capitol of Red China and that I would be there about five years later as an army G-2 personnel member.

Before I left Chungking in October 1944 and flew north into Red China, my Chinese friends in the Nationalist wartime capitol asked me to write them in great detail about people and their living conditions in the communist-liberated border regions. A large part of the liberated and guerilla regions was located among the mountainous boundary area between provinces, deep within Japanese-occupied territory, and this explains the term "border region."

In Chungking I found that there was an amazing ignorance among people in Nationalist territory about conditions in the Red guerrilla areas. Chiang Kai-shek had slapped a blockade on to cut off communication between Nationalist and Communist-led areas.

Chiang tried hard to keep information about Red China from reaching the outside world, but a group of dauntless correspondents forced him in the late spring of 1944 to let them visit the anti-Japanese border regions. By the time I flew into Yen-an, these correspondents, who represented conservative American and British newspapers, were coming out of Red China with stories that shocked and encouraged millions of people fighting the fascist and militarist powers. The political climate was such, with the allies becoming disgusted with Chiang, that the American press published these first-hand accounts of Red China.

And in the light of stories told by the correspondents, the graft-ridden and corrupt Nationalist government seemed all the more decadent, and challenged in the north by a new political force that allied itself not with the landlords, but with the peasants, and cooperated broadly with all classes of people in fighting the Japanese.

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The U.S. Army Observer Section in Yen-an to which I was assigned in October 1944 was probably the farthest U.S. military outpost in the Pacific war. It was established when Chiang Kai-shek finally gave in to American pressure to allow U.S. observers into Chinese Communist-led, liberated and guerrilla territories. Chiang's army in China was lying down in anti-Japanese resistance, and it was General Joseph Stilwell's idea to bring the partisan forces into the orbit of allied strategy under him, and supply them with necessary light equipment to fight the enemy.

When American observers first arrived in Yen-an, they were not sold on reports of Communist China's popular democracy or all-out anti-Japanese resistance. What they saw in Yen-an was a broad representation of the people in government, and machinery provided for even the illiterates to vote. Earthen jars were placed behind candidates or their pictures, and the voters cast their ballots by dropping beans or grain in them.

I recall a long talk I had with an Office of Strategic Services captain shortly after I arrived in Yen-an. He spoke Chinese fluently and he was getting around quite a bit by himself, making personal observations among the people. He had been brought up in China, and he was one of several observers who spoke one or more dialects.

He told me that Yen-an and the Communist liberated and guerrilla bases behind the Japanese lines were different in many respects from the China he had known from childhood. He said that once the partisans liberated an area from the Japanese, they reduced land rent from 50 or 60 percent of the crop to 37 1/2 percent, encouraged the peasants to increase production, established governments, organized schools for the young and old, put a stop to begging and prostitution by rehabilitating people, and wiped out usury.

"You can't write a straight report of what you observe here," the OSS captain told me. "The social values of people here and life in general don't seem Chinese, and we haven't seen anything like this in China. You've got to lean backward to write reports with extreme objectivity."

Otherwise, he said, my superiors in the Chungking headquarters who accept graft, begging and prostitution as a part of life, especially in Asia, would discredit my observations as propaganda.

Some Americans said Yen-an was "window dressing," and began going behind Japanese lines to see for themselves in guerrilla territory. Raymond Ludden, experienced foreign service officer of our State Department, went on such a trip. When he returned to Washington after an extended trip into guerrilla China, he reported the Communist-led troops suffered from an acute shortage of supplies, but that "they would put to good use any material they got." He added that the mass support the Communist troops enjoyed everywhere he went "was on too large a scale and too widespread to be merely window dressing."

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Fairly early one morning in the latter part of October 1944, I went down to the Chungking airport. I had with me a United States Army travel order to "Dixie." I also had a Chinese Nationalist government "passport." My destination was North China guerrilla territory. What was the GI-Chinese relationship in guerrilla territory?, I wondered.

The air transport crew that flew to Yen-an said the people "up north" were active and vigorous. GIs at the Chungking headquarters felt it was a break to get a "Dixie" assignment. The transport brought back fresh vegetables from Yen-an, and every GI who ate at the mess hall in Chungking knew about "Dixie," for we were told the greens and tomatoes grown in Yen-an could be eaten fresh. In the Nationalist area, because of the human fertilizer used, we could not eat fresh vegetables.

As I watched some Chinese workers loading a transport, I did not imagine the possibility that my assignment might be a long one. I had been given one month by the OWI director in China to survey the anti-Japanese psychological warfare of the Chinese Communist-led forces and their prisoner re-education. I knew that I had extensive ground to cover and had prepared myself for the work as best I could. I had read leaflets and pamphlets issued by the converted Japanese POWs. I was told that their psychological warfare was so successful that Japanese soldiers were deserting their ranks to go over to the guerrilla forces.

On that clear October morning as I waited for the flight, I never thought that I would one day ride a mule to a Chinese civil war front to investigate whether the Nationalists had used American arms supplied for the anti-Japanese war. And many months later, I was as far away as Kalgan, beyond the Great Wall, in a city referred to as the gateway to Inner Mongolia. I had with me large reproductions of American news photos, periodicals, books, movie projector and films. I was an American propagandist in the Chinese hinterland and rural areas.

As I walked to the C-47 transport whose doors were ajar, taking in cargo from a truck which was backed squarely against the opening, I saw a slightly built Chinese worker trying to move an oil drum, his bare foot placed smack at its base as he heaved the top towards him. The drum did not yield.

A tall, husky American corporal emerged from the door of the transport. He called two other Chinese workers who were moving a heavy box on the truck. The workers did not heed him. The corporal jumped down on the truck, grabbed the two by the back of their necks and brought them to the oil drum. The three Chinese tipped over the drum, timing their efforts with a mixture of chants and puffing sounds, and rolled it into the plane.

The corporal noticed me. He said: "Hi, Sarge."

"Hi," I answered. "How ya doing?"

"Oh, so, so," he said.

Soon our conversation warmed up and he complained about his job.

"These 'slopeys' don't know whether they are coming or going," he explained to me.

"Slopey" was GI jargon for "slant-eyed Chinese," a white supremacist term like "gook" which GIs use to describe Koreans today.

The corporal leaned heavily on his elbows against the truck-side and looked down at me, sort of relaxed, to tell me a long story.

"You can't talk to these dumb bastards," he said. "You've got to shove them around. Talk to them all day and you get nowhere."

"Do you speak Chinese?" I asked him.

"No, English. But plain enough. I explain to them with motions and everything, and they nod their heads savvy-like, like this." And he gave me a demonstration, getting a big kick out of it.

A Chinese standing by a duffle bag called: "Hi, Joe!" Pointing to the duffle bag he asked: "Chieh ka?"

"Yeah!" roared the corporal as he turned towards the worker, motioning as though to say: "Throw the whole works into the plane!"

"Everything, everything!" he yelled, and it was plain that all the Chinese understood from his English was loud noise.

The Chinese laughed, amused by the corporal's behavior. The corporal raised his foot, pretending he was going to boot the backside of the worker, which made the latter pick up the bag on his shoulder and run into the transport, laughing as he did so.

"There goes my bag," I said to the corporal.

"So you're going up north, Sarge?" He turned around to talk to me. "You know I'd like to see those Chinese Reds myself, not that it matters any to the war effort. I haven't met a Red yet. Like to know what they are like."

He commented that pilots who flew the plane he was having loaded said the Reds up there were fighting the enemy, not like the "slopeys" under "Shanker Jack." This was the GI nickname for Chiang Kai-shek.

"You know," the corporal continued, "I'd take anything rather than this god-damned job. I didn't volunteer for the army to come all the way to China to be a 'coolie pusher.'"

"I volunteered, too," I said.

"That's one thing I learned in this army—never volunteer! When I enlisted, I signed up to fight the Japs." His voice hit a higher pitch. "I hope to Christ we kill all them sneaking bastards and get this war over with. You can't trust them! You know, we got some of them Japs back home behind barbed wire." And he winked at me with a slight sidewise nod of his head.

"Lose anyone at Pearl Harbor?" I asked.

"No, no kin of mine but we lost a hell of a lot of good boys there." Then he paused and asked: "Where you from, Sarge?"

"Honolulu."

"Hawaiian-Chinese, eh?" He smiled as he looked down at me.

"No, Japanese-American."

For a few seconds the corporal was speechless. I almost told him that I had volunteered from behind barbed wire and watch towers.

After the silence the corporal muttered: "No kidding, Sarge . . ." and his deflated voice trailed off. Then he added, with obvious embarrassment: "There are some good Japs, hell of a swell guys. You know," and he smiled approvingly, "guys like you!"

I didn't say a word. After an uncomfortable silence he added: "I didn't mean it bad, Sarge. It wasn't your kind I was talking about, but the other Japs."

"I understand," I said.

We talked for a while longer and I told him that the term "Japs," used to describe the Japanese people, was bad. The militarists and the big financiers were behind the aggressive war. The people didn't have any say.

The use of the term "slopey" was bad, too. My explanation did not make much a dent on his mind, for his prejudice was deep-rooted.

Then he said all of a sudden: "Doggone it, Sarge," in a serious manner, "What if you guys get captured by them Japs? Wouldn't they give you the works, though?"

I walked toward the operations building and felt it was a great tragedy that a man like him, and so many other GIs participating in a war of liberation, were giving vent to their prejudices on innocent Chinese because they did not see the real purpose of their war activities.

This corporal was unhappy in China, far from his family, friends, luxuries, and was unable to bear the boredom of life in Chungking. If the army had spent some time and effort to orient the GIs and officers with information about China and her people, the morale of servicemen would have been better and they would have developed more sympathetic understanding for the Chinese people.

Just after we boarded the plane to fly northward, the major general passed the word around to about three of us enlisted men that from now on we were to forget rank. We should not hesitate to talk to him freely and there was to be no wall created by rank. In their area we must live like them, he said.

An enlisted man said: "In other words, in Rome do as the Romans do."

"I guess that's it," the general said, meaning that that's how the Chinese partisans live.

And we took off from Chungking.

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We flew over paddies and terraces of Szechwan Province, which looked beautiful from the sky. The toiling peasants paid 50-60 percent of their yearly crop to landlords in payment for the use of the land. In Szechwan some landlords were collecting rents many years in advance. Some tenants revolted and Chiang Kai-shek used his American-trained air force to crush the protest.

The farmlands gave way to rugged mountains and gorges. To the west was Tibet, with high mountains and natural barriers that made it almost inaccessible to the West. Then we were over Sian, the last Nationalist bastion and frontier U.S. air base. Sian was also a stopcock that prevented people on the Chungking side from crossing into Communist areas. Hundreds of students who had tried to run the blockade into Red China had been arrested and locked up in Sian prisons.

A Chinese youth I had met through Kaji Wataru, the anti-militarist Japanese writer and political refugee, described various tortures employed by the Nationalists. He himself had spent a few years in a Kweichow prison. He said prisoners' feet were boiled in pots equipped with ankle locks. He said faces were shoved into lime. Pig's bristles were shoved into young women's nipples or other delicate parts.

"The students do not repent. The prisons manufacture Communists because students turn more strongly against the Kuomintang," he said.

I did not believe him entirely. Certainly there must be weaklings, I suggested, who were crushed when deprived of all human dignity by this

barbarism, and who become secret agents for the Nationalists. He agreed, but he said the number was comparatively small.

From Sian we flew northward and over the "divide" of Chungking's China and Yen-an's China. Below us were Chiang's blockhouses and garrisons for roughly 500,000 first-line troops, far away from the Japanese forces they should be fighting. They were sealing off the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia border region.

At last we were over Yen-an, accessible from the outside only to American personnel of the U.S. Army Observer Section. It was just as I had seen it in pictures at the university library in Honolulu. Below us were endless stretches of barren, tawny loess hills and valleys. Loess is cocoa-like dust, blown into North China from the Gobi Desert region for centuries, and in some areas it is more than 200 feet deep.

Someone pointed out a long valley, running north to south, a few miles long. It forked as it came to a hill on which stood an old pagoda. A State Department official told me that the caves which pockmarked Pagoda Hill were headquarters of the Japanese Workers' and Peasants' School and the Japanese People's Emancipation League (JPEL). I would spend my time there, surveying Red China's POW treatment and prisoner re-education.

Through the middle of the narrow valley flowed a silvery stream. The land looked old and tired, bare after the autumn harvest. It was terribly wrinkled by the ageless force of erosion. Everything looked ancient, peaceful and desolate. A few buildings were in sight. A fairly large Western-style church nestled close against a hillside. It was the most impressive edifice. But more striking than anything were the caves, hundreds and hundreds of them pockmarking hillsides and cliffs, tier upon tier, up from the valley floor.

We headed down a valley toward the landing strip. Ox-carts, driven by white-turbaned natives, toiled their lumbering way northward and southward along a dusty road along the airstrip. Camels led by nomads clad in furs also moved on the road.

It seemed that everyone in Yen-an had come to greet us. Most of them were clad in blue or black cotton-padded uniforms while others still wore thin cotton uniforms. Women were dressed like men. Deep caps hid their hair altogether. They wore no rouge or lipstick. One saw chapped cheeks and lips painted over with honey to prevent further aggravation.

I was introduced to Colonel David Barrett, who in turn introduced me to Chinese officials. Among the many, one name sounded familiar, the name of General Chu Teh.

I saw a kindly face, broad and seamed, half-smiling at me. A warm, firm hand gripped mine. The man before me was like a peasant, extremely

simple in appearance, clad in a faded, brown woolen-tweed uniform. He was stocky and heavy. This was the legendary Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Communist-led forces.

Two Nisei GIs, who like me were G-2 personnel, were at the air field. They told me that the Communist-led forces had a tremendous amount of intelligence on the Japanese forces.

Sergeant Sho Nomura as well as some American officers briefed me about conditions in Yen-an as soon as we arrived at the Observer Section. There were no beggars, prostitutes or money changers, they said. A GI who had come in on the flight said he had to see it before he would believe it. After India and Nationalist China, where money changers, prostitutes and beggars singled out GIs, he said he could not believe that in Asia such a "Shangri-la" existed. And this blockaded territory was economically the poorest area.

"So you won't believe us?" asked an officer. "We didn't either," he said.

He told us of an incident which was a very popular story in Yen-an. When the first contingent of American military personnel flew into Yen-an, the transport damaged its propeller when one of the wheels dropped into an old grave. The transport's crew stayed over, waiting for parts from Chungking. That night the Chinese 18th Group Army, which was the designation of Communist-led forces, gave a dance to honor the Americans. A tech sergeant of the plane's crew made passes at a young lady, thinking what he did in Chungking was permissible in Yen-an.

The next day, General Yeh Chien-ying, the chief of staff of the 18th Group Army, visited Colonel Barrett and indignantly protested the GI's conduct. He said that the Chinese would provide the Americans with clean entertainment and that the GIs should forget propaganda they might have heard about Communist "free love" and that sort of thing. He said Yen-an was not Chungking. General Yeh explained that the women were equal with men in Yen-an; that prostitution did not exist and any incident of such was corrected as soon as it was discovered.

Colonel Barrett called his group together. He scolded that the Americans were embarrassed and threatened that anyone violating the social customs and values of Yen-an would be sent back to Chungking as punishment. This was indeed punishment, for no American wanted to be sent back to depressing Chungking. The colonel suggested that the officers and men get rid of their supply of prophylactics immediately. One captain had an extremely large supply. When the Chinese heard about the large aggregate supply, they asked the Americans not to throw away the prophylactics. They wanted to use them in the hospitals for medical purposes.

"Save your old razor blades and cigarette cellophane covers for the Chinese. They are blockaded here and use these items also," an officer told us.

* * * * *

Our experiences in Yenán showed that the American and Chinese people could live together in peace and friendship. In cooperating on the war effort, we learned about each other. We carried this relationship into social life in Yenán. We had to change some of our social attitudes and behavior, and the Chinese did also.

In Yenán, we were asked not to address the teen-age orderlies who looked after our personal needs as "boy," a common expression used by foreigners in Nationalist China, and as I recall, in the South by white people toward Negroes. We were asked to call these orderlies, many of whom were war orphans, "men who looked after guests."

As for female companionship, we were told that we would be provided with clean entertainment. There were no prostitutes or "Jeep Girls" as there were in Chungking.

On Saturday nights Yenán entertained the personnel of the U.S. Army Observer Group. We went across the Yen River to the 18th Group Army headquarters to dance. We entered a barn-like auditorium. Almost every week General Chu Teh rushed out to greet us. He led us to a corner where live charcoal gave off a warm glow from makeshift burners. He poured us tea, piled dried watermelon seeds on a table for us to chew. We cracked them with our teeth and spit out the shells.

Chu Teh huddled with his chief of staff, the exuberantly jolly General Yeh Chien-ying, and the two went around to talk to women sitting along the walls. Soon we were swarmed over by them and they kept us dancing all evening.

I watched legendary Chu Teh dance the first night I went to Yang Family's Plain. His break with the feudal past, with all its lush living, for the life of a revolutionary, becoming one of the leaders of the Chinese Communists, is a story in itself.

An enlisted man who had read Agnes Smedley's book on Red China suddenly exploded, as he also watched Chu Teh: "How in hell did Agnes teach that guerrilla leader to dance?"⁶⁷

The general was chugging along in a very businesslike manner with his left arm folded in toward his shoulder. There was not a bit of variety in his step. But he was keeping good time with the music produced by a squeaking Chinese violin, a drum, cymbals and a relic of a portable piano, whether it was "Jingle Bells" or a Shensi folk song. He never seemed to stop dancing once he got started, and the ladies were flattered to dance with him.

Most of the women who danced with us were students at the English or Russian language schools. The English school in Yen'an was much the larger. The students were eager to practice their English on us. Women students dragged us out on the floor while young male students waited to catch us for conversations between dances. Between them, there was quite a competition and we were in great demand.

When the Chinese New Year came, the peasants in the villages invited us to their places. We attended several village banquets. At our first village banquet a young woman, who was apparently city-bred, acted as our hostess. In her padded cotton blouse and slacks, and blue cotton cap, this young intellectual met us at the top of a hill and led us into a cave where the table had been set. Her conception of an average GI, I soon learned, was incredible. She must have believed all the stories of American excesses circulating in China.

If she had read editorials and articles appearing in Chungking newspapers on "Jeep Girls," she must not have credited us with high moral standards. Some Chungking newspapers defended the "Jeep Girls" who, the papers said, should comfort the American allies who are far away from home. Others lamented the shameful moral corruption of young Chinese womanhood, promenading in public with foreign soldiers.

Our hostess seemed to have set her mind on making us all drunk. An interpreter who went along with us said that Americans are great drinkers. So she kept filling our cups with the potent Tiger Bone and Pi Kar wine. She drank tea and mild wine and expected us to "bottoms up" with her. When we reneged she came to us, grabbed our hands and forced burning liquor down our throats. She laughed when we coughed and she slapped our backs to help the downward flow of liquor.

This young official who had been assigned to entertain us must have felt this was the proper role of a hostess entertaining rugged GIs at a village banquet. I was almost sure she had seen American movies showing bar scenes of the Barbary Coast or the Wild West. This seemed an extremely difficult role for her to play and beneath her acting there were definite signs of embarrassment.

After this banquet we Americans conspired to make our Chinese host drunk at the next party. A drunk Chinese anywhere in China was a rare sight. So at the next village we individually toasted our host. There were about a dozen of us. Our host politely protested and wanted to have a joint toast each time. When we protested with equal politeness, he said he preferred weaker wine. As host, we said, he must consume Tiger Bone or Pi Kar. After two hours our host was still returning drink for drink with each

of us. Some of us began to suspect that the Chinese liaison officers had tipped off this village, which had pitted their most powerful drinker against us to foil our scheme.

When the banquet was over our host reeled slightly. In deep suspense we watched him stand up. He thanked us for coming to his village. Then he started home. We followed him with our eyes as he entered a compound. I saw him enter a cave. Some GIs swore they saw him sprawl on the floor as soon as he entered the doorway. Whatever it was, our host carried himself with dignity to the very last.

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I had an OWI 16mm movie projector with me in Yen-an and part of my work was to show documentary American films. We invited students from the English school, from the Japanese Workers and Peasants' School where POWs were being re-educated, from the Korean Independence League and various other organizations. Films on the Tennessee Valley Authority, mechanized farming and industrial production in the U.S. were all popular.

"Farmer Henry Brown," a film on a successful Negro planter, impressed peasants and soldiers. There were students who had reservations about this picture.

"This is not all true, is it?" one of them asked me.

"Yes, it is," I told him.

"I don't believe you," he said, shaking his head.

"There are Negro farmers who are doing quite well."

"But they are so few. Most of them are poor, worse than our poor peasants."

"We have poor sharecroppers, surely."

"Why don't you show pictures about them?"

He thought we should show the good and the bad, not only good, so that the film would point to improvement.

Others would join in the discussion and tell me of rural life in China, the superstitions of the peasants and how they were being combatted, and of the model farms and labor heroes. And in talking to them I learned many things which I would never have been able to observe during my short stay in China and because of my limited background knowledge of the vast country.

The 18th Group Army photo section took our films and projectors into the countryside to show movies to peasants who probably never had seen any in their lives. The photo section had an old gasoline generator. I loaded the generator on an ox-cart and saddled the projector and amplifier on a mule, and in this fashion toured the villages.

The photo section also cooperated in holding exhibitions of enlarged OWI photographs on the Pacific and European war, and about the various facets of life in the United States. To the guerrilla war fronts we sent U.S. periodicals, photographs and film strips which could be shown by a small projector drawing power from a hand-operated generator used in radio transmission.

I interviewed American observers who went into various guerrilla bases, and downed pilots who were brought out by the Chinese from behind Japanese lines. They reported on how our material on hygiene, medical research, industrial production and numerous other subjects was shown to troops, government workers and civilians.

Months later in Sian, I met one of these rescued pilots. We were then helping Chiang Kai-shek in the civil war and the pilot said he did not want to fly. He told me of his experiences in the Chinese villages when for many months his northern Chinese rescuers helped him dodge the Japanese and finally brought him out to Yenan.

"If we helped the Chinese peasants to get a better deal there would be no war; there would be peace," he said.

And his statement holds true today for Indo-China and other areas where the people want change, a better life with human decency and respect.

RE-EDUCATION AND SANZO NOSAKA

I had an intense schedule of work in the fall of 1944, for I planned to remain in the Communist-led areas of China for only a month to observe the prisoner of war re-education and the psychological warfare the POW converts conducted.

The Japanese national who undoubtedly contributed most in the war against Japanese militarism is Sanzo Nosaka. Even before I met him in the late fall of 1944 in Yen-an, I had heard American officials say that the Japanese militarists would sacrifice a division merely to get him.

Time and again the Japanese military intelligence in China used spies in attempts to destroy this man, who then went under the name of Susumu Okano, but they never succeeded.

On the day I was supposed to meet him, I crossed a narrow footbridge over the Yen River from our side of the valley and headed toward the hill on the other side where the Chinese Communist-led 18th Group Army headquarters was located. Accompanying me was a State Department official who was interested in finding out from Nosaka the extent of anti-militarist resistance in Japan and in China.

Our first meeting with Nosaka took place in the 18th Army Group headquarters. It was late fall and the ground was frozen, and in the cave the Chinese used charcoal braziers for heating purposes. We waited a while and on the hard ground we heard footsteps. Nosaka came in alone. He had a firm face with soft eyes, and as we shook hands, I felt an air of reserve about him, but definite warmth in him. He stood about five feet three inches and was of medium build.

With our brief exchange of greetings over, he asked us if we had prepared a program for conducting our survey of his psychological warfare work and prisoner re-education. We handed him our schedule which indicated that I was limited to one month's assignment in Yen-an. He handed us his suggested outline, drawn up in much detail.

We were a little surprised by his thorough preparation for this meeting with us. In subsequent contacts with him we learned that this was a habit

with him, and he always urged us to prepare for our discussions as thoroughly as we could so that our time would be spent more fruitfully.

He was a soft-spoken man with an easy smile. He quickly impressed me as a strong, dedicated person. His fight against the Japanese militarists had involved deadly risks of underground work in and around Japan. He escaped from Japan in 1930 or 1931. Practically all his colleagues in the Communist Party leadership were in prison. The Japanese Communists were the most militant foes of "Rising Sun" militarism, and just as it happened in Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy, the Communists in Japan were the first to suffer repression.

As our ally, we stood to benefit by our contact with him. A State Department expert on Japanese affairs once told me that Nosaka, more than anyone else, knew of occurrences in Japan and could interpret events and changing conditions in the enemy territory quite accurately.

To orient himself, he had underground contacts with occupied territory in China, and through these sources he acquired information about Japan. Furthermore, he had a so-called "publications buying chain" which gathered all kinds of Japanese periodicals and books issued in Japan. They were bought in occupied China by his agents from Japanese officials, businessmen and professionals.

Once or twice a month saddle-loads of publications were brought into Yen'an and delivered to Nosaka by the Chinese. This was a risky undertaking all the way through. Japanese publications, particularly on economics and technical subjects, were sent to a few high-ranking civilians and officials, and to buy or to acquire this material from them regularly week after week or month after month required a great deal of planning. The Japanese officials themselves would become suspect if they were caught passing on some of their literature.

Then the transportation of the material out of Japanese-occupied cities and across heavily guarded railway lines and through checkpoints involved further risks.

I remember twice the Japanese crushed the buying chain and Nosaka and the Chinese Communists had to organize an entirely new channel. I knew this because we Americans had requested Nosaka and the Chinese to collect an extra set of Japanese publications for us so that we could send them to the translating and intelligence centers in Washington. This they did for us, although it involved dangers. When the agents were captured by the Japanese, Nosaka explained to me that we had to wait a while until he organized new contacts and underground connections.

At one time we set up a microfilming center in Yen'an to photograph all Japanese publications in Nosaka's cave library.

We visited his library on the first day we met him. In one section he had his card files kept in small cabinet boxes made from stiff cardboard. These boxes were kept in rows in square holes dug in the walls of the cave.

Nosaka read and marked the Japanese publications that were brought to him in Yen'an. His librarian cross-indexed the contents.

In this manner he followed events in Japan very closely, and as my assignment in Yen'an was extended, I was to interview him frequently on various questions pertaining to Japan. The headquarters frequently wanted to know what Nosaka's interpretation was on certain happenings in Japan, or wanted him to give us background and new information on various subjects. I would contact him immediately and generally he made an extensive study in his library.

The interviews lasted from an hour to two hours, and after that I returned to my cave to write my reports from the notes I had taken. Several times I received phone calls from him late at night on the day of an interview, or early the following morning. He would ask me to delete certain phrases he had used or to substitute a word or a clause for ones he had used. Once when he wanted to make several changes, I asked him to wait until I got a pencil and paper, and my notes. I did not think he had used a certain phrase. He told me over the field telephone the approximate page number of my notes on which I had written the phrase. I checked up and found that he was correct.

Once I asked him how he remembered these details.

"Every night before I fall asleep, I review everything I have done or said during the day," he explained. "This self-examination is very essential. It makes a person more responsible and develops him into a conscious and sincere worker."

There was a time when Nosaka was orienting a State Department official and me on a project he was then conducting in his anti-Japanese militarist psychological warfare. He gave his information to us in outline form, without benefit of notes. It was a typical outline, using "A," then "1," then "a," etc. He would pause and discuss the various points and continue from where he had stopped. After dictating for about six pages, he would give us the guide when we lost track of our letters and numbers because of digressing discussions: "Now, we are on small 'a' under '2' of big 'G.'"

All of us were bi-lingual, speaking and writing both English and Japanese; thus we did not have difficulty in communicating with Nosaka. When his converted prisoners of war who were teachers at the Japanese Peasants' and Workers' School joined in our discussions, we carried on conversations in Japanese only.

The prisoner converts were well-trained. They published their own news bulletins and issued anti-militarist leaflets which were used on the front lines.

We Americans wanted their criticism of our leaflets produced in Chungking and on the Burma front, because we wanted to improve our propaganda material. I took samples to them, and sat with Nosaka's staff around a table and took notes as they gave their evaluation of our leaflets.

The criticisms and suggestions were well taken by our psychological warfare units in Chungking and Burma. They in turn sent out copies of the evaluations to psychological warfare units in Honolulu, Saipan, Washington, and later, in the Philippines. The suggestions prepared by the prisoner converts proved helpful, and from all of these places I began receiving samples of leaflets dropped over Japanese lines and in Japan, asking that they be evaluated and criticized by the prisoner converts.

I was also asked to have Nosaka's propagandists listen to OWI broadcasts beamed to Japan and to get their reaction. In the same manner that they criticized and made suggestions to improve our leaflets, they listened to radio programs and then held long evaluation sessions.

On many occasions I asked the prisoner converts about their postwar outlook. They said they were returning to Japan to reconstruct the defeated nation along democratic lines. They said they hoped that the wartime cooperation of the major powers would continue and that we all would work together on a common ground and with a common purpose to make Japan a peaceful nation.

I do not know what these men are doing today, nor what they think of us. Nosaka returned to Japan in 1945 after the surrender, and news accounts said that on his arrival, the welcome given him along the railway on which he travelled was unprecedented. He was a hero in a defeated Japan, where people wanted peace. He was later elected to the parliament along with some others of his party who had spent more than 18 years in prison. But with the resurgence of militarism in Japan, where war criminals are being freed to remilitarize the nation, he has again been driven underground.

* * * * *

A few days after I arrived in Yen'an, Sanzo Nosaka took me and a State Department official to the headquarters of the Japanese Workers and Peasants School and to the headquarters of the Japanese People's Emancipation League. The students and members of the league were prisoners of war who had been converted against Japanese militarism. They were living normal lives without guards, owned a cooperative store in Yen'an, produced

food and spun cotton to partly pay their expenses. They lived better than the Chinese soldiers, and the soldiers and government officials told me that good treatment was essential to helping them turn away from militarism and prepare them for a life in postwar, democratic Japan. Furthermore, they said the Japanese standard of living was higher, and so they were used to better food than the Chinese.

As we walked to the headquarters, halfway up the hill with an ancient pagoda perched on its top, a group of Japanese dressed in faded blue, homespun uniforms, puttees and rope sandals like those of the 18th Group Army, met us. These men were cadres—re-educated prisoners of war who were now teachers and officials of the school and the Japanese People's Emancipation League, an anti-Japanese militarist organization. Only one was not a POW. He was Jun Sawada, a veteran Communist from Japan, who had smuggled himself into North China in 1943 after his release from prison.

We came to a patio which was a deep terrace cut into the hillside. On the face of the cliff, which was cut perpendicularly, were dozens of caves tunnelled into the hillside. Pieces of paper with drawings and writings were tacked up on the loess wall with tiny wooden pegs. There was an article criticizing lazy students who did not take study and production for self-efficiency seriously. I read several news commentaries on the Pacific and European wars. There was a long editorial exposing the emperor myth. All had been written by students. None of the POWs was referred to as a prisoner: all were students. This was the policy of the Chinese Communists.

A group of students came out of a cave and saluted Nosaka. These were new students who had recently fallen captive and been sent to the rear for re-education.

Nosaka spoke informally and softly to the new students, and I took notes. He said:

You are undergoing a very difficult period of re-adjustment. When you were captured some of you must have considered suicide because of disgrace. Let me tell you that it is not a shame to fall into an antagonist's hands. Rather it is a great loss if you do not live to serve in rebuilding a new Japan. Consider that all of you have died once; then you have nothing to lose. You must inject new spirit and thinking into yourselves. If you do this, it will be in your power to realize the impossible. We do not coerce you. You are free to think for yourselves. But I ask you to cast away your prejudices against us and objectively examine and study what we have to say and offer. You may agree or disagree. That is up to you.

The school was divided into three sections—A for beginners, B for intermediate and C for advanced students. The full course nominally took one year, but actually, students never stopped studying.

We attended a lecture held in a mud-walled, thatched auditorium. The students who marched into classrooms carried crudely-made low wooden stools. The lecturer was a husky, bull-necked former corporal in the Japanese army. A graduate of Tokyo's Kokushikan Semmon Gakko, which centered its education around the "Code of Bushido," he had once taught jiu-jitsu at the Osaka police department. He was teaching Marxism at Yen-an in simple terms so that the most backward student could understand. His course on "political common sense" included lectures on wage, price and commodities, the role of labor, nature of feudalism and capitalism, and so on.

The majority of these students, some in their late thirties and early forties, were peasants and workers. I noticed that some could hardly read or write well enough to carry on their studies. I was surprised to see them sitting there in an ill-lighted hall, each with a piece of writing board on his lap, painfully scribbling in his notebook.

I returned to the school almost every day to talk to students, study their attitudes, and see how much of this new teaching they absorbed. The students took for granted that one day they would return to Japan. This was a big morale point and motivated their efforts.

At night I observed other study groups, where students discussed the subject matter of the day's lectures. New students generally repeated by rote. The more advanced students showed greater independent thinking.

One night I heard fifteen students discuss economic exploitation in Japan in terms of their own experiences. They strove to show how as farmers, laborers and tradesmen they had been squeezed by landlords and capitalists. Because of their past experiences, I found that laborers and farmers grasped their lessons much faster than intellectuals.

It soon became evident that there was a lot more to this project that changed the Japanese soldiers who had been imbued with the teachings of "bushido." I talked to the Chinese Communist psychological warfare specialists, and to Americans of our observer section who returned from guerrilla bases far behind Japanese lines. All of them gave me the same story on Chinese prisoner treatment, and later, as my stay in North China was extended, I was able to verify these earlier accounts given me.

"We cannot succeed with prisoner re-education without the basic policy and support of the Chinese Communists," Nosaka told me. "Their policy and our policy is preferential treatment of prisoners."

He said that from the moment of capture or surrender the prisoners were given good treatment. This initial approach is necessary in the case of all prisoners, even those who were set free and allowed to go back to their units.

In the initial period, out of 2,407 prisoners, the Communist troops kept only 322. The POWs were returned after a short anti-war indoctrination because the Chinese had no facilities at that time to re-educate all the captives.

There was a serious problem of the vengeance and bitterness of the Chinese peasants who suffered from the Japanese "three-all policy" of killing, looting and burning. Villages were systematically destroyed. Chinese civilians beat or tortured to death any stray Japanese they caught. The Communist soldiers escorted the captives to rear area headquarters where Japanese-speaking personnel handled the POWs. Even the local guerrillas preferred to see a dead Japanese to a live one.

The peasants took the brunt of Japanese brutality and bestiality and had only hate for the enemy. Without their support, however, it was realized the prisoner re-education project would fail.

Nosaka told me that it was difficult to keep the peasants' spirit of resistance and at the same time teach them to be kind to captives.

A mass campaign to orient millions of peasants was launched in North China, and political workers from the army and guerrilla area governments were then assigned the task of convincing the peasants that their main enemies were the "Japanese fascist militarists" who had deceived their people. Once captured, the soldiers can be re-educated to fight the common enemy.

I met two old-timers among the 322 POWs who had been kept for re-education. In 1938 they had been selected to go from village to village with Chinese co-workers to explain to the peasants that disarmed Japanese soldiers were potential friends and allies of the Chinese people. This was in 1938. By 1944, the peasants were leading stray captives to headquarters. They treated them well.

Oldtimers among Japanese POW converts in Chinese Communist-led areas used to tell me that during the early years of the Sino-Japanese war, a stray Japanese captive was apt to be lynched or tortured to death by angry mobs of peasants. I asked them questions in great detail. I was then, in the late fall of 1944, making a survey of Chinese psychological warfare and the prisoner re-education program.

The Chinese took revenge, they told me, because of the death and destruction the Japanese invaders perpetrated in village after village. But the Chinese Communists early decided that such retaliation was detrimental to the re-education of Japanese prisoners. Preferential treatment of POWs from the moment of capture was considered essential to facilitate re-education.

I had several long sessions on this question with the political department officials of the Chinese Communist-led 18th Group Army (amalgamation of the 8th Route and the New Fourth Armies) who told me that all

available personnel was used to orient millions of peasants in liberated areas and in new guerrilla bases behind Japanese lines.

The peasants were told that the Japanese soldiers were potential allies once they dropped their guns. Re-educated, they would be on their side.

The task of educating millions of peasants under war conditions when they were taking the brunt of Japanese punitive and raiding expeditions can be appreciated when we consider the strong anti-Japanese feeling that still prevails in the Philippines. More than a year ago in Manila, a South Korean diplomatic official was beaten up because he was mistaken for a Japanese.

"After long efforts, we succeeded in our persuasion," Li Chu-li, former head of the anti-Japanese militarist psychological warfare work told me. "For several years now the peasants have been apprehending escaped captives and spies and sending them back to headquarters. Peasants are vigilant and we do not use guards in rear areas to watch over prisoners."

"But we had other difficulties," Mr. Li said, "and these were posed by the students."

Mr. Li, who had studied in Japan and handled Japanese very well, said that the captives brought all their prejudices with them. They looked down upon the Chinese as an inferior people. In addition to this, the poor living standards in the guerrilla areas made the captives complain about food, although they received better rations than the Chinese Communist soldiers themselves.

At the earliest stage of the prisoner re-education program, the POWs, who were called students in Yen-an, refused to study.

"They slept all day and sold their school supplies to get additional spending money," Mr. Li said. "And some would not even get up to wash their faces."

By the time Sanzo Nosaka, the Japanese Communist, arrived in Yen-an in the early forties and took over Mr. Li's responsibilities, the students were cooperating. But another problem confronted the prisoner conversion project, and that was the infiltration of spies from the Japanese army into the Japanese Workers and Peasants School and the Japanese People's Emancipation League. Some confessed later, after months of re-education, that they were sent into the guerrilla areas with instructions to assassinate Nosaka.

My next step in the survey of prisoner re-education was the observation of student attitudes and the methods used in the school to remold them. I sat down one day with Susumu Takayama, a prisoner convert himself, who was superintendent of the school. We went over the curriculum, discussed the lectures and group discussions, and came to self-criticism.

I told Mr. Takayama that I wanted to sit in at one session at least. He looked at his calendar and gave me a date.

"We must thoroughly remold an individual," he said to me. "At least we try to."

Tutoring alone is not enough, he explained. Changing one's self is extremely difficult, and this requires outside assistance. Group endeavor and mass pressure are therefore important.

"What is self-criticism?" I asked the superintendent.

And this was his explanation: "Criticism is the mirror by which the students see themselves inside and out. It reflects their good and bad points. Criticism among new students is mild; among advanced students, on a higher plane."

For the new captives, self-criticism is difficult to understand, he said, for they believe in "Unmei" (fate), unquestioning acceptance, and they are so accustomed to domineering leadership and blind following. Freedom of expression is a new experience to them. Public ceremony and face-saving methods, which Takayama labelled as the characteristic behavior of a feudal society, hampered self-criticism, he said.

One night I went to observe self-criticism sessions. The cave I entered was dimly lighted by a small, chimneyless lamp. There were about 20 of us, and about a dozen crowded around two charcoal braziers to warm their hands. The chairman and the secretary sat at a table. The first to be criticized, a student in his mid-thirties, moved his stool up to the table. He was a section leader, in charge of students living in three caves. As he began his self-criticism, eyes stared at him from smoke-filled recesses of the cave.

"It has been pointed out to me in previous criticism that I am conceited and do not mix with others," he began. "I know I am egotistical and individualistic. . . . I am now studying hard but lately I have not been using my syllabus and notes, therefore others may think I am not studying."

He covered a broad ground, and finally when he stopped, the chairman asked for criticism. There was an apparent hesitancy and as the students meditated, shadows from the flickering lamp played on the wall. First to volunteer was a student somewhere in a dark corner. He said the section leader had not improved a bit since coming to Yenan, although he had been given a responsible position.

The next student said: "You once said, 'This school is like a prison.' Now, tell us what you meant by this?"

The chairman, whose face was flushed red by lamplight, asked for an answer. The section leader said he had mentioned it as a joke. Two students immediately corrected him for telling such a joke and the section leader accepted the criticism.

As the session continued I was impressed by the fact that here in this cold and dark cave, human attitudes and thinking were being remolded. It was unlike anything I had seen. The atmosphere was charged with the seriousness of this earnest group of men searching for truth. Their past was dead, so they felt. The Japanese army had sent ashes to their homes and their families were mourning for them.

A student criticized the section leader for reminiscing about good times he had had in Japan—about teahouse ladies who had poured him rice wine, etc. He said, "This shows our section leader is confused in his thinking. He cannot serve a new Japan, not with his approach to problems."

Another student wanted to know why the section leader lived in his past. The answer was to "boost the morale of students" in his section. At this he was asked point blank:

"Do stories of prostitutes and drinking boost our morale?"

And so the discussion went on into the night, taking into account the section leader's political thinking, expressions and daily conduct. In the bitterly cold cave the frosty air spurted from the mouths of students as, like Old Testament prophets, they belabored their colleague's weaknesses.

A towering shadow leaped on a wall as the chairman rose to summarize the criticism. The section leader took copious notes, blowing his breath on his hand to keep it warm.

"I am only human," he said. "It is impossible to reform overnight but I will do my utmost from tomorrow."

Here several colleagues raised their voices and suggested that he change "not tomorrow but from this very minute." At least, they asked that such an attitude be adopted.

Another section leader was brought up for criticism. On Pagoda Hill that night, five other criticism meetings were going on. Some were more theoretical and probing while others of new students, like the one I first observed, were more elementary, personal and superficial.

I visited a few, each time stepping out of the serene Chinese night into a smoky cubicle where confused men of Japan crouched, seeking the truth in themselves—if only a glimmer as small as the glow of the light around which they collected.

I came back to the first meeting in time to hear Superintendent Takayama, who had sat through the meeting, give his views of the night's session. He thought the criticisms far from satisfactory, poor in quality and content for students who had been in school for almost half a year.

Then he concluded touchingly: "All of us have died once." Most of the students stared at the dark ground. A few upturned faces near the table glowed red and shadows played on their faces.

Takayama continued: "We are now building the foundations of our new lives. We have made mistakes as soldiers of aggressive militarism which we cannot afford to repeat. If bad points crop up, they should be erased through self-criticism, and criticism by others must be given in good faith, constructively and not destructively. Each and every one must help the other. . . . Those who are criticized must improve from that minute! At least that should be the attitude. We must not only remold ourselves but we must be vanguards to change the militaristic Japan into a democratic, people's country."

The session over, I walked out of the cave and down the steep hillside, and over the frozen ground back to my cave in the U.S. Army Observer Section to type my notes while my observations were fresh.

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Beyond the hill with caves, which were the living quarters, classrooms and offices of the prisoner converts, was a valley occupied by Korean patriots who had their school and their Independence League. The leaders of the Korean League were veterans of the independence movement, fighting the Japanese subjugators from the underground of cities in Korea, Manchuria and China. Some had joined the guerrilla forces in Manchuria, beginning with the late '20s, to attack the Japanese forces ruling Korea. Here, too, like the Japanese organization, the majority were prisoner converts.

Within the extensive borders of China, Korean political groups fought for national independence against the Japanese and nurtured their forces for postwar activities in their native country.

The Korean Provisional Government group maintained its headquarters in wartime Chungking, receiving board and lodging from Chiang Kai-shek's government. This group was led by Kim Koo, and its titular head was Syngman Rhee, who was lobbying in Washington that his group would be put in the saddle of the postwar Korean government.

Kim Yak-san, a factional leader in the Provisional Government whom I came to know quite well in 1944, told me that, like the Chinese Nationalists, his Provisional Government force was not fighting the Japanese. Kaji Wataru, the anti-fascist Japanese writer, who was having supper with us in a small restaurant in Chungking, remarked that the Provisional Government looked good on paper, and like the Japanese POWs whom Kaji had once re-educated and used against the enemy, and who were now held in custody because Chiang was not fighting, the Koreans were showpieces for Chiang.

Kim said that the Provisional Government had no liaison with Japanese-occupied Korea and he did not know how the Korean people would receive

it after the war. Kaji said that for Chiang, the supporting of the Provisional Government in Chungking provided him with a strong lever in Washington to get backing for his regime. Chiang's representatives would push the idea of a Nationalist China allied with Rhee's Korea, both banking on anti-communism to survive, working closely with the United States.

In North China, in the territory under the Yen-an administration, the Korean Independence League functioned actively, fighting the Japanese on the war fronts. The League had its headquarters in Yen-an. Like the Japanese POWs under Sanzo Nosaka, the Koreans carried on intensive anti-Japanese militarist psychological warfare. Not being POWs, Korean League members participated in guerrilla warfare.

The Korean Independence League was located about four miles from our U.S. Army Observer Section, and once or twice a week I went there on foot. I met Chinese and Korean generals and officers from Japanese-occupied Manchuria, where the Koreans, with the support of Chinese Communists, had carried on guerrilla warfare since the early '30s against the Japanese.

In the cave headquarters of the Independence League I met underground agents from Korea who travelled about a couple of thousand miles on foot and by rail into Yen-an, eluding the Japanese intelligence network and police system. We learned about Korea from them, and about the Japanese. The efficiency of the underground was remarkable and they helped our war effort. Koreans from Manchuria and Korea told me of Kim Il Sung, and of college students in North Korea going into the mountains to join the guerrilla leaders in their independence struggle.

There were these resistance groups of Koreans in China. Peace and a coalition government in China certainly would have influenced the politics in postwar Korea. But when the war ended, Chiang, with U.S. support, rushed the Provisional Government into Korea. The political and military personnel of the Korean guerrilla forces in Manchuria also returned to their homeland. From Yen-an, I saw the Korean Independence League members begin their march northeastward, 1,500 miles or more to their homes from which the Japanese had exiled them because of their patriotic independence fight.

The Koreans from the north and south formed a coalition People's Republic in Seoul, and the Provisional Government elements were unable to sit in the saddle. Then, about a month after Japanese capitulation, Lt. General John R. Hodge arrived in Korea as military governor of South Korea, outlawed the existing People's Republic and prohibited any South Korean political group from participating in it. This made it possible for Rhee, who was brought back to Korea from Washington, to grab power.

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As I walked to and from the cave headquarters of these organizations every day, I had ample opportunity to watch the Chinese people going about naturally in performing their everyday activities. Sometimes, walking all alone on the valley floor, I felt the strange absence of voices calling "Hi, Joe!" and the sight of grinning souvenir vendors or pimps who followed GIs in India and in Nationalist China. No one in Yen-an offered to buy GI cigarettes or lighters or chocolate. There were no money changers. This was because of the non-existence of a black market.

This indifference of the Chinese populace towards Americans, who received overwhelming attention from the poor in India and Nationalist China, made a strong impression on me through an unforgettable incident. It happened about a week after my trip into Yen-an.

A State Department official and I were returning from the school for Japanese. From the caves where we had spent the day, we walked down into the valley. When I tried to ride my horse, the saddle slipped under his belly, since a well-meaning Chinese had loosened the belts of our hitched horses. My horse began kicking. This agitated the other horse. When the State Department official mounted his horse it started off at a trot.

He yelled: "Whoa! Whoa!" and yanked the bridle with all his might.

His horse ran faster and faster and broke into a gallop. He jumped off, rolling in the dust, and miraculously escaped injury.

A Chinese caught the runaway horse and rode back to us. His riding form was most unusual. He leaned backward, pulling the bridle back with legs in stirrups stretched out front and outward. The horse trotted beautifully.

The Chinese looked at the great big white man, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and covered with dust. In sign language and in his dialect, he tried to explain to us that the horse did not understand our riding habits. He demonstrated that to stop a horse, the rider had to yank only one side of the bridle to turn the horse's head clear around so that it could not see in front. We said to ourselves that these horses were broken in Mongolian fashion, to trot at a fast pace.

The Chinese interrupted us, pointing to his lips which gave off this sound: "Bl-l-l-l-l, Bl-l-l-l-l," and he made a sign that meant saying "Whoa!" is wrong horse language.

We thanked the man and we walked, leading our horses by their reins. We did not want to get thrown off. Although the American compound was only 20 minutes away, we could not find it by nightfall. We tramped around the narrow, barren valley for almost two hours.

We stopped every Chinese on the road to ask for direction to our headquarters. We walked into an army garrison and into private compounds, but people did not seem to know what we wanted.

We kept repeating over and over to everyone we met: "Mei kuo jen ts'ai na ri? (Where are the Americans?)"

Peasants and merchants laughed at us and finally we had to laugh with them. They spoke to us and asked questions in their dialect. We couldn't understand them so we walked on, thanking them, and they continued with whatever they were doing.

In India or Kunming, we said, we would be swarmed by people by this time, trying to do business with us. And they would know where the Americans lived.

But here we were lost in a narrow valley because the people were not chasing after GI dollars. Finally a soldier guided us back to our compound. I was thoroughly tired and exasperated.

That night after I had washed and finished supper, I recapitulated our experience. It became extremely humorous, the more I thought of it. I wrote it down in my diary as the second unique experience. The first was when the American colonel told the officers and men to unload their prophylactics because there were no prostitutes in Yenan.

Up to then my experience was that everywhere Americans went, the native people catered to them, making GIs feel they were the most important people, and taking their dollars which the soldiers squandered with a flourish.

But here we had asked among the valley people: "Where are the Americans?" for two solid hours and some had reacted as though to ask: "Are the Americans here?"

DIPLOMACY AND SPECIAL ENVOY HURLEY

After Chiang Kai-shek finally permitted foreign correspondents to enter Chinese-led areas in the late spring of 1944, and the subsequent establishment in Yen-an of the U.S. Army Observer Section, relations between U.S. army headquarters in Chungking and the Yen-an government were cordial. This relationship naturally resulted in cooperation between American personnel and the Chinese in liberated and guerrilla areas.

Rescued American pilots who were shot down behind Japanese lines were led to safety by people's militiamen, guerrillas or regular army units. The Chinese Communists did not charge the Americans for rescue work, while Nationalist units were always dickering for higher payment from us whenever they were turning over downed pilots.

In the field of military intelligence we were getting valuable information about the Japanese army. But the basis of this relationship, which GIs termed "honeymoon," was a common interest in defeating the enemy and the fact that in North China the Chinese were fighting an all-out war, which was not the case with Chiang's outfit.

Chiang hated General Stilwell, who constantly pressed him to use his troops against the Japanese, and through his machination had Stilwell, a truly great American, removed. Chiang wanted to save his U.S.-armed and trained troops to fight the Communists after the defeat of the Japanese.

A few days after the Stilwell recall we heard over the radio in Yen-an that Ambassador Clarence E. Gauss had resigned from his Chungking post. Both Stilwell and Gauss had wanted a united China, with Chungking and Yen-an brought together to fight the Japanese. They saw that steps to bring unity must include sweeping reforms to democratize the Nationalists.

Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer succeeded Stilwell and he said, when he assumed command of the U.S. forces in the China Theater, that he would not meddle in Chinese politics. He also said: "After the war, the people of China can determine by whom they will be governed."

At this crucial moment when Chiang seemed to have won a victory in forcing President Roosevelt to recall Stilwell, the focus of interest in China

and abroad was not on Wedemeyer but on Presidential Envoy Major General Patrick J. Hurley.

Our diplomats are generally men of wealth, sent off by Washington to establish and/or maintain amicable relationships with foreign powers. At times a diplomatic post becomes a center of intrigue, to influence the removal or overthrow of an unfriendly foreign regime. The diplomatic posts are also the eyes and ears of our government.

If militant trade unionists or their leaders were appointed diplomats, they undoubtedly would not encourage the support of corrupt and anti-labor regimes like those of Chiang Kai-shek, Bao Dai in Indo-China, or of repressive Syngman Rhee. But for our country to have such a corps of diplomats in foreign outposts, the voice of the working people must become dominant in Washington. As it is, with 60 million workers in our country, we do not have one representative of labor in Congress.

A man like John Foster Dulles, therefore, can step into government at will and become the architect of the unilateral Wall Street-inspired Japanese peace treaty. In the face of overwhelming opposition in Japan to the treaty, which is history, it was rammed down the throats of the Japanese people. In Paris, the same Dulles a couple of weeks ago advocated war with the Soviet Union and China, by aggressively hitting explosive spots such as Indo-China. The world remembers that Dulles was the one who made a hurried trip to Tokyo and the 38th parallel [in Korea] on the eve of the Korean war.

Patrick J. Hurley, an Oklahoma oil millionaire, was such a man. When he arrived in China in 1944 as President Roosevelt's diplomatic trouble-shooter, he could not appreciate the fundamental changes taking place in a semi-feudal, semi-colonial country. He apparently thought of patching the tattered relationship between Chungking and Yenan and so go down in history as a diplomatic "savior" of China. His unexpected arrival in Yenan drew the interest of the world to the pastoral, hinterland capital of the Chinese Communists.

On November 7, 1944, we expected a transport from the 10th Weather Squadron stationed in Chengtu, but not from our headquarters in Chungking. No sooner had the weather plane set down its wheels on the Yenan airstrip, than four fighters suddenly came roaring out of the south, circled over our valley and buzzed low over the runway to give it the once over. Then from the west a C-47 came droning over the airfield at a more leisurely pace.

Colonel David Barrett, our Observer Section commander, began giving orders in great excitement: "Get Mao Tse-tung down to the airfield right away! Tell him General Hurley is here!"

The airfield was quite a distance from the Date Garden where Mao and General Chu Teh lived. In the meantime, General Hurley, tall, trim and strikingly colorful, stepped down from his plane, his every move seemingly calculated to produce the best poses for the cameras which were already clicking.

Finally the Chinese leaders arrived. Mao stepped out of his vehicle and casually threw one end of his knitted woolen scarf across his shoulder. He was tall and of medium build. A deep cotton cap covered his long, jet-black hair and partly hid his high forehead, features sharply characterized in his portraits etched on village walls and public buildings all over Red China. He was dressed simply, like his colleagues, and he gave a surface appearance of an odd combination of an intellectual and a peasant.

A liaison officer spoke to Mao, who hurried to meet Hurley. As Mao smilingly approached Hurley with extended hand, every eye turned on them. For in this pastoral setting, history was being made.

For 17 years the Chinese Communists had been called "bandits," and at one time high prices had been put on the heads of top leaders—dead or alive—by Chiang. Once Chiang offered \$250,000 (Chinese) for Mao's head. Mao answered by offering \$1 for Chiang's head. Repeated "bandit suppression campaigns" had dislodged the Reds from Southeast China, and they marched 8,000 miles to Northwest China. They grew phenomenally in strength during the anti-Japanese war and now an American Presidential envoy had come to them in mediating Nationalist-Communist negotiations. Mao was then a leader of 90,000,000 Chinese.

When the handshaking ceremony was over, Generals Hurley and Chu Teh led in reviewing the guards of honor. Captain John Colling of the OSS trained his motion picture camera on the colorful Hurley, who within the busy next hour instructed the captain and all GIs with cameras that he wanted all the negatives of pictures taken of him.

The subject was worth a million: the contrast was perfect. Here were modern aircraft against a background of eroded hills, caves, white-turbaned, smiling peasants and ox carts, and sheepskin-clad nomads with a camel caravan. A tall millionaire, decked in the best uniform money could buy, ornamented with brass and ribbons galore, marched beside stout General Chu Teh, plainly and simply attired, like the guards in cotton-padded uniforms who were being reviewed.

Hurley, an Oklahoma orphan who had worked in coal mines and became a lawyer and an oil magnate, was a Horatio Alger character and the incarnation of American industrial capitalism; Chu Teh, who had given away his birthright of wealth and eminent military rank in the old feudal

society, and had broken away from the opium habit and concubines for the simple and harsh life of a revolutionary, personified China's workers and peasants.

Like a seasoned ham actor, Hurley played up to the cameras. Auspiciously he gripped the visor of his cap with a sweep of his hand, swung the cap over his head, and there he vigorously waved it in short spiral motions as he pierced the North China stillness with a blood-curdling whooping "yahoo" of the Choctaw Indians.

Chu Teh was startled in the midst of this solemn military ceremony. For a few seconds he gaped at Hurley, who had regained his composure and was looking straight into the cameras as he continued to pass in review.

"Why a peacock couldn't have done any better," someone commented.

When I met General Hurley, Sergeant Sho Nomura went with me. The general wore a good-sized white mustache, neatly trimmed and curled up at the ends with what seemed to me a generous application of wax. This was the most striking thing about him that I saw in a flash. As Colonel Barrett presented us Nisei to him, Hurley drew back his broad, square shoulders and stiffened his spine, shook our hands and remarked with a grin: "I see we have many Americans here."

That evening we were all invited to the 18th Group Army headquarters with General Hurley to a banquet observing the anniversary of the Russian revolution. When the banquet began, toasts were given in rapid succession to the Russian revolution, Marshal Stalin, victory for President Roosevelt in the election against Thomas Dewey, and the defeat of the fascist nations. Then came a toast to welcome the Presidential envoy to Yen-an.

Part of Hurley's discussions with the Chinese Communist officials took place right outside a mud shack in which I lived for a time in Yen-an. There in the open courtyard he talked with Chou En-lai, through the latter's interpreter, Ch'en Chia-kang. I became keenly interested in the Hurley mission, for the U.S. relationship with China would hinge on its outcome. We listened to table conversation and learned interesting details. In the U.S. Army Observer Section equalitarianism was emphasized to the extreme to impress the Communists, and so we enlisted men ate at the same table with officers.

I learned that at the first meeting of Hurley and Mao Tse-tung, the presidential envoy first stated Chiang Kai-shek's proposals. Chiang demanded that the Communists put their armies and territories under him in return for his concessions, which included legal status for the Communists, a seat in the Supreme National Defense Council and some lend-lease supplies.

As General Hurley talked, an expression of annoyance came to Chairman Mao's face. Mao denounced Chiang. He asked how could the

Communist armies and millions of people in areas carved behind enemy lines by blood and tears be given up to the corrupt Chungking government, a regime in which the people of the Communist-led liberated areas and the vast majority of people in Kuomintang China had no voice? He lashed out against Chiang for his government's corruption, graft-ridden conscription system, its passive war policy and defeatism.

Hurley parried with a statement that Mao was only repeating what the Japanese said about Chiang. He said he considered Mao and Chiang the first "patriots" of China.

Mao replied that he was not repeating the enemy's words, but was expressing similar views expressed by President Roosevelt, Churchill, Sun Fo and Madame Sun Yat-sen, and that he offered his criticism to improve China.

Hurley backed down and said he understood what Mao meant. He suggested that this part of the discussion be cut out of the record and they start all over again.

The morning following his arrival in Yen-an, Hurley and Colonel David Barrett, our commanding officer, headed across the Yen River to the other side of the valley to continue discussion with Yen-an leaders. When they returned to our compound, they sat in the open space right outside my shack. Hurley sprawled on a beach chair with his legs stretched far out. The short, chunky colonel held the front part of a small stool on which he sat and rocked back and forth while he listened to the long-winded presidential envoy.

Hurley planned to leave on the fourth day after his arrival. Fairly early that morning, Chou En-lai came to see him. Hurley was again sunning himself outside my shack. Their discussion centered on a piece of paper Hurley held in a gesticulating hand.

Here I shall quote from my personal note:

"General Hurley seemed to have written his opinion in the document, and it seemed that upon this piece of paper, which he handed Chou En-lai, negotiations were to continue in Chungking. The general mentioned 'Roosevelt's Four Freedoms' several times and said 'Fear' was the point he had stressed in drafting the document. The general said, 'Freedom from Fear is the basis for establishing a coalition government of China to fight the common enemy (Japan). Once united, there should be no fear of Communism.'"

After Chou had left, Colonel Barrett talked with Hurley. Then shortly afterwards both of them went across the river for further discussion. They took up the document which Hurley had earlier handed to Chou En-lai.

This became known as "Hurley's Five Points." which he drew up in English and had translated for Mao and his colleagues.

Three points of the five were Hurley's ideas, couched in his exact words. The other two, coalition government and united command of China's armies—Nationalist and Communist—were Mao's suggestions expressed in Hurley's own words.

Independently and of his own volition, Hurley had added all the fancy trimmings of phraseology and injected such items as "the supplies acquired from foreign powers will be equitably distributed." But a few months later, after negotiations failed, he told correspondents in Washington that to give arms to the Communists would be like "recognizing another Chinese regime."

In a matter-of-fact manner he included such clauses as "the right of writ of habeas corpus and the right of residence," which a person who knew about Chiang's concentration camps and his Tai Li secret police would never have thrown in in such a casual manner.

After Mao Tse-tung read the "Five Points" Hurley asked Mao if he would sign them. Mao said he would, and wrote his signature. Hurley then signed as a witness. Now all that the "Five Points" required to start off negotiations with a bang, as Hurley expected, was Chiang Kai-shek's signature. This, Hurley seemed confident of obtaining.

The presidential envoy reassured Mao that after all the "Five Points" were merely a genuine expression of "Jeffersonian Democracy." Then he smiled and looked Mao straight in the eyes. Mao held back his smile until he had heard what Hurley had said through an interpreter, then he beamed and nodded his head.

Hurley next suggested that Mao write a letter to President Roosevelt, stating that his envoy was successfully carrying out his mission and that Mao appreciated Hurley's endeavors. In return, Hurley said he would write a letter in behalf of President Roosevelt, stating that the United States appreciated the remarkable war effort of the Chinese Communists.

After these details had been cleared away, Hurley was overcome with optimism, since the conversation progressed so smoothly. He probably pictured Mao sitting in Chungking, working closely at Chiang's elbow. Out of a clear sky he invited the Communist leader, for whose head Chiang once offered \$250,000, to fly to Chungking with him and live in the American embassy under "United States protection."

Mao answered that he was busy but would send Chou En-lai with Ch'en Chia-kang as interpreter.

As a passing remark, Mao told Hurley that should negotiations fail, Yen-nan would call a conference of the Liberated areas to establish a centralized

administration. This would have meant a separate government in North China.

We went down to the airfield to observe Hurley's departure. Hundreds of Chinese thronged the runway to get a glimpse of the presidential envoy. All over Yen-an "blackboard newspapers" and large slogans chalked on walls featured the Hurley visit, with heavy emphasis on hope for Chinese unity. The natives smiled, for this meant the lifting of the Nationalist blockade of their areas and no civil war. To students who had come in from Nationalist China, it meant freedom to go anywhere in their own country to pursue a livelihood. They could even go home without being picked up by Tai Li agents.

To Hurley, with all his dramatics, the millions of Chinese did not seem to be of concern. He was like a chess player, thinking in terms of dealing with a few top leaders. What he did not appreciate was the fact that in economically poor North China, the millions who for the first time enjoyed a new deal and greater freedom supported their leaders. The people wanted a change and they were getting it. Chiang resisted it.

Hurley took off and we next heard that he caught a cold and spent a couple of days in bed. When he went to Chiang, the latter firmly rejected his "Jeffersonian Democracy." It was common talk in Chungking that Hurley complained that T. V. Soong had ruined his efforts by briefing Chiang in advance.

With negotiations broken down, the "Five Points" and "Jeffersonian Democracy" became mere words. In the weeks that followed, Hurley sided with Chiang, and his attitude was regarded in China as not dissimilar to that of the Generalissimo. This developed into a "get tough with Yen-an" policy, and long before Japanese capitulation, Chiang boldly began attacking the guerrilla areas, using weapons supplied by the U.S. By then President Roosevelt had died and U.S. policy had changed.

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My first trip from Yen-an back to Chungking was the most exciting trip I ever made, and I do not believe I exaggerate when I say that I played a small part in averting what could have developed into an embarrassing situation for our country, or possibly into an international situation.

It was April 2, 1945. The Yen-an airstrip was crowded and all its leaders were there. It was a big day, for the Chinese Communist delegation headed by elder statesman Tung Pi-wu was leaving for the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. They were flying on a U.S. transport. I was traveling on the same plane.

We flew to Sian, Chiang's frontier bastion, where he kept 500,000 of his best troops facing Yen-an, instead of using them to fight the Japanese militarists. Since the weather was bad, the pilot said we would fly above the storm and head for Chungking. For an hour we tried to gain altitude but we could not get above the storm without oxygen masks. So we turned back and landed at Sian.

As we alighted from the plane, I discovered that we had six Communists with us in this city dominated by Kuomintang secret police. Being the only American among the passengers, I became their escort. I made arrangements for billeting. I spoke to an extremely cooperative Air Transportation Command captain who soon realized our security risk. He said the Chinese delegation were General Albert Wedemeyer's guests, since they were flying on our plane, and we must give them the fullest protection.

The captain had his hands full, since the Japanese army was driving toward Sian and all foreign missionaries throughout the area were clamoring to be evacuated by air. The airport was crowded.

Our pilot came to me and suggested that we try for Chungking again. We took off and bucked through the storm for four hours. It was already dark. Tung Pi-wu, the gray-haired, bearded delegate to the UNO, was lying down. All his staff, including his witty interpreter, Ch'en Chia-kang, were sick, terribly sick. We were all worried, since a trip from Sian to Chungking normally took only two and a half hours. We were one hour and a half overdue.

"Sergeant Ariyoshi, I think we are lost," Chia-kang said to me very sadly, too sick to get excited. "Don't you think we are over Japanese lines?" he asked.

I went forward to the cockpit. The pilot told me that we had spent an hour gaining altitude and now we were going down to Chengtu, not Chungking.

When I told this to Chia-kang and Tung, the latter smiled.

"We are not too far from Tibet," Tung said.

I nodded. He closed his eyes. I watched him lying there with a blanket thrown over him. About ten years before, he had climbed Tibetan mountains in the historic "Long March" of 8,000 miles when he was past 50. Many of his comrades had fallen on mountain peaks where rarified air had exhausted them. Tung and other survivors had to push on without them. In this march, he had led a women's group of about 30 members, moving swiftly with the troops, often ahead of them to do public relations work and win the friendship of the native populace so that the troops would be fed and billeted.

I regretted that we were flying through a storm. Otherwise, I would talk to him. He had played such a vital role in Chinese history in cooperation with Dr. Sun Yat-sen and in the Nationalist Party during the revolution of the mid-twenties. Before we retired that night I thought we might be able to talk about the "Long March," which is a fascinating story in itself.

I did not get this opportunity. When we landed at Chengtu, we found the American quarters filled to overflowing by missionary evacuees from Sian. Some were sleeping in tents. Strong wind and heavy rain were sweeping through the city.

I went up to a U.S. air corps lieutenant and explained to him that for security reasons the Communists must be billeted in the American hostel area. I told him that it would be unwise to send the Yen-an delegation to the Nationalist air corps hostel.

The officer felt that Chinese were Chinese and the Nationalist secret police wouldn't do anything to the Communists. I could have told him of the hundreds of people who had disappeared, and of the concentration camps. But there was no point in arguing, for the officer was in a terrible mood because missionary evacuees, whose destination was Chungking, kept landing at Chengtu because of the bad weather.

I stayed with the Communists as a self-appointed escort. As soon as we arrived in the Chinese hostel area, Nationalist soldiers stared, first with curiosity, then with hostility at the Communists, whose Yen-an-made uniforms gave away their identities.

I asked the American sergeant who drove us to the billet to get us a separate room. The Nationalist hostel officer argued that the Communists could sleep in a corner of a barracks where Nationalist pilots were sitting up in bed, watching the Communists. The Chinese officer argued that I go to the American area. Other Chinese air corps officers joined in the argument, saying that since Nationalist pilots who flew with U.S. pilots were segregated at the air base, why should I, an American, live in their hostel. They were bitter at the segregation policy, but I sensed that they did not want me around for other reasons. The Nationalists gathered around me and tried to prevent me from calling the base headquarters. An officer answered and I explained the situation to him. He spoke to the Nationalist officer and told him that the U.S. Army would pay for my lodging. I also asked for two MP sentries right away.

I finally managed to get a small, separate room for the Communists. I locked the door. Kuomintang soldiers and pilots gathered outside our door, jabbered and periodically pounded on it. I did not sleep, and I believe the Communists were wide awake. I expected anything to happen. I did not

dare open the door to call the sentries who were quite a distance out on the street. The Nationalists harassed us until almost two in the morning, when an MP lieutenant came. I asked for additional sentries to stand outside our door.

Early the following morning the American base headquarters sent a truck for us. A major, who was officer-of-the-day, came to apologize. He had heard the Communist UN delegation was traveling on General Wedemeyer's invitational orders, and now this gave him reason to worry. He assured me this sort of thing would not happen again. I told him that I had tried to get him by phone and since he was out, I had left a message for him. The major stayed with us for about 15 minutes to make amends by lively conversation until we started out for the airstrip.

Any incident that night might have had wide repercussions. Tung Pi-wu was attending the UNO conference partially through Ambassador Hurley's persuasion of the Nationalists to include Communist delegates. And on the very day we arrived in Chengtu, Hurley was telling newspapermen in Washington that the Chinese Communist-led forces were "as if all us Republicans were armed." Hurley had reversed himself, for he had once even talked of supplying Yen-an with arms if his "Five Points" brought about Chinese unity. When correspondents asked him whether the U.S. would arm the guerrilla forces, Hurley replied that "to give assistance of that type to any faction or political party would amount to recognizing another Chinese regime."

This remark by Hurley touched off a series of sharp attacks against him from Yen-an. Hurley, as a mediator, was finished.

Many times after this I wondered what would have happened diplomatically, if anything had happened to us that nightmarish, sleepless night at Chengtu. This was one of those small stories which might have been an explosive one. I was glad when Tung and his group arrived safely in Chungking.

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During the few occasions when I was sent in from the field to the U.S. army headquarters in China to report to General Albert C. Wedemeyer in 1945, I noticed that the general and his staff were keenly interested in certain questions.

How strong were the Chinese Communist-led forces? How would they measure up against U.S.-trained and equipped Chinese Nationalist forces under Chiang Kai-shek?

As an observer in North China, making a particular study of troop morale and psychological warfare of the Japanese and Chinese Communist-led forces, I was able to report in some detail.

Right after Japanese capitulation, I recall being asked what would be the result of Chinese Nationalist occupation of North China. We were then airlifting Chiang's troops from South China into areas occupied by the Japanese in North China.

I remember answering that if we were to place Chiang's troops into the exact positions occupied by the Japanese in the cities and along strategic railway and communication lines, the Nationalists would not be able to maintain their positions, even with American help. They would be occupational troops in islands surrounded by hostile guerrilla-occupied territories.

In a stalemate or in a protracted war of attrition, troop morale is important. And a politically conscious soldier would have a higher morale than one who was not fighting for a cause. The Japanese soldiers, for instance, were fanatics, intensely indoctrinated with the "Yamato" spirit. They fought with a determination that was awesome to the Westerners during the major part of the Pacific war.

On the North China fronts the Japanese were losing the psychological warfare. To put a demoralized, politically weak and corrupt Nationalist army in their place meant they would eventually collapse from a combined military and psychological onslaught.

In September 1945, on a trip I made to Chungking, my superiors did not agree with me. But I told them what I had observed and learned. It was a time when it was felt in certain high positions that the Nationalists could fan out in North China, and with U.S. assistance destroy the anti-Japanese resistance forces led by the Communists.

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I remember telling General Wedemeyer the story of Blockhouse 50, which I shall relate here in greater detail.

The 80th Battalion, or Takei Tai, was garrisoned in a county in North Hopeh province in 1944. It was a crack outfit, and was marked for Pacific duty in the spring of 1945. It dominated the county by a network of blockhouses, solid castles of brick and stone in which the soldiers lived. In the spring and autumn the soldiers sauntered out to mop up the countryside, plunder grain and return to their strongholds.

The guerrillas constantly harassed the Japanese troops. Toward the spring of 1945, the Japanese command issued an order to blockhouses on the perimeter, instructing those in charge not to let their men outside.

When Japanese army messengers and mail carriers travelled to outpost blockhouses, a squad went along as escort. When a captain went on an inspection tour of blockhouses, a section accompanied him.

Blockhouse 50 was in one of the perimeter villages in the county. Like the others, it was an island of tyranny in the middle of resisting China. It was formidable, with a tower full of loopholes for machine guns and rifles. Around it was a high wall, and beyond it the remnants of a blockhouse which had been destroyed by Chinese Reds. The demolished fortress once housed puppet troops that had been locally conscripted.

The Chinese Communist forces, who carried on vast propaganda offensives against their own people, used families and friends of these puppets to visit them, bring them food and propaganda literature to explain their traitorous roles. Finally, the puppets deserted on a pre-arranged night. The guerrillas tore down the walls and blew up the blockhouse. This left Blockhouse 50 without any outer defense.

Sixteen Japanese soldiers lived in Blockhouse 50. Formerly there were 17 but Corporal Shiratori had been captured by the Reds. Lieutenant Koga, who was in charge of the blockhouse, was high-strung, nervous and mean to his men, especially to Private Morimoto, a man of 40 who constantly thought of his home and children.

Koga had a habit of telephoning adjacent blockhouses every night to ascertain whether guerrillas had shown any signs of life. In the daytime, he searched the baskets and clothing of Chinese peasants who brought vegetables and meat to his blockhouse. He confiscated all leaflets sent by the Japanese prisoner converts who were on the Communist side. Once he nearly killed a peasant boy who brought letters to his men from the Japanese People's Emancipation League. On another occasion he suspected Morimoto of writing a letter to the JPFL, and he slapped and kicked the private until he himself collapsed from exhaustion.

That night the lieutenant heard a familiar voice. The guerrillas were around his blockhouse and JPFL members were "night broadcasting" under cover of the darkness. Through a megaphone, they began shouting:

"Good evening, Lieutenant Koga! Are you there?"

"Who wants to know?" shouted Koga and from a loophole he fired a burst from a machine gun.

"I am Corporal Shiratori. Do you remember me? I am now a member of the Japanese People's Emancipation League."

"You damn fool! Traitor, you! You are a disgrace to the Emperor!" And he furiously sprayed the area with machine gun bullets and yelled at his own men to keep firing.

When the din died down, from the darkness beyond, nostalgic recorded music came to them. The men stood by loopholes with ears turned to catch every refrain.

"Why did you beat Private Morimoto today? Why don't you let Corporal Noguchi read our leaflets?" shouted Shiratori.

"Shiratori, if you are a Japanese you will return to the Imperial army. I will give you the opportunity."

"No thank you, I am much happier here! Japan is fighting an unjust war. Why do you kill the Chinese, rape innocent women and children, and take grain?"

The night wore on and Koga got angrier and angrier and sporadically shot into the darkness from where the voices came. Each time phonograph music drifted back to the blockhouse. Shiratori said he knew Private Ono's sore foot was not any better because Koga would not send him to the hospital.

Did Private Ushio receive any letter after the last one he got three weeks ago? Shiratori asked. He was reading letters which the guerrillas captured and later forwarded to the blockhouse. He told Koga he was sending his former comrades comfort kits, rice wine and playing cards the next day, and asked the officer not to confiscate them. Koga ordered his men to fire at Shiratori in order to drown out his voice.

After three hours, Shiratori vanished as suddenly as he had come. Koga spent a restless night and put extra guards out on the parapet.

Twice a week Shiratori returned, and he got bolder each time. He urged the soldiers to disobey Koga, a "rotten officer." He explained about the JPEL and asked them to come over. He also tapped telephone wires, listened in on conversations which went on between blockhouses, talked to the soldiers. Sometimes he cut in while Koga was talking and the lieutenant would hang up angrily. Koga shifted his demoralized men and brought in fresh troops. Shiratori learned their names, where their native homes were, and how they felt toward Koga.

Once Private Mori, a "secret member" of the JPEL recruited in Blockhouse 50, informed Shiratori through a Chinese peddler that Koga had received an order to go on a pillaging expedition. When Koga went on his mission with 50 men, puppet transport laborers and carts, he found all the grain hidden and not a peasant left in the villages.

Shiratori ribbed Koga about this in his "night broadcast." Mori deserted to the JPEL one dark night. This news was shouted a few nights later. Then Corporal Goto and Private Hoshino slipped away during a pillaging expedition. They searched the countryside for the Communist-led guerrillas

and were captured by militiamen who took them to headquarters, where Shiratori welcomed them. In all, Koga lost nine men through desertion. Out of these, five came to Yen-an and I talked with them.

Blockhouse 50 was just one stronghold of numerous fortresses which were neutralized. Before the war ended, it became untenable and was evacuated.

Like water eroding a pebble, propaganda ate away at the ideologically under-equipped enemy which startled the West with its fanatics. The Chinese Communists had a more powerful weapon in the justice of their defense against aggression. The Japanese POW converts believed in them and passed the message along.

Of the captives brought to Yen-an, among whom I conducted a survey, the percentage of deserters and voluntary captives grew from 10 percent in 1940 to 44 percent in 1944. At no anti-Japanese militarist front in Asia or the Pacific did psychological warfare achieve such success.

* * * * *

When I joined the Observer Group I heard from some Americans who had gone into guerrilla territory and had been in Yen-an for several months that the Chinese Communists were not Communists.

An American officer told me: "These people are not Communists in the strictest sense of the term. They are agrarians with emphasis on land reform. They are not communizing China."

I listened to mess hall conversations where American officers discussed and argued with the Chinese liaison officers. The liaison officers would say that they were Communists, that they would go through the stage of New Democracy and will have socialism. The Americans would say they just couldn't be Communists because they had popular support, clean government, and used persuasion and education rather than intimidation and persecution. The Americans insisted that the Yen-an Chinese did not act like Communists.

How are Communists supposed to behave? the liaison officers asked. Had the Americans seen any Communists before they came into Yen-an?

The Americans said they had not.

Then where did they get such ideas? the liaison officers asked. Questions like this stumped the Americans.

The American observers made objective reports of what they saw in North China, and they were generally favorably impressed by the broad participation in government by the people of all classes, reduced land rent, clean government, active resistance against the Japanese invaders, and the

educational program that reached the peasant masses who were generally neglected in the Nationalist areas.

I enjoyed listening to such discussions. We Americans knew almost nothing of Marxism or scientific socialism, which the liaison officers talked about. Perhaps there was no American observer in Yen-an, including the generals who made short visits and Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley, who had given time to reading the works of Marx, Engels and Lenin. In the waiting room of the bathhouse we used three times a week the portraits of these men hung from the wall, alongside those of Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek. We were among people who studied from the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tse-tung more seriously than we did from works of Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Berkeley and John Dewey.

As a GI interested in Asia because my parents came from there, and because the majority of the people were farmers just like my parents and me during the greater part of my life, I engaged the Chinese in conversation. Thus I met Ch'en Pai-ta, known to be a dull platform speaker, but a satirist with a sharp pen that ripped Chiang Kai-shek's published works to shreds and made a fool of the generalissimo in Chinese eyes. One of Chiang's books which suffered from such a treatment was "China's Destiny."

It was Ch'en who told us during a conversation that "Mao Tse-tung's 'New Democracy' is an excellent example of a product of a Chinese Marxist." Mao knows China, he said, and this opinion I found was quite general among students and intellectuals even in Chungking, then Chiang Kai-shek's stronghold. And I learned that the students and intellectuals in China who were classed as liberals read Mao and the works of Marxists in their stride. Under a thought-control environment they seemed to be well read. They showed, on the other hand, surprise at our lack of knowledge.

Students as well as Chinese Communist leaders asked us Americans about the trade union movement in the U.S., and about the giant corporations with their interlocking directorates and trusts. From about thirty State Department foreign service officers, army officers and enlisted men, only two GIs could converse on American trade unions. Some of the officers were vehemently anti-union and this shocked many Chinese.

Our acquaintance with Marxism could have been generally termed as non-existent. Months later, after all of us observers had departed, a U.S. army major illustrated this prevalent condition among Americans. He was the lone officer stationed in Yen-an as liaison officer for General George Marshall, who was then mediating between the Nationalists and the Communists.

A vice president of an American publishing firm visited Yen-an looking for Chinese manuscripts which his firm might bring out in the U.S. He

talked to the major, the only American in one of two principal political centers of China, whose 475 million people could either experience peace or civil war, depending on the outcome of the negotiations.

As the major relaxed on his bed, his thoughts were far away from China with its complicated political situation. The visiting publisher asked him what he was thinking about so seriously and how did he size up the Chinese situation? The major sat up on his bed and explained that he had been giving his thoughts to the ways and means of improving the sewer system of Los Angeles. He explained that he was a plumber by profession.

The book publisher who told me this story later was aghast. On the day the courier plane came in and he was about to rush to the airstrip, the major chased after him. "Hey," he said. "Maybe you can enlighten me. I've got a question in my mind that's been bothering me for some time."

"I don't know whether I can help you but I'll try," said the publisher. "But I've got to rush because the plane's taking off."

Then in dead seriousness the major asked: "Can you tell me who is this guy Karl Marx that these Chinese talk so much about? Was he the first Russian dictator?"

Taken aback by this question, the publisher said it would take a long time to explain who Karl Marx was. And he rushed off to catch the transport, leaving the confused major standing in the dust churned up by the departing truck.

CHANGING RELATIONSHIPS

Early in 1945, our observer section commander, Colonel David Barrett, was removed. Hurley considered that he was too friendly with the Communists. With changing times since then, in the postwar cold war environment Colonel Barrett became the chief of the anti-Communist espionage ring in China. The Peking government caught some of his agents and exposed his activities about a year ago.

General Albert Wedemeyer sent Colonel DePass to Yen-an. Our new commander called us together as soon as he arrived and briefed us that we were not to have any dealings with the Yen-an group. He read us an order from General Wedemeyer, restricting us from discussing hypothetical aid or employment of U.S. resources to assist any effort of any "unapproved political party," activity or persons.

The Yen-an officials heard about this. Downed American pilots were being rescued by the Communist-led forces, and Yen-an's liaison officers told us that this order would not stop them from saving our pilots shot down behind enemy lines. The U.S. weather unit, with Communist field observers, was providing weather information for U.S. bombing operations in North China and in Japan. Weather in Asia moves from inland to the coast and thus our air force had weather information days in advance.

When Wedemeyer's order was read to us, I thought that we were going to close our military mission in Yen-an. I began winding up my work.

Colonel DePass carried out the spirit of General Wedemeyer's order to the letter. He spent almost all his time pheasant hunting. Since the war was still going on full blast, we collected intelligence on the Japanese, worked with the Communists on the rescue of the pilots, and gathered weather information. We also had some of our observers out in guerrilla bases behind enemy lines.

One day news reached Yen-an that an American intelligence officer and his Chinese 18th Group Army interpreter had been killed in a Japanese attack at a guerrilla front. The American had gone to salvage intelligence material from a train the guerrillas had derailed.

In Yen-an, the Communists proposed a joint funeral for the two who had died on a dangerous mission. Colonel DePass rejected this proposal. He told the Yen-an officials to go ahead and hold their service, and we would hold ours separately.

Besides his hunting rifle, the colonel brought to Yen-an a big supply of contraceptives. He told us that we were in an outpost without a U.S. medical officer and for this reason we ought not to take a chance. He said he had an ample supply of contraceptives and he was turning them over to an 18th Group Army liaison officer who was also a doctor. Don't fail to use the contraceptives, he warned, especially in isolated Yen-an.

A liaison officer asked a GI: "Are you now going to import prostitutes into Yen-an?" The news got around that Colonel DePass had brought us contraceptives, and in a place where there was no prostitution, the people had a good laugh.

The change in our policy after General Wedemeyer and Hurley replaced General Joseph Stilwell and Ambassador Clarence Gauss, respectively, caught some American observers with the guerrillas unawares. Captain Brooks Dolan had left Yen-an for the Shansi-Chahar-Hopeh border region months before Hurley arrived in Yen-an. His Chinese interpreter told me the following story about a year later.

Early one morning Dolan was resting in a peasant's hut with a guerrilla unit when the Japanese attacked. The guerrillas, who had extensive underground tunnels, in some areas connecting several villages, hid in a cave under the hut. The Japanese walked overhead. The Chinese commander's wife had a child with her and she hushed him when he began to cry. When the Japanese left and Dolan and the Chinese came out of the tunnel, which was a shallow one, the commander's wife held a dead child in her arms. She had smothered him to death rather than expose Dolan and his guards.

Before Dolan left the area, he gave a stirring speech, and not knowing of Hurley's about-face or Wedemeyer's orders, he believed we were still striving for a coordinated attack against Japan. He told the Chinese soldiers and peasants behind enemy lines that there was no need to dig any more tunnels. He said the Americans were soon going to land on the coast of Shantung and we would fight with the guerrillas.

When Dolan returned to Yen-an and saw the strained relationship between the U.S. observers and the Chinese, he was extremely depressed. He later committed suicide in Chungking. Some said he had personal problems, and others said his experiences in North China, tied in with American policy, had a lot to do with his mental state.

Whenever I flew out of Yenan in 1945 and 1946 to report to superiors in Chungking and Shanghai, my Chinese friends at the OWI would warn me that I was being watched by the Tai Li secret agents. But my fellow-workers would ask me about the conditions in North China, and when I talked to them, it seemed that what I said only confirmed what they felt to be true. They were disgusted with Chiang's regime.

* * * * *

Among the Chinese families persecuted by Chiang, I believe the Liao family is outstanding.

I met Cynthia through Kaji Wataru, the anti-Japanese militarist writer, in Chungking. A few of us Nisei GIs were invited to Cynthia's home, a small bamboo shack with walls covered with mud and whitewashed, like most houses in the Nationalist wartime capital.

Cynthia was young in spirit but looked much older than she actually was. She lived very simply and frugally with her adolescent daughter. She spoke Chinese, Japanese and English. Her American-born father, Liao Chung-kai, had been one of the leading figures in China during the first quarter of this century. He had been one of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's associates, going into exile in Japan with Dr. Sun, where Cynthia learned her Japanese.

After Dr. Sun's death, Liao became a top leader of the Kuomintang. It was Liao who had recommended to Dr. Sun that Chiang be made president of the Whampoa Military Academy, and later, it was the Whampoa clique which played a vital role in helping Chiang into the driver's seat. When Chiang once dismissed cadets at the Academy, sent them home and went to Shanghai to enjoy its good life, it was Liao who called back the cadets. He then persuaded Chiang to return. Whampoa was then essential in training military leaders for the Northern Expedition of the mid-twenties to crush the warlords.

Had Liao put someone else in Chiang's place, Cynthia told me, Chiang's star might never have risen in China. Liao was assassinated by his political enemies shortly after Dr. Sun's death in 1924.

Chiang had never liked the Liao family, according to Cynthia. After Cynthia's brother and husband were arrested by Chiang's secret police in the early thirties, her mother, who is an eminent woman leader along with Mme. Sun Yat-sen, reminded Chiang that he owed his present position to Liao. In a strongly-worded letter, she asked Chiang whether he hated Liao's family to the extent of exterminating it.

Cynthia loved to tell the story about her mother sending her skirt to Chiang in the early thirties, when the generalissimo appeased Japanese

aggression. Madame Liao, who regarded Chiang as her junior in the Kuomintang at that time, because he was relatively a newcomer compared to her, wrote him: "If you don't want to fight the Japanese, let's change uniforms." She told Chiang that her skirt would be becoming on him.

When I saw Cynthia the first time, her brother was still in a Nationalist concentration camp. Her husband had died a few months before. It was said that he was killed accidentally by a Nationalist soldier.

I did not know that Cynthia was Mme. Sun Yat-sen's secretary. Through her I met Mme. Sun, whose residence was set far in from the road I walked to and from work at the OWI office. Her neighborhood had a common touch, with chickens and children running around.

There were Nationalist guards around her house all the time, unwelcome guards placed there by the Chiang regime to watch her and her visitors. Under such a condition, liberal Chinese friends of hers evidently found it unsafe to visit her. Mme. Chiang is her sister, and Chiang her brother-in-law. Chiang's regime tried to isolate her, for she is the widow of Dr. Sun and a symbol that encouraged the people to strive for independence and social progress.

Mme. Sun carried on the unfinished work of Dr. Sun who put forth the slogan, "Land to the tillers." Under the repressive Kuomintang regime, Mme. Sun continued with civil liberties struggles and relief work. For twenty years, she was persecuted by her own sisters and in-laws.

Today she is the head of the China Welfare Institute, the largest organization of its kind in People's China. The principles of Dr. Sun become realized and grow further in her work. Mme. Sun is an inspiration to the common people of China, and for that reason she was isolated by the Chiangs and other relatives who sat on the peasants like parasites, squeezing them and leaving them poor, illiterate, sick and unhappy.

Once, in the late twenties, Mme. Sun fled China when Chiang attacked the Communists and liberals who wanted to rid China of foreign imperialism and institute land reform. I heard from oldtimers in China that Mme. Sun was constantly under pressure from her relatives to come to their side. She remained loyal to the people.

When I went to visit Mme. Sun, I walked past the guards in front of the house, and her maid was standing inside the gate to welcome me. I waited a while in a neatly furnished room and saw Mme. Sun come in. I sensed the warmth of her personality as she kept conversation flowing, for she had many questions in her mind. She asked me about the people in the rural areas, and of the medical supplies.

But she seemed most interested in the Nisei during our conversation. She knew a great deal about the evacuation, and about the AJA 100th

Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Combat team. She was proud of the Nisei role in the war of liberation, as she called it. She said it was remarkable that my people were coming through the evacuation experiences with dignity and new strength.

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Ralf Sues, who wrote "Sharks' Fins and Millet,"⁶⁸ told of the popular saying among the poor in China, that of the three Soong sisters, "One loves money, one loves power and one loves China." Mme. Sun loves China, and I saw, during my travels in the rural hinterland during the difficult war years when supplies were short, how her efforts brought medical supplies and instruments to the people who needed them most.

Sues' book described Mme. Chiang in a very understandable manner:

Madame Chiang knew as much of democracy as she could see by looking out of windows of Wellesley. On her return home, the young graduate had been shocked by the 'backwardness' of her countrymen as compared with Western civilization symbolized by flush toilets, clean fingernails, decent table manners and careful grooming. She shrank from the poverty and filth of the Chinese populace then, and she never overcame that feeling.

When Mme. Chiang Kai-shek stayed here [in Honolulu] briefly recently, a great fuss was made about accommodations for her. The First Lady of Formosa, whose regime was being subsidized by the Washington administration, came and left for San Francisco with a coterie of servants and attendants.

This is a normal and accepted way of living for the lady from Formosa. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt writes in her autobiography that when FDR was alive and President of this country, the madame asked her how it was possible for her to travel alone when she herself had forty to help her and still needed more. Who answered her telephone? Who packed her bags? Who looked after the mail? Where were her bodyguards?

As the wife of the ruler of Formosa, a small island where the people are poor and taxed highly, one would expect that she would exercise frugality. The big show she puts on whenever she travels to this country rankles numerous U.S. taxpayers who foot Chiang Kai-shek's bills.

It was during the last war that Mme. Chiang rose as the high priestess of Kuomintang propaganda. She was assisted by Lin Yutang. They created the fiction of Kuomintang resistance against the Japanese when Chiang's forces were lying down, waiting for the U.S. to defeat the Japanese aggressors, and begging for money and support from Washington to train an army for a civil war to crush all opposition after the Pacific war.

* * * * *

I still remember quite vividly the circus and carnival the Chinese Nationalist government made of a Japanese prisoner of war camp in Kunming. I was astonished by the spectacle I saw in May 1945, for while I was familiar with the capability of the Nationalists to abuse prisoners, I never expected to see inhuman acts committed by Chinese troops being trained and supervised by American forces at Kunming.

I was then visiting my psychological warfare team, which had moved its headquarters from Chungking to Kunming during my long absence as a U.S. Army observer in the liberated and guerrilla areas of North China. Kunming was more strategic for our purpose, since leaflets could be loaded directly on aircraft going to an enemy target area.

On that morning I had in mind a series of interviews with the Japanese POWs, to find out about enemy morale on the North Burma front, and details as to the living conditions and attitude of the enemy troops to their superiors, to the natives and to Chinese Nationalist soldiers.

I turned off the main highway and got on a trail. To my surprise, I found hundreds of civilian Chinese either going or coming from the POW compound. Some stopped to buy cakes, candies and colored sweetened water from small stands that lined the roadside.

A carnival atmosphere prevailed and as I approached the compound, which was roped off, with tents pitched inside the enclosure, I found the visitors were having a grand time.

Inside a large tent with its flaps open, I saw about 20 women, most of whom were sitting in a circle, one behind the other, picking lice from each other's heads. They were ill-clad in tattered clothing, filthy and brown with dirt.

I talked to a Chinese Nationalist non-commissioned officer and obtained his permission to talk to the Japanese captives. I went into the large tent. Soon I learned that these were "comfort" women who travelled with troops or visited garrisons. They not only entertained troops in order to make life more bearable for them in a foreign country in a war of aggression, but were also prostitutes.

Two women in their forties were the madams and they talked freely to me, relieved, I supposed, that someone in an American uniform spoke a language understandable to them. The majority of the young women were attractive despite the dirt and rags, and a great many looked like Koreans. So I asked them individually and practically all of them answered they were.

Some said they came from the cities and others from the farms. They all spoke Japanese, for Japan had occupied Korea for 40 years and forced her language on the populace.

Were they entertainers before they left Korea? I asked. A quiet woman in her early twenties sitting on the ground near me said that she and most of the others had been impressed into the "comfort" service. She said she wanted the war to end so that she could return to her parents in Korea.

Outside, hundreds of curious Chinese were craning their necks to get a good view of the women. The women resented their attention. They asked me if there was any way for them to get some straw to sleep on, instead of the cold, hard ground. They wanted water to cleanse themselves. They hadn't had any for weeks. Some of the women were sick because of the abuses they had taken from Japanese troops and later, after capture, from Nationalist soldiers and officers. They asked me if they could get medical attention. I was in no position to promise them anything.

I walked into another tent occupied by men. When they found that I spoke Japanese they brought two persons who were their leaders. These men said they did not want to go to any Nationalist prison camp, for after what they had gone through in more than two months of marching from the Salween River front to Kunming, they said they could expect any conceivable kind of atrocity from the Nationalists.

They had started the march with more than 200. Less than 80 survived.

Did they know that the Japanese troops had been merciless and cruel in China? I asked them. Perhaps they, themselves, had been forced to heap abuses on the natives in occupied areas, I said.

One of the leaders said that they were now prisoners, that they had been disarmed. He said that they wanted to lead a new life. Could I get in touch with Kaji Wataru for them? he asked.

I told the Japanese prisoners the truth that hurt. They hung their heads when I informed them that Kaji was not working with prisoners any more. His psychological warfare project they had heard about in the Japanese army had been stopped years ago by the Nationalist government.

Just at that moment someone rang a bell outside. Then a Chinese officer yelled a command. All the prisoners, including the sick and the crippled, trudged out of their tents. Chinese soldiers rushed into the tents and shoved the slow-moving prisoners with their rifles.

Once the prisoners were lined up, with the women in the front row, the command was given for them to "count off." In Japanese they counted off and the spectators laughed heartily. When the exhibition, especially put on for the spectators, was over, the Japanese and the Korean women returned to their tents, angered at the humiliation and insult.

During the two hours I was there the prisoners were called out seven times to go through the same act for new Chinese spectators who kept coming to see their enemies.

I asked a Chinese officer if he felt such a show would boost the will of the people to resist the Japanese militarists. He did not think so. I asked him why such a circus was made of prisoners who should be rehabilitated. He told me that they were following orders from higher up.

Today, seven years later, when I read news reports that the U.S. command in Korea is using Nationalist officers from Formosa to "screen" prisoners of war at Koje Island and elsewhere, I can well imagine the conduct of Chiang Kai-shek's officers. Their role at Koje has been reported in Mainland newspapers. Locally, the dailies censor such information.

In Kunming, we tried to get one or two Japanese prisoners to work for us in psychological warfare, just as we were doing in Burma. The Nationalists would not release any to us.

I wanted to stay with my Nisei team in Kunming. Half of our original team was still on the Burma front, and those in Burma felt that with operations there coming to an end, their next assignment would be China. They suggested that I stay in Kunming and try to bring the whole team together, and have another member of our team assigned to Yen-an in my place. My superiors in Chungking said that U.S. relationships with Yen-an being very delicate, with the Chinese Communists blasting Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley as an insincere mediator between Yen-an and Chungking, and an imperialist supporting Chiang in his civil war design, we should not switch personnel.

I flew back to Yen-an to find American-Yen-an relationships strained to a breaking point. Our Yen-an observer post became a hot spot. High U.S. officers felt that it should not be pulled out, for this might indicate that we were completely behind Chiang in his domestic policies. Some officers of our mission felt that if we pulled out, Chiang might attack Yen-an territory on a big scale and start a civil war before a Japanese defeat.

So the overall character of our mission changed. We sensed strongly that we were not welcome in Yen-an, for Ambassador Hurley had sided with Chiang when it was Chiang who had refused to negotiate for peaceful settlement of internal Chinese issues.

I was surprised to see how some of our officers had hastily re-oriented themselves after Hurley had failed in his mediation and had thrown his full support behind Chiang. The officers who had high praise for the Yen-an administration and its anti-Japanese resistance forces only a few weeks before were calling them names in constant arguments with Chinese Communist liaison officers. While our officers once had said the Yen-an administration was a lot better than Chiang's regime in Chungking, they now began needling the Chinese Communist liaison officers, and criticism of Yen-an became their pastime.

Some of these officers took to drinking, and from morning to night they downed staggering portions of the potent Tiger Bone wine. One of them acquired a reputation for breaking the most earthen bottles against the walls of his cave after he had drunk the Tiger Bone. This was the same officer who had told me when I first arrived in Yen-an to save used razor blades and cellophane wrappers from cigarette packages because the Chinese who were fighting the enemy with so little could make good use of them.

Coincidentally with this change of attitude toward Yen-an among some officers of our observer division, our officers became rank-happy. In our dining room a separate table was set aside for officers and the former practice of enlisted men and officers eating together at a table, following Yen-an's custom, was abolished. I had been commissioned by then and at our officers' table I heard interesting conversations.

The Americans argued, for instance, that only in a capitalistic economy can there be democracy. How long has the United States been a capitalist nation? the liaison officers asked. After they agreed on the period, they asked why one-tenth of the U.S. population, consisting of Negroes and ethnic minorities, is jim-crowed and discriminated against in economic, social and political fields. They asked about the racist Bilbo, and the Dies un-American activities committee, the Pendergast and Tammany political machines and the Ku Klux Klan. The officers soon realized that they had better stay off the subject of communism, about which we were all abundantly ignorant.

The enlisted men sitting at their nearby tables listened and got a great bang out of the loud arguments that went on every day—at breakfast, lunch and supper. Some officers tried to influence them and recommended that they read an article denouncing the Chinese Communists in *Readers' Digest* by Max Eastman and J. B. Powell. The article in effect said the opposite from what the enlisted men saw in Yen-an with their own eyes, and in this sense, some said it was educational.

We were military men, not diplomatic personnel, and were unable to cope with responsibilities that required understanding of politics. And our mission, caught in the crossfire, practically deteriorated from demoralization as Yen-an and Ambassador Hurley blasted each other in public statements.

Our commanding officer was a teetotaler but he, in his own way, went around to the enlisted men and officers to criticize the Yen-an government. He became bitter because the situation got to the point where he felt he was inadequate to deal with problems that required higher-level discussions.

Quite a few Americans packed their bags, ready to leave Yen-an at a moment's notice—either by orders to pull out from General Albert

Wedemeyer's headquarters or by request to leave from Yen-an's officials. In the meantime, we carried on our duties.

Then one day Mao Tse-tung invited two officers, who were not among those who drank and needled the liaison officers, to his office. Mao told the officers that Yen-an would cooperate with us in our military assignments and stressed that if the observer mission faced any obstacles, he would welcome the opportunity to discuss the problems with members of our mission. He replied, in answering a query, that Yen-an would not ask us to leave. The officers returned and reported this to our commanding officer, who had noticeably been bypassed.

Our mission worked through the office of General Yeh Chien-ying, chief of staff of the Communist-led armies. One day General Yeh sent me a message, asking me to his headquarters at the foot of a hill across the river from us. He asked me to inform the other members of our mission and General Wedemeyer's headquarters that Yen-an would cooperate with us in the war against Japanese militarism, even if our government's policy exclusively backed the Kuomintang. He said also that it was not necessary for our mission to observe their government areas and military forces since overall cooperation between the U.S. and Yen-an had been ruled out.

I was also told that Yen-an would no longer recognize our mission officially as a liaison and observer outpost of the U.S. Army China Theater Headquarters. Our commanding officer, I was informed, would not be recognized by Yen-an. If we desired to carry on our work in Yen-an we would have to deal with its officials and agencies directly, and not through our commanding officer. I returned to our headquarters and informed our commanding officer of what General Yeh had said.

The commanding officer told me that only General Wedemeyer or a high-ranking officer representing him could smooth out relations with Yen-an. He said we had hit an impasse.

While all this went on, we watched with great interest the shipment by air of 20 tons of radio equipment into Yen-an by the OSS. The atmosphere was heavy with suspense as we wondered, and evidently the Yen-an officials wondered too, how the OSS would go about its attempt to install a radio network in Red China. The OSS was tied up in Chungking with the so-called gestapo outfit of General Tai Li, and Yen-an was highly suspicious of OSS operations.

The 20 tons of radio equipment was finally stored away in Yen-an's hill-side caves. But before all of it arrived, OSS officers began negotiations. Previously, during the honeymoon period, tentative discussions had taken place about OSS operations in North China, but after Hurley's failure in mediation, the situation had changed.

Yenan wanted assurance that no Tai Li agents would be brought in to work as interpreters or agents for OSS communications teams. Furthermore, Yen-an rejected piecemeal cooperation of this sort where the communication network might serve as an espionage and intelligence network for the Kuomintang, to be capitalized on in the event of a civil war. OSS negotiators said that after the war Yen-an could have the radio network. This seemed to be inadequate assurance for Yen-an, and its officials insisted that all this be made part of an overall policy talk on a high level.

Negotiations dragged and OSS agents brought strong pressure to bear on the Chinese through Yen-an's liaison officers. And as the situation became more hopeless for the OSS agents, they engaged in arguments day in and day out in the caves with the liaison officers. Toward evening and at night, with a few drinks under their belts, the OSS officers would begin sounding off. We could hear their loud voices all over our compound.

The OSS agents charged the Communists with sabotaging the American war effort. They threatened the liaison officers that OSS guerrillas would fight their way into Yen-an's liberated and guerrilla areas to establish a radio network.

"You can't do that to us," a liaison officer was heard saying one night.

"The hell we can't," said a U.S. officer.

"We're allies. We've got to fight the Japanese enemies," the Chinese said.

An OSS officer asked the Chinese if they knew how tough the French resistance force was. The OSS officer spoke of the Maquis who helped the Americans when they landed in Western Europe.

They are already in French Indo-China, giant-like, tough and with faces covered with beards, the OSS officer explained. Recruited from the French underground, they were imbued with the dare-to-die spirit. One demolition team of four such OSS men, loaded down with mortar, machine gun and light automatic pieces, could out-fight a company or even a battalion of Communist-led guerrillas.

Such a team would be dropped in North China if Yen-an would not allow OSS to put in a radio network, they threatened.

Then one dark night an American aircraft took off from Sian, frontier bastion of Chiang Kai-shek facing Communist China, and winged its way northward. Then, behind Japanese lines and over Yen-an's guerrilla base near Peking, four OSS agents parachuted to earth.

Following this, for about two weeks, not knowing about the air drop, the OSS officers in Yen-an kept pressuring the Chinese to give the cloak-and-dagger outfit permission to establish a radio network. The OSS might

have to use the French guerrillas, the OSS officers threatened, indicating that force is one language which Yen-an might understand.

One morning a liaison officer told me that Yen-an's people's militia had captured an OSS demolition team. When? I asked. More than a week ago, he replied. He said there were four Americans and one Chinese, who admitted after interrogation that he was a Tai Li agent.

I rushed to our commanding officer and discussed the matter with him. Then I informed the OSS officers about their captured team which had been apprehended by armed peasants. Evidently no shots had been fired and no one was injured.

I immediately radioed our psychological warfare headquarters in Chungking to stop dropping leaflets in North China asking the Chinese to rescue downed American airmen, until this mess had been straightened out. If the OSS continued to drop its teams, regarded as hostile by the guerrillas, and we dropped our rescue appeal, confusion would result. We might even be accused of bad faith. And legitimately downed pilots might suffer by being held as prisoners.

Following this incident, the OSS pulled out of Yen-an. As far as I know, General Wedemeyer's headquarters did not protest the capture of the OSS men, who were held in custody by the Chinese until the war against Japan ended. Shortly after this, civil war broke out south of Yen-an.

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I remember how sick at heart I was when on the Burma border in 1944, I was told that we who were engaged in psychological warfare were prohibited from giving any hints of encouragement of independence to the Indians, the Burmese and the Siamese, because the British would object.

Then in Chungking, I was told by my superiors not to mention or encourage independence in leaflets we produced and which were dropped from our aircraft over Indo-China where the Viet Minh resistance forces were fighting the Japanese.

And I was sickened when, toward the end of 1944, I received a package of enlarged OWI photographs showing in detail how the British troops under General Scobie were crushing the Greek resistance forces which had fought the Nazis and defeated them in their region.

The war was far from over then, but the British imperialists were crushing the Greek patriots to assure Britain's postwar domination of Greece. I was supposed to exhibit these photographs in North China and to have sets sent out into the guerrilla areas. When some of my superiors saw the photographs, they suggested that I burn them, for the Chinese in North China

were fighting like the Greek partisans. They would become suspicious about our war aims, I was told.

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Months later I recalled all these instances as my commanding officer and I started out from Yen-an on horseback with a radio team, and went south from Yen-an to Yehtai Mountain, where civil war had broken out. In the end I made the tour myself since the colonel fell off his horse and was injured.

Yen-an charged that American arms were being used against its troops by Chiang Kai-shek's forces. It said that the war against Japanese militarism had not ended and U.S. arms should not be used by Chiang in attacking Yen-an's forces. Such arms should be concentrated on the anti-Japanese front, Yen-an insisted.

Civil war had started and I wondered if China would have to go through another period of internecine warfare. I wondered whether American arms would be used extensively.

The fighting was going on at Yehtai Mountain, and on my way there I stopped at a sub-region headquarters of the Communist-led army. A general in command told me that after Chiang's troops had pounded the mountain area with American guns and bazookas, there wasn't a blade of grass standing.

At the front, I found Kuomintang troops had overrun Communist-held territory. They had been as ruthless to the peasants as the Japanese soldiers.

I visited villages Chiang's soldiers had occupied and looted. Whatever they could not haul away on stolen oxcarts and pack animals they rendered useless. They had destroyed furniture, large iron kettles and quilts. They had mixed corn, wheat and millet with manure to render the grain inedible. Deep-water wells of this mountainous region were filled with earth, and precious ropes for drawing water were stolen or cut to pieces. Pigs and chickens had been slaughtered and their entrails stuffed in table and dresser drawers or hung in the cave houses. In a village school the Nationalist soldiers had defecated, as they had done elsewhere, and had splashed human excrement on the walls.

A young woman, just released by Chiang's soldiers, reported to me that she had been dragged from one blockhouse to another and raped for many days. An old woman past 75 was the only one in a village evacuated by the Nationalists just before we arrived. She was sitting, unable to walk, because she, too, had been raped many times.

Everywhere on the village walls the Chiang soldiers had written: "The Red Army cannot last long; we have American guns!"

I met hundreds of homeless refugees who demanded that I cross the line of fire to visit their ravaged homes the Nationalists were still occupying. They said that as an American it was my responsibility to report everything to my government, which was backing the Chinese government.

"Go to our village," an old woman begged me.

She said the Kuomintang troops would not shoot me since we were backing them. And she pointed to my uniform.

And the peasants brought me mortar shells and fins marked "U.S." They even collected small pieces of shrapnel.

A village leader said it would take more than a decade for the peasants to recover their losses, and for that many years at least, they would not forget America's unfriendly act.

I made a detailed report to General Albert Wedemeyer's headquarters. The Chiang forces had definitely used U.S. arms. General Wedemeyer came out with a press statement, saying that the arms manufactured in the U.S. had been sent to Chiang's government in separate pieces under the lend-lease setup. Chungking arsenals had assembled them and the U.S. had no responsibility about their employment.

One of my radio communication non-coms asked me how the hundreds of refugees we had seen would react to such a statement. He was not thinking of "hordes"—he was thinking of the Chinese peasants as people, no different from him under the skin.

When I arrived at Yehtai Mountain, on the border of Nationalist and Communist territory, I found that those in the Communist area lived better. While Chiang's forces enjoyed an initial victory through a surprise attack, their soldiers at the height of victory were deserting at night and going over to the Communist side.

I interviewed many of them and found that the peasants whose farms the Nationalists looted and occupied told Chiang's soldiers that in the Communist-led army, the officers did not ill-treat the men, but were rather like big brothers. The peasants also told the soldiers who had been drafted from the farms that they did not have to pay 50–60 per cent of their crop to the landlords for use of the land as in Chiang's areas.

To me, this behavior of Chiang's soldiers was significant at a time when China was again on the brink of civil war. With such soldiers, Chiang would be routed, even with total U.S. arms support.

And the key to Chiang's weakness was in his feudal land system, and the strength of Yen-an lay in the agrarian reform policy. In Yen-an's territory the "Tobacco Road" condition was systematically tackled by government—through reduced land rent with a future objective of giving the land to the

tillers, better farming methods and pooling labor power to get maximum production.

When I returned from the civil war front, General Chu Teh, Chou En-lai, who is the present premier of the People's Republic of China, and General Chen Yi, then the commander of the New Fourth Army and now mayor of Shanghai, called on our U.S. Army Observation Mission. Colonel Ivan D. Yeaton and I talked to them. Of the numerous questions Chu Teh asked me about my trip, only one or two pertained to U.S. arms. He asked me about the peasants and the refugees in great detail. He told us about the historic struggle of the Chinese peasants to better their status. China, he emphasized, is 80–90 percent agricultural.

He then asked me to report in detail to my headquarters what I saw in the field. He said through us, "We want to ask your government to take back all lend-lease equipment from China, for every bit of it will now be used by Chiang Kai-shek to kill Chinese people."

The atom bomb had already been dropped on Hiroshima a couple of days before and the Russian forces had swept down into Manchuria. The Pacific war was over.

But for China, the end of the war meant the probable outbreak of a civil war. In the early hours of victory for the allies, Chou En-lai mapped out for us how the Nationalists would attack Yen-an territory. He said U.S. transportation would rush Chiang's troops from the safe rear, where they had been preserved for a civil war, into the Japanese-occupied areas—all surrounded by Yen-an's regular and guerrilla forces.

The disposition of Chinese troops at the end of the war revealed how Chiang's and Yen-an's forces had fought the enemy. The major part of Chiang's crack troops were hundreds of miles away from Japanese lines, while Chu Teh's soldiers were in contact with Japanese forces almost everywhere in North China and in parts of Central China.

To Colonel Yeaton and me, Chou En-lai said: "Will you report to your government to take back lend-lease to prevent civil war in China? Your country was the arsenal of democracy in this war. America supplied the allies. But let me remind you it will go down in history that we who fought most consistently and longest against fascism did not get anything from your great arsenal. We fought alone!"

Colonel Yeaton was a regular army intelligence officer. He had been the military attache in Moscow, a very important assignment, when Hitler attacked the Soviet Union and the Nazi forces rolled far into Russia. Colonel Yeaton was the officer who reported to Washington that Moscow would fall in no time. He was wrong, and he explained to me that the early gusts

of winter came in August that year, and the German soldiers, who had not expected snow so early, were in khaki and were frozen on the vast front. Colonel Yeaton was removed after this and kept in the rank of colonel while younger officers became generals. Finally, he was assigned to Chungking, and General Wedemeyer sent him to Yen-an just as the war was about to end.

Colonel Yeaton wanted to know whether Chu Teh knew the Soviet Union was entering the war in early August. One day, for an hour he probed Chu Teh. After I returned from the civil war front, he told me that "Chu Teh's ignorance was pitiful." And he told me of the great excitement in Yen-an to get political officers and generals, who were there for a conference, out into the field in a hurry after the A-bombing of Hiroshima and the Russian sweep into Manchuria. They were caught "flat-footed," Yeaton said. The Russians had "not informed Yen-an."

He asked me if I had seen Russian equipment in the field. I showed him empty rifle cartridges of Russian make which had been used by Chiang Kai-shek's troops at Shih Li-yuan. I had found the empty shells beside an old woman who had been raped by Chiang's soldiers and who was sitting there because she could not walk.

The Russians had supplied arms to the Central Government in the early years of the Sino-Japanese war, but had cut off this supply when Chiang's troops began attacking Yen-an's soldiers instead of fighting the Japanese. About this time, the Germans launched their attack on the Soviet Union and the Russians had double reasons for withholding arms supplies from China.

Chiang gave nothing, except a few pieces of small arms, to Yen-an's forces from the Russian-supplied military equipment.

With civil war imminent, Chiang sent Mao Tse-tung three invitations, one after another, to visit Chungking to discuss differences. By Chinese custom, three invitations pack tremendous pressure, and if Mao refused to go to Chungking, he and not Chiang, it was said, would be blamed for civil war. At that time workers, students and intellectuals in Nationalist areas were voicing objections to Chiang's maneuver for civil war.

Coincident with Chiang's sending of his third invitation, the Sino-Soviet Pact of Amity was announced. In the treaty, the Soviet Union recognized the Central Government headed by Chiang.

In Yen-an, there was widespread fear that Mao might be assassinated if he went to Chungking. A foreign correspondent in Chungking asked General Wedemeyer if he would give Mao protection should the Communist leader visit Chungking. General Wedemeyer said "No."

After long discussions, we were told, the Chinese Communist Central Government decided to send Mao to Chungking.

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With these developments, American intelligence officers wondered whether Japanese troops would go over to the Chinese Communists in some areas, and thus worsen the civil war crisis. They tried to find out if the Chinese puppet troops who had served the Japanese would surrender to the Communist-led forces.

At that moment, Chiang was in a weak position, for his crack troops were generally far from the anti-Japanese fronts, being trained by American forces. Unless they were transported into Japanese-occupied areas, which were surrounded by Chu Teh's Communist-led troops in North China and in vast areas of Central China, Chiang's forces could not accept enemy surrender.

How Chiang's forces had laid down in the anti-Japanese militarist war became more glaring by the commands of Chiang and General Chu Teh. Chu ordered his soldiers on all fronts to accept surrender of Japanese and puppet troops. Chiang ordered the Japanese and puppet troops to maintain order—meaning to fight off Yen-an's forces. Through radio broadcasts Chiang appealed to puppets that this was their opportunity to “redeem” themselves as loyal patriots. On the other hand, Chiang, as the generalissimo, ordered Communist-led forces to remain in their positions until he himself ordered them to move.

At that moment in the tense situation, General Douglas MacArthur, as supreme allied commander, designated Chiang to receive surrender in China. General Albert Wedemeyer promised Chiang all-out aid to quickly transport his troops into coastal areas of Central China and into North China.

Overnight this American support swung hundreds of thousands of Japanese troops and an estimated 800,000 puppets, many undoubtedly wavering, to the Nationalist side or made them wait the arrival of Chiang's troops.

The Japanese began fighting for the Kuomintang in some areas and they were left in strategic spots as anti-Yenan buffers for nearly half a year. Local Japanese commanders and soldiers, tired of war, asked the Americans to come in and accept their surrender. The situation developed into a mess, and I remember that General Wedemeyer once protested to Chiang that the Nationalists were paying the Japanese much more than their own troops.

On the diplomatic front, Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley wanted to jump into the Yen-an-Chungking negotiations. We were told that one night at a banquet, he had offered his services to Wang Jo-fei, Yen-an's representative in Chungking, fourteen times in as many different ways. He had been turned down.

The ambassador went to General Wedemeyer with his problems. He wanted to know if Yenán would accept his services of escorting Mao to Chungking. I was sent to find out whether Yenán would receive Hurley with due cordiality. Yenán said Hurley's services would be welcome, although they had reservations about the ambassador's previous conduct, which it felt was biased, unfriendly and insulting. We asked the ambassador to fly to Yenán, but we felt that it would be out of step for him to "yahoo," for he had been blasted for being biased and an instigator of civil war in Yenán. So we waited for Hurley.

We carefully prepared an impressive reception for the ambassador. Colonel Ivan D. Yeaton, commander of our Yenán mission, briefed Yenán's liaison officers with protocol procedure. Mao, for instance, was supposed to meet Hurley first at the airfield and then return to his headquarters. Mao wanted this arrangement. It was planned that Hurley would go to our compound, where he would receive Chu Teh and other Communist officials. In the evening, Mao would receive Hurley at his headquarters.

At the end of August, when Hurley flew in, he was extremely quiet. He was in no mood to exploit his photogenic qualities as he had done about 10 months before. "Yahooing" was out of the question. After he shook hands with Mao he put his arm around Mao's shoulder like an old friend.

He seemed to be trying extremely hard to win Mao's confidence. When we began moving toward our vehicles, Mao started for his old Chevrolet as planned in the program. Hurley kept his arm on Mao's shoulders and asked the latter to ride up with him in the jeep. Mao consented. In our mess hall, there was a short reception and tea was served.

After the Communist leaders had gone back to Yang Family's Plain, I showed Colonel Yeaton a letter which General Wedemeyer had sent us to be forwarded to Chu Teh. This was the general's answer to Chu Teh, who had requested President Truman to let his forces receive Japanese surrender in areas where they were in contact with the enemy. General Wedemeyer wrote Chu that in accordance with the Potsdam agreement, the Generalissimo had been appointed allied representative to accept surrender in China.

Ambassador Hurley read this letter. As he handed it back to me, he said: "Young man, don't give that letter to Chu Teh until I have Mao on my plane!"

I was surprised by his statement, for I had understood that he had asked for the privilege of escorting Mao. The ambassador explained that the Sino-Soviet Pact which had been concluded had ignored Yenán and this was a terrible blow to Mao.

If you give this letter to Chu Teh, he said, Mao would sulk in his corner and not go to Chungking with him. One blow is all that Mao can take

right now, he warned me. He emphasized that Yen-an was backed up against a wall.

"I came to get Mao and I am going to take him to Chungking with me. I don't want to drag him!" Hurley said.

I said this letter from General Wedemeyer would not change Yen-an's decision to send Mao to Chungking. The Communists most probably had not counted on President Truman's support.

The ambassador said: "Young man, you are mistaken."

He then showed me his copy of the Sino-Soviet Pact and told me to read a paragraph which said:

"In accordance with the spirit of the above treaty and for the implementation of its general ideas and purposes the Soviet government is ready to render China moral support and assistance with military equipment and other material resources, this support and assistance given fully to the Nationalist Government as the Central Government of China."

I asked, after reading here and there in the Pact: "Isn't this pledge limited to the war against Japan, since the Pact is against Japanese aggression?"

"No," he said. He intimated that Chiang had bought off Stalin with concessions so that the Soviet Union would not aid Yen-an.

"You see," Hurley said to me, "this is a hard blow to the Communists. Generalissimo Stalin has promised moral and military support to the Central Government in any event, even in a civil war. I must show this document to Mao tonight." He showed that he dreaded this task.

I felt that the ambassador should know what we already knew. So I told him that the Pact had been announced a couple of days before and Mao was familiar with its contents. The ambassador argued that Yen-an could not know the full content of the Pact. He said that he and Chiang's government had the only complete texts in China.

That night when Hurley saw Mao, he offered to leave his copy of the Pact in Yen-an. Mao said their radio receiver had monitored the treaty that had come over the press wire.

An American correspondent who had flown to Yen-an with Hurley in his dispatch likened Mao's departure to that of a man going to his execution, for Chinese and Americans in Chungking and Yen-an and elsewhere thought of the probability of Mao's assassination in Chungking.

Before Mao boarded the transport he shook hands with all his comrades. Then he went to his wife, who had their young daughter in her arms. He leaned forward and embraced them both as peasants, while white-turbaned nomads with camels from the desert areas, soldiers, students and officials in the hinterland loess valley looked on quietly. An American officer standing by me said: "They like Mao. . . . He's a great guy with them."

I was standing near Hsiu Teh-li, who had been Mao's teacher long ago in a Hunan normal school. Old Hsiu had joined the Communist Party at the age of 50. His eyes were damp as he waved his hand at Mao, who stood by the transport's door with Hurley. The ambassador was smiling triumphantly. He was asking Mao to pose with him for photographs.

In the days that followed negotiations stalled in Chungking while Chiang's troops were rushed to the Japanese-occupied areas. But what Chiang and foreign officials never expected took place—by foot, Yen-an's people, soldiers and civilians by the tens of thousands, raced the Nationalist soldiers who were riding modern planes and ships and vehicles into Manchuria. It was really a race between the tortoise and the hare.

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I believe I will never see again the dramatic and impressive spectacle of thousands of people on the march, the like of which I saw in North China during the months following Japanese capitulation in 1945.

This was no parade. Long lines of men, women and children with confident smiles, laughter and song, started out on foot day after day from Yen-an, traveling the dusty road that led to the Yellow River, and heading for points from 500 to 1,500 miles away in Manchuria over rugged mountainous terrain. (From Hawaii to California is about 2,400 miles).

The sick and old rode animals. When it rained, caravans bogged down all the way from Yen-an to the Yellow River. Wet loess is dangerously slippery, and traveling up and down steep ridges is humanly impossible in rainy weather. Impatience was written on the faces of those who waited to start out.

One day when I dropped by to see Sanzo Nosaka, who headed the Japanese POW re-education and anti-Japanese militarist psychological warfare program, I saw his secretary pounding dried, cooked beef into powdery form. The secretary told me he was assigned to a newly liberated area hundreds of miles away. With long lines of marchers passing through the same communities day after day, he said that the Yen-an officials had asked everyone to carry as many rations as they could. The travellers were not to clean out wayside village stores by buying everything they had for sale, but to consider the day to day needs of local people.

The secretary criticized American transportation by air, sea and land of Chiang Kai-shek's Chungking forces from South to North China and Manchuria. He said Yen-an should accept Japanese surrender in North China and Manchuria, for her regular and guerrilla forces had fought in those areas. But even with American assistance, Chiang's officials and soldiers can't win the race to take over Japanese-occupied territory, he said.

"Your people are walking there," I said. "The Kuomintang troops are flying and going by sea."

"Let's make a bet," he said, "since the Kuomintang is traveling with American assistance. This is just like the classic 'tortoise and the hare' race. I'll bet on the tortoise and you take the hare."

I lost, and I don't recall our deciding on any material thing for a prize after he told me to take the hare. I believe no American in China would have picked the "tortoise." The hare, in this instance, did not nap after getting off planes and ships. Top Chungking officials, as in one case I know from personal experience, asked for a swanky residence and a car as soon as they arrived in an area like Peking. Eight confiscated Japanese trucks in a medium-sized Central China town disappeared in a few days after Chiang's officials arrived. The black market thrived.

And Chiang's soldiers had to fight the local people in North China, just as the Dutch, with British help, tried to get back into Indonesia. Chiang's soldiers also looted and further estranged the people.

Coordinated with the long 1,500 mile trek to Manchuria from inland China, Yen-an's troops and civilians on the coast moved northward also. The new Fourth Army abandoned the taking of Nanking and Shanghai, evidently because U.S. armed forces made it known that they were going to move into those cities. One Yen-an official said his people did not want to clash with the Americans.

When Yen-an's troops and civilian officials raced northward from Chekiang province, crossing the Hangchow Bay and skirting United States and Kuomintang-held Shanghai, many American officials and GIs, out of curiosity, went to see them. Students from Shanghai rushed out to join them.

WITHDRAWAL

Months later in Shantung province I met a young college student who had joined a contingent. She told me that on the first day her unit covered 81 *li* (27 miles). She said the pace was the same every day. Then every night, dramatic corps of the army, including adolescents, put on skits in villages. Yang Ko, the folk dance of Northwest China, which had spread the length and breadth of Yen-an territory, made a big hit with the peasants in newly liberated villages. Peasants learned the simple three steps and danced to the songs with a message for peace, democracy, land reform, lower taxes, clean government and abundant production.

"This was something new to them," she explained, as the peasants had previously danced to the songs of and for the landlords. "I don't think we have had anything like this in China. I could feel the songs and dances moving and stirring the peasants. They awaken the peasants who will some day be their own masters."

And late into the night I listened to this youth from a middle-class home who had been served by servants all her life and who was being introduced to the Chinese countryside. She said the Chinese people now had hopes of a strong new China, where foreigners would stop pushing them around in their own city streets. I knew she was speaking the thoughts of many.

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Toward the middle of September, Colonel Ivan D. Yeaton, commanding officer of the U.S. observer mission in Yen-an, sent me to Chungking to report our observations to General Albert Wedemeyer.

At Theater Headquarters, I was surprised to discover that the strength of the Communist-led forces was terribly underestimated. Many U.S. army and some civilian officials in responsible positions felt Yen-an was weakened considerably because the Soviet Union had signed a pact with Chungking. It was also said that Mao's trip to Chungking had caused splits among Yen-an's top leadership. I was told by many that Chiang's forces would have the Communist-led forces well in hand within three months.

One afternoon I walked into General Wedemeyer's office where he was alone. He was most cordial and asked me to relax. He said he had many questions he wanted to ask me and he suggested that I feel free to express my observations in an informal manner.

For a while I gave a thorough analysis of the strength of the Communist-led peasant army. The general interrupted me to remind me that the Nationalists had 19 American-trained and equipped divisions. Twenty more divisions would be brought up to this standard in the near future, he said. He also said Yen-an's troops were no match for Nationalist soldiers.

I asked the general: Suppose, under the most favorable conditions, we were able to place Chiang's divisions in the exact positions the Japanese occupied, could his troops do half as well against partisans? I said the war records of both armies gave a good indication of their respective abilities.

I discussed Yen-an's guerrilla warfare, which did not require extensive supply trains. The guerrillas lived off the land and fought with popular support.

I also said the guerrillas would slash communication lines. They would force the Nationalists to contend with their military tactics. And while politics was the Yen-an force's cutting edge, graft and corruption would weaken the Nationalists. Eventually, heavy American equipment would become an encumbrance to the Nationalists. U.S.-supplied arms would pass into the hands of the Yen-an forces. The struggle would drag on into a bitter war of attrition. Chiang could never crush the guerrillas in three months. His corrupt regime would eventually crumble.

"What China needs is not Nationalist domination but good clean government and democracy," I said. "Such a government must be broadly representative."

As the reporting continued, the general shot questions at me and asked me to answer in "a few words." I could see that he was becoming progressively disturbed by the situation I described. Then he switched from military to political issues.

I was not surprised when he said the Chinese Communist Party was split wide open. Rumors were prevalent in Nationalist China, obviously fabricated for American consumption, that Mao Tse-tung had been repudiated for capitulating to Chiang's scheming invitation to discuss a phony peace.

For about ten minutes I reported about the national convention of the Chinese Communist Party held in Yen-an in the spring of 1945. The convention resulted in unity and strong support for Mao. The leaders had reviewed past policies and practices for many months and formulated a program behind which they stood.

We talked for almost an hour, and more and more the general's expression became cloudy. Then suddenly he brought himself forward from his reclining position, wheeled his chair around so that he was sitting at his desk. He brusquely picked up a batch of reports and began to read, ignoring me altogether.

"Shall I leave, General Wedemeyer?" I asked him, after what seemed to me a whole minute of silence.

Without looking up, he said: "Yes."

I stood up and went in front of his desk and saluted him, and when I reached the door he called: "Ariyoshi, come back!"

Would I see Ambassador Hurley and report to him exactly what I had said to him? the general asked. He said that I should be forthright, without reservation, and not be afraid. I answered that I would report to the ambassador. Would the general make the appointment? He said he would.

When I went to the U.S. Embassy a few days later, I was asked by one of the staff employees to go to the ambassador's bedroom upstairs. The ambassador told me he had been sick. He was freshening up for the day in his knee-length robe and stocking feet. I could not keep from smiling, for he lacked the color and air of dignity he had carried with him when I first saw him in Yen-an.

The ambassador had me sit on a chair by his bed. He instructed me to tell him what I had on my mind and walked to his dresser in the far corner of the room and carefully touched up his moustache in front of a mirror. I told him about General Wedemeyer's instructions and proceeded to give my report, the gist of which I felt the general must have conveyed to the ambassador in arranging my appointment.

After I had said a few sentences, he interrupted me. "What kind of radio equipment does Chu Teh have?" he asked me.

I was about to answer him when he told me: "Young man, Chu Teh got his radio sets from the Japanese. The Japanese gave them to him so that he wouldn't fight. Chu Teh was bought! I am the man who knows!"

I said this was not correct, realizing how he felt about the whole China situation. I explained to him that I knew from personal knowledge that Michael Lindsay, a British economics professor who had escaped from Peking after Pearl Harbor, had repaired and rebuilt radios the guerrillas captured from the Japanese. Lindsay, son of a British baron, built sets from parts the Communists bought or captured in Japanese-occupied territory. I have had considerable discussion with Lindsay and his Chinese wife, Hsiao Li. After his father died last year, Lindsay inherited his father's title.

The ambassador came toward me. Still in his robe, he towered above me. Leaning forward, he shook his finger in my face. "Young man," he

scolded, "you have been fooled by Communist propaganda! I am the only American who has not been fooled by Communist propaganda! The Communists did not fight the Japanese. They are not as strong as their propaganda says!"

He seemed extremely bitter at Yen'an's press, which attacked him as an "American imperialist" and warmonger. He said he had done nothing more than carry out Washington's directive to "save" China when General Joseph Stilwell and Vice President Henry Wallace had reported the Nationalist government was tottering.

He told me a story to illustrate how closely he followed instructions. In World War I, he said, he was ordered to cross a river in France with his battalion over a bridge. He said he did not ford the river where the enemy had not concentrated its forces, but crossed the river over the bridge in face of heavy enemy fire.

He said he would not tolerate sabotage of American policy in China, and emphasized that he had removed Ambassador Gauss, General Stilwell, George Atcheson and others from the embassy. The ambassador said he had agents in Yen'an who reported to him directly. All private conversations held between Americans and Chinese Communists were reported to him by Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, he said. This was ridiculous, even from the point that a few moments before he was bitterly blasting Yen'an for criticizing him in its press.

"There might be others who might be knifing me in the back in Yen'an," the ambassador said. He said he would remove them.

"Don't forget, young man," he said, "my knife cuts deeper than that of anyone in the War and State Departments."

To further clarify his point, he told me another story, this one about an Oklahoma cowboy. This cowboy was getting a shave in a barber shop when he heard shots outside. The barber became nervous and the cowboy quieted him down. A man then rushed into the barber shop and warned the cowboy that a young cowboy with a new pistol was gunning for him. The old cowboy did not hurry the barber. After the barber was through, he paid him and leisurely walked out into the deserted street. The younger cowboy shot until he emptied his pistol. Then the old cowboy drew out his pistol and fired one shot.

"The upstart fell in his tracks. Young man, the moral is, I can take a lot of sniping, but I shoot last!"

He complained that the OWI sent the *Daily Worker* to Yen'an and the Communists used its articles to attack him. I said this wasn't true, that the OWI did not send the *Daily Worker*, although Yen'an had once requested

it. But conservative and liberal publications were sent there, and some clippings from the American press complimented him. I added that Yen-an studied them carefully.

All of a sudden, Ambassador Hurley beamed. I had not meant that the Communists agreed with the articles which were laudatory of Hurley's work in China, but merely meant that they read them carefully. The ambassador was in good spirits and the interview ended. He had done all the talking.

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As soon as our plane came to a stop on my return to Yen-an, one of our officers from the U.S. Observation Mission boarded it and closed the door. I thought this was strange. He then briefed the transport's crew not to discuss politics or American military activities in Nationalist China. I asked the officer what had caused this new security measure.

"The colonel doesn't want any loose talk," he explained. He told me that a crew from a transport told Yen-an's liaison officers connected to our mission that OSS agents were defending Kaifeng with Japanese and puppets against Yen-an's forces. Another crew had mentioned that the 315 Troop Carrier Transport moved a Nationalist fighter unit from Ankiang to Hsuehchow. The fighters quickly started strafing Yen-an-held territory.

"When the Communists hear stories like these, they surely get burnt up," he said to me.

The colonel pondered whether we should take precautions against Chinese demonstrations and possible attack against our mission. We had code machines and documents to protect, he said. The officers who had been in Yen-an for many months did not think that we would be attacked. Yen-an was still cooperating, supplying us with weather reports. Weather in China moves from west to east. Ironically, meteorological reports sent from Yen-an to Theater Headquarters were being used in transporting Chiang Kai-shek's troops by air.

Then early in October we were notified that an American fleet would land at the Yen-an-liberated port of Chefoo. The Chinese Communists protested strongly through our mission. Theater Headquarters notified us that our fleet was making a forced landing, if necessary, on October 10.

The colonel called me to his quarters for discussion. He finally decided to keep our personnel in our compound that day. He ordered me to have all firearms of American personnel locked up. On the morning of the Chefoo landing, about which Yen-an did not know, the Border Region government invited us to attend a simple ceremony of the Double Tenth

(October 10) anniversary, to observe the birth of the Chinese Republic under Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

We went to the Border Region headquarters to congratulate Chinese officials but we did not stay long. We rushed back to our mission and anxiously waited for news from Chefoo. It was a great relief when Vice Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, commander of the Seventh Fleet, did not land at Chefoo.

He announced from his flagship off the Chefoo harbor that: "American forces will not land at Chefoo, which is under the control of the Chinese Communists. . . . The result of the American landing here will have no other meaning than to help the Central Government troops to occupy the port. Such a move will become a direct intervention in Chinese internal affairs."

The admiral's views clashed with those of General Wedemeyer. He went so far as to advise against transporting Chiang's troops into Manchuria.

Shortly after, Wedemeyer and Barbey went to General MacArthur's headquarters in Japan for a pow-wow. The admiral was relieved of Asiatic duty.

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I remember picking up a *New York Times* magazine section at Chabua, India, prior to flying over the "hump" into China during June, 1944. In an April 1942 edition, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek had written an article that said:

During the past five years there has been no instance of Chinese troops surrendering to the enemy. . . . To the Chinese soldier, resistance to the last cartridge and the last man is no mere pretty figure of speech. When our men go to the battlefield they are prepared to die. . . . Their patriotism is fully shared by their families. . . . The word 'surrender' is not to be found in the present-day Chinese vocabulary.

I tucked this paper into my duffle bag and carried the article with me for many months. One day in Chungking, I showed it to a young Chinese intellectual who worked for the OWI. He was surprised that the Americans believed the madame's propaganda utterances.

A few days later he came up to me with a bit of information which he thought might interest me. He said that back in 1942, during the same month Mme. Chiang's article appeared in the Times, Kuomintang General Sun Liang-ch'eng had surrendered to the Japanese in West Shantung with his 69th Army. The Japanese designated General Sun's unit the puppet Second Front Army and made him commander. I learned also that from 1941 to the summer of 1944, more than 70 high-ranking Kuomintang

generals had gone over to the Japanese with columns, divisions or brigades. These units were not disorganized by the enemy but re-named and placed on Japan's anti-Yenan fronts. This fitted Chiang's plans.

Chiang was trying to use more and more Japanese in the civil war against Yen-an's forces, and Japanese commanders in one or two places pleaded with the Americans to accept their surrender.

American marines, in this situation, guarded railways with Japanese, puppet and Kuomintang troops. The marines griped about this duty they were forced to perform side by side with their recent enemy, still fully armed. They rode coal trains with Chiang's soldiers through Yen-an-held territory. Occasionally villagers on Yen-an's side took pot shots at these trains.

On October 30, 1945, General Albert Wedemeyer told the press: "U.S. troops will not intervene directly in the Chinese civil war because traditional U.S. policy holds that other nations will be permitted to choose their own form of government without foreign intervention."

This was ridiculous talk, and American correspondents, who were not gagged as much as correspondents are today, made fun of General Wedemeyer. Fifty thousand U.S. marines who had been brought to China, reportedly to help disarm the Japanese, were not executing their task.

General Wedemeyer authorized air strafing of villages which did not heed cease-fire requests to let the trains go through. Against hostile villages he ordered "adequate military action." Yen-an blasted him, saying it found the "smell of gunpowder very pungent" in his words.

Then one day a U.S. marine unit fired about a couple of dozen mortar shells into a village because the people there did not turn over to the Americans the Chinese who had shot at a U.S. guarded coal train.

On one of my trips to theater headquarters I mentioned to General Wedemeyer that U.S. soldiers were guarding Chiang's trains passing through hostile territory.

The general said that his foremost duty was to protect American soldiers, and he was forced to blow up the village when the villagers did not heed his request. When I mentioned that our troops were being sent into hostile territory, he said that without U.S. assistance, Chiang could not transport necessary coal to the cities.

The colonel under whom I served was extremely loyal to the general, and he constantly said that the general was not getting a good press. It was bad enough that Yen-an attacked the general in its news broadcasts, he said. When General Wedemeyer denied that we were intervening, Yen-an asked: What would be the general's reaction if Yen-an's troops landed on the West Coast and occupied Yosemite Park and other places?

So when the colonel sent me to report to the general in November 1945, I mentioned the general's press statements. The general was bitter at some correspondents. He felt he was put in a tough situation. He said the general staff in Washington instructed him to hold press conferences and so he had to meet the press. The newspaper reporters asked him many questions. He said he answered freely, taking the correspondents into his confidence. The next thing he knew he was criticized for his statements, he explained.

All these things when added up indicated that the policy of supporting Chiang to crush Yen-an's forces was a flop. I talked to high American officers in headquarters who back in September had believed Chiang would have the Yen-an forces licked within three months. They were now disgusted with Chiang's forces.

In this situation, the U.S. held the balance between civil war and peace in China. Continued U.S. military support of Chiang's corrupt regime was no solution to China's problems. This meant civil war when China needed democracy and a firm economic foundation. Even the people in Shanghai who had welcomed the Kuomintang as "liberators" were saying a few months later that the Japanese had been much better. Terrible inflation and unemployment, besides graft, corruption and bad and inefficient government, had made them lose heart in Chiang, whose colossal portrait decorated a side of a building on a main thoroughfare.

General Wedemeyer said that Chiang's trusted subordinates kept the truth from him. I hardly thought so, particularly after reading Chiang's telegram to Mayor Chien Ta-chun of Shanghai, dated October 26, saying: "It has been reliably brought to my knowledge that the military, political and party officials in Nanking, Shanghai, Peiping and Tientsin have been leading extravagant lives, indulging in prostitution and gambling," etc., etc.

Now General Wedemeyer seemed more willing to accept a critical appreciation of Chiang's government and military forces. One afternoon I reported to General Wedemeyer and his immediate staff, including a General [Francis G.] Brink. General Brink, I believe, is same person who recently [1952] committed suicide in the Pentagon building. He was in charge of the warfare in Viet-Nam on the American side, and it was reported that he had appeared dejected.

In this session there was no more talk about the big split in Yen-an's leadership or of 39 U.S.-trained divisions under Chiang who would crush the Yen-an forces in three months. In September, when I had reported to General Wedemeyer, what I said was not the kind of information and analysis that he wanted to hear. I gave nearly the same report and he and

his staff officers asked numerous questions, as though going over me with a fine-toothed comb.

Finally one of them asked: What if the U.S. threw her full force unconditionally on Chiang's side? I discussed the growing chorus of protests in the U.S. against intervention. Would the people oppose, remain silent or support such a military adventure, which would involve our country in years of warfare? The Japanese troops bogged down in China. They lived off the land. How much better could white soldiers in blockhouses in the Chinese countryside do? And exposed to constant guerrilla action for months and months?

At this session I recall we disagreed on this point. The generals felt the GIs could crush Yen-an's forces in short order. I reminded them that in September they had told me that Chiang's forces could do that in three months.

Chiang's weakness became more apparent in the face of mass opposition to civil war and U.S. intervention. All this drew Washington's closer attention. Four generals from Washington visited Shanghai. I was instructed to brief them in the Air Corps map room. A G-2 lieutenant colonel gave an optimistic picture of Chiang's strength and potentialities. I analyzed Chiang's weaknesses in the face of Yen-an's economic, military, political and cultural operations. Civil war was unpopular, and the Chinese generally blamed Chiang and the United States for denying them peace.

At about this time, Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley resigned. This came one day (November 26) after six congressmen introduced resolutions calling for the withdrawal of U.S. troops, transports and supplies. They urged that the U.S. use her efforts to bring about a coalition government based on popular land, tax and government reforms.

Mounting anti-civil war protests in China and the U.S. gave Hurley no other choice. General George C. Marshall succeeded Hurley.

On December 15, 1945, President Truman made a policy statement that said:

The United States is cognizant that the present Nationalist Government of China is a one-party government and believes that peace, unity and democratic reform in China will be furthered if the basis of the government is broadened to include other political elements in the country. . . . United States support will not extend to United States military intervention to influence the course of any Chinese internal strife. . . . And as China moves toward peace and unity along the lines described above, the United States would be prepared to assist the National Government in every reasonable way.

The day this statement was made, the President sent General George C. Marshall to China to mediate between Yen-an and Chungking. And when he arrived in Shanghai, several thousand students marched toward the airport to welcome him and to ask him to help bring peace rather than civil war in China. The students were side-tracked, beaten, and their leaders were jailed by Chiang's gendarmes. The gendarmes quickly gathered another group to welcome General Marshall, but without the anti-civil war and peace slogans. On that day, I went around Shanghai to gather the story of the beatings.

The demand for peace was popular. The President's statement of non-support to Chiang until peace, unity and democratic reform took place in China meant practically nothing, for the U.S. kept supplying and training Chiang's army, navy and air force. Peace-loving Chinese were all concerned. The Marshall mission was bound to fail.

Just before I was separated from the army in China, I made a trip to Chungking to report my observations to General Marshall. He was not a Hurley, bombastic and egotistical, but quiet, always formulating his short, precise questions with care. He drew you out and listened.

Once as a Chinese waiter came to the table, the general motioned to me with his hand to stop talking. As the waiter walked away, he motioned for me to continue. One of the waiters there was the chief waiter at the U.S. enlisted men's mess hall during the war, and I had always suspected him as a Tai Li agent. He stood around the dining room tables, apparently picking up information.

When I flew back to Shanghai, I arrived there right after the GI we-want-to-go-home demonstration which greeted Secretary of War Patterson. A usually well-informed Chinese mentioned to me that after Secretary Patterson's departure, General Wedemeyer made a most significant statement to his staff. According to this Chinese source, the general had said that President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes were very much concerned with the spread of communism in the world, and that U.S. troops were in China to keep it from spreading there. If our troops did not remain in China, we would be paying lip service to the United Nations. Furthermore, the success of Marshall's mission depended on the presence of American forces in China.

I checked up with American officers and discovered the Chinese had the correct information. I believed the Kuomintang already had this juicy intelligence. If they believed it, they would not take Marshall's mediation seriously. They would depend on U.S. support, for Chiang and his clique believed that the United States needed an alliance with the Kuomintang in

carrying out a "get tough with Russia" policy. And in a war between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, which Chiang evidently wanted, he felt he could crush the Yen-an-led opposition. At least the Kuomintang leaders expected the U.S. to help them to defeat Yen-an.

The GIs wanted no part in a civil war, and they had demonstrated. A few days later, on January 13 and 14, 1946, tens of thousands of students carrying placards passed in front of the United States Army headquarters, shouting: "Stop civil war!" "We want peace!" and "Lonely GIs, go home!"

I watched one parade from the G-2 office. A colonel told us that instructions had gone out that U.S. ships in the harbor would sound their sirens in case of "trouble." The sirens were to be the signal for U.S. servicemen to rush to the headquarters building. On January 15, another 100,000, this time workers, marched the same route, shouting the same slogans. This demonstration made the U.S. military brass hats gnash their teeth in helplessness and seething anger.

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Toward the end of March 1946, we prepared to close our United States Army Observer Section in Yen-an. Colonel Ivan D. Yeaton, the commanding officer, was holding his last inspection. I had already been separated from the army and was a cultural and information officer of the State Department.

I saw the officers making a last-minute check-up of caves, latrines and shower room. The shower room was still not cleaned so an officer became annoyed. He rushed to a teen-age Chinese orderly who was sweeping up leaves on the ground. He told the orderly in English to clean up the shower room right away. The orderly said in Chinese he would not.

"Yes you will! Now none of that sassy comeback!" the lieutenant scolded in English. He grabbed the unwilling orderly by the back of the collar and tried to pull him to the shower room.

While they were struggling, a Chinese liaison officer came to ask what was the matter. The officer said the orderly would not obey him. The orderly said the shower room was not his detail. The orderly who was responsible for cleaning the shower room was still cleaning a latrine.

"He says it's not his responsibility," the liaison officer explained.

"Well, make him clean it! We got inspection coming up in a few minutes! Don't you have discipline around here?" the lieutenant shouted.

The liaison officer tried to persuade the orderly, who still said "No."

He then explained to the lieutenant that the orderly was within his rights. However, he added, in the next criticism meeting this matter would be discussed.

"Oh, God!" the lieutenant said, and rushed to clean the shower room himself.

The orderlies were called "chiao tai yuan" or "man who looked after guests." We had never been permitted to call them "boy," as orderlies were called in Nationalist China. These orderlies were sons of poor peasants and many were orphans who had attached themselves to the army in their early teens. Each one of them proudly carried a pencil and a notebook in his pocket. They had study hours, which included current events discussions. They had meetings frequently and I used to see youngsters chairing their evening sessions in orderly manner in their courtyard.

My first "chiao tai yuan" studied English in his spare time. He had a Chinese primary education through the army. When Chin Han, which was his name, left us, he became a clerk at the border region government.

A Japanese prisoner once told me: "These peasant children will be good leaders. Until the Eighth Route Army came, they did not have opportunities. They are pure and unspoiled. The first words they learn are, for example, 'New Democracy,' 'land reform,' 'interest reduction,' and so on. They become class-conscious very early. They are the most loyal to Mao Tse-tung's New Democracy. The Communist army is their parent and family."

I met youths with an entirely different background when I travelled on an UNRRA [United Nations Rehabilitation and Relief Association] truck in 1946 from Peking to Kalgan. At the Great Wall I saw Nationalist guards and gendarmes closely examining all the youths, who were generally clad in rags or faded old clothes and soiled like young farmhands. The guards with bayonets stopped wagons and ordered one or two youngsters riding on them to get down. They felt the hands of the boys and girls and if their hands were soft, they were taken down the line to headquarters. Everyone knew that unlucky ones who were caught ended up in one of Chiang Kai-shek's concentration camps.

Middle or high school students in China then came from middle-class or rich families, and since servants looked after them and they did not work, their hands were soft and without calluses. Middle-class hands, a gendarme told us, are not easy to disguise, although in general appearance a young student might cleverly camouflage himself with old clothing bought or borrowed from a laborer or peasant family.

The city-bred people have had difficulties in adjusting to the countryside. Lin Ch'in, my interpreter in Yen-an, told me of his experiences after he fled Peking under Japanese occupation. He entered Lian Ho University in the guerrilla area and studied with about a thousand students. He said students had to borrow wash basins from peasants. Many peasants knew

very little about sanitation, he said, and they spoke a different dialect. The students were like foreigners among them.

The students had the additional hardship of being forced to do everything for themselves, whereas in Peking, servants looked after their needs. Also, food was of an inferior quality in guerrilla areas.

"My real test came when I was put in contact with peasants. My prejudice gradually disappeared. I learned their problems and their habits and later on, I enjoyed living with them," he said. And becoming familiar with their ways, he was in a position to teach them reading and writing and discuss current events with them.

Lin Ch'in asked me to look up his brothers and sisters who had been scattered by the war. In Kalgan, the gateway to Inner Mongolia, I met his brother, who was an interpreter for UNRRA and U.S. truce team members. His sister was an adviser of women students at the North China Associated University. Lin's brother and sister in turn asked me to look up their youngest sister if I should travel south along the coast in Kiangsu or Anhwei provinces.

A few weeks later I met Lin's youngest sister in Central China. When I told her Lin Ch'in had asked me to see her, she said she did not know of a person named Lin Ch'in. Then I mentioned the names of her sister and brother in Kalgan.

"Tell me how they look," Lin Tse-tung smiled. "By your description I can tell whether they are my brothers and sister."

"But they look just like you," I insisted.

"Then they must have changed their names," she smiled. "Someday we'll all be able to use our real names. Now, we must protect our own families in the cities who will suffer if the Kuomintang find out we are in the Liberated Areas."

She said she had not met her brothers and sisters for nearly 10 years. She was extremely proud of her family. Her father had been a public official of the Manchu dynasty.

"But we children are different. We work for the people!" this 23-year-old political officer emphasized.

In the evenings she came by to invite me for short walks in the town of Hwayin. She was now a newspaper reporter. During the war she had carried a flat-bed mimeograph machine on her back. She had moved around with guerrilla units and issued news bulletins to soldiers every five days. She said when the Japanese launched mopping-up operations she had to be on the go all the time. When it rained and there was no shelter, she leaned against walls, trees or anything upright and went to sleep with the mimeograph

well-covered on her back. If she found rocks, she piled them and stood on them to keep her feet out of the puddles.

She told me of how she had gone into Japanese occupied villages to organize resistance forces by conducting "winter schools" or night schools.

"The peasants helped me to escape many times," she said. "I am short so even if the puppets fired at me, I offered a small target!" And she laughed.

In the next minute she was telling me of her ambition of wanting to continue her studies so that she could help her "people." Personal advancement seemed a consideration she had dropped by the wayside long ago.

Peace, she said, is what the Chinese people yearn for.

In a way she reminded me of Chu Yeh, whom I met in Nga Chuang, a village outside Lin-i, Shantung province. She had a sweet, childish face and wore black cotton slacks and blouse. All she had in her small, one-room mud hut with a dirt floor was a stool, a makeshift table and a plank-board bed laid over with a thin cotton mattress. She too was from the city, from a middle-class home. She was working with the peasants in the field, effectively helping them organize for greater production and teaching them in spare time to read and write and keep accounts. She too talked of the "people" and spoke of the future with confidence, of a China prosperous and independent.

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In 1946 I made one last trip to Kalgan and Hsuan Hwa, medium-sized cities which the Japanese had industrialized on the border of Inner Mongolia. Americans in Peking and Shanghai had asked me after I had made my first trip there whether the Communist-led governments which had operated for years in the countryside could run modern industrial cities.

The coal mines were working at greater efficiency than when I had visited them a month before. An iron foundry, with four blast furnaces in Hsuan Hwa, was under repair. Factories producing matches, tobacco, rubber, vegetable oil and other products were going almost at full capacity. On my first trip to Kalgan I saw a paper factory which was under construction. When I visited Kalgan a month later, this factory was producing newsprint.

On my first trip to Kalgan I was awakened every morning by loud drum beats and clashing of cymbals. This was election campaign week, during which time education and dramatic groups from schools and every mass organization went out on the streets to interest the populace in the election. Teenagers with makeup on and in costumes danced the popular "yang ko," a folk dance.

As dancers went up and down streets, the people gathered. Then someone with a pail of water sprinkled the ground to keep the dust down. The dramatic groups formed a circle right there in the street and put on short skits. Songs emphasized election of "good, responsible people."

When a large gathering filled the street, the youngsters stopped dancing. They faced the crowd from inside the circle and gave short talks on the responsibility of each citizen to exercise his franchise. They urged everyone on that street to study the candidates whose names were posted on a blackboard at the street entrance.

On a back street we heard Ho Ta-ma, who was more popularly known as the "mother of the Eighth Route Army." Her speeches were short. She spoke about 10 sentences and ended with, "I have the interest of the people at heart." She received the best response from her people.

A liaison officer who was standing by me said she would get elected to the city council because she had helped wounded and sick soldiers during the anti-Japanese militarist resistance as though they were her sons.

I asked him if Ho Ta-ma could read and write. The officer looked at me as though I had asked a stupid question.

"We believe in democracy. Our government is not a monopoly of the landlords and the merchants," he said. "We have them, too, but we also have people like Mother Ho to represent the common people." And he added that Mother Ho had been deprived of opportunities to acquire a formal education.

Later on that day Liu Ts'eng-chi, chief of the OWI Chinese division in Shanghai, who accompanied me on this trip to Kalgan, started a conversation with a merchant who was listening to a campaign speech.

Liu asked the merchant about the election. Wasn't this something new in China? Was it fairly done?

Without turning to look at Liu, the merchant said casually as he puffed on his long pipe: "It seems now the toilers have their chance. Up to now, they had nothing to do with government."

One month later the election was in full swing. Schools were closed and students were canvassing and participating in elections, as were workers during their noon break and after working hours. The students told me that this was the practical side of their education. Kalgan was really in a carnival spirit. I had never seen an election popularized for the people to this extent.

Illiteracy, prevalent among the majority of peasants, was no bar to voting. At one booth I saw a voter dropping beans in jars placed behind candidates who faced the wall in a curtained-off area.

I still remember the words of Dr. Sydney Wei which I wrote down carefully in the early summer of 1946 when I was traveling in the Kiangsu-Anhwei border region. We conversed in English. Dr. Wei is a graduate of Oberlin College and took his doctorate in political science and education at the University of Chicago. He had once been a secretary to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and like many followers of the great leader he was opposed to the Chiang regime. He was vice chairman of the Kiangsu-Anhwei border region government.

Dr. Wei said to me: "The Chinese people are very sensitive to foreign intervention. From students to illiterate peasants, by everyone in China, intervention will be understood, no matter under what guise it comes. On this score, the illiterate Chinese understand better than well-educated Americans. Imperialists and their Chinese running-dogs have plagued China too long."

Dr. Wei was one of the last persons I spoke to in the liberated areas under the Yen'an administration before I left China in July 1946. Speaker T'ien Feng of the People's Political Council of the same border region was another.

"The spirit of Dr. Sun Yat-sen lives with people like us," Speaker T'ien Feng told me.

The 72-year-old official had been a colleague of Dr. Sun. He said people like him and Mme. Sun Yat-sen belonged to the old and genuine Kuomintang. The Kuomintang of Chiang Kai-shek had perverted Dr. Sun's "Three People's Principles" and his "Three Great Policies." The former he described as democracy, national independence and improvement of people's livelihood. The "Three Policies" he said were cooperation with the Soviet Union, cooperation with the Communists to resist imperialism, and supporting the interests of the workers and peasants.

As I listened to Speaker T'ien Feng, I realized that men like him, who called themselves liberals in China, read and studied Marxism just as they did the writings of Chinese scholars and philosophers. Students did likewise in Kuomintang territory where Chiang's gendarmes enforced thought control. They took up competing philosophies and sifted the contents in their minds.

T'ien Feng said that the people will decide what is best for them. Chiang, with all his soldiers, gendarmes, concentration camps, informers and courts, failed to hold down the people.

I recalled what an Indian student told me months before in Calcutta as Speaker T'ien Feng related his thoughts to me, his face glowing in the flickering light.

"You Americans as a nation are highly literate, but your ignorance is surprising," the Indian had said.

He was right. We generally shy away from serious subjects. Our schools help to develop this tendency. And here was Speaker T'ien, his mind open and active. He had lived under the warlords Yuan Shih-kai and Chiang. They certainly had given him no liberal influence.

My tour of China was about over. The morning after my talk with Speaker T'ien I flew out of the liberated area for the last time. I looked down on the panorama which is the land of China's peasantry. Down there on both sides of the truce lines, peasants in uniform faced each other, with captured Japanese and American military equipment in their hands. On one side stood Yen-an's troops with popular support. On the other side, the Kuomintang troops sat out the truce with American support.

This land below us was a "Tobacco Road," but it was transforming through the struggles of the people. Long ago, in poor sharecropper areas of Georgia, I wondered how the white and Negro farmers could lift their living standards. They were divided and pitted against each other by jim crowism. Here, the land problem was being solved. In the rural areas of Northern China the peasants were organized. They were breaking away from the traditions of their ancestors, who lived isolated, ignorant lives. The peasants among whom I moved in the liberated and guerrilla areas stirred and pressed for a change for the better. They became owners of their land, with government support. They had leadership in Mao Tse-tung and in the young city intellectuals and students who went to them, studied their age-old problems and helped them lick them.

I arrived in Shanghai one week after a mass student anti-civil war demonstration. Fifty thousand students had sent off to Nanking a delegation of YWCA, bank, merchant, school and other representatives to petition General Marshall, Chiang Kai-shek and Chou En-lai to stop civil war. These businessmen and scholars, including my friend Mrs. Kitty Yen, who represented the YWCA, were beaten up by Kuomintang secret police and ruffians at Nanking. These delegates were not Communists but liberals and conservatives. The assault against Communists had, like in Germany and Japan, turned into attacks against all opposition.

When Sunday arrived there was talk of another demonstration. Since these demonstrations took on an anti-American slant, GIs were instructed not to go out on the streets. In their barracks and hotel rooms, the Americans waited all day for it to take place. There was no parade.

I spent part of the day with my superior and discussed with him the Yang Chao case. Yang Chao, a Chinese liberal, had been an employee of

the OWI office in Fukien. While carrying out his duties as news and information worker for the U.S. government, he became a suspect of the gendarmerie of a reactionary regional commander of Chiang Kai-shek. The gendarmes demanded that the Americans turn him over to them. Yang pleaded with his OWI superiors to give him protection, for he knew he would be killed by Chiang's police. The American in charge of the Fukien OWI office finally gave Yang to the secret police.

But not all Americans crawled before the Kuomintang gestapo. Edward Rohrbough, OWI news editor at Fukien and now of the *Honolulu Record* staff, protested this arrest. When Yang was taken away, he headed for the Kuomintang prison to demand Yang's release. He was refused. For one week he carried out a sit-down strike in the prison compound. Months later, Yang died in another prison. All except one American had let him down at the moment he needed their support most urgently.

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On October 1, 1952, 450 million people celebrated the third anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China. Here in the U.S., this news is played down or ignored by the press, but among the billion people of Asia, the occasion is historic. They rejoiced when New China lifted the rusted anchor of Western imperialism and threw it on board the exploiter's ship in sending her away. New China demanded equality. In an area where the white man's imperialism is most unpopular, New China's conduct evoked sympathy and support. China is showing other Asians how they, too, can develop their own countries as sovereign states.

China has set an example in agrarian Asia of turning land over to the tillers. More than 300 million people have benefited from this agrarian reform policy in New China. They now produce more through cooperative efforts and by utilizing new techniques taught them by agricultural specialists. And China, which was known for frequent famines, had enough grain last year to ship several hundred thousand tons to famine-stricken India.

Last week I read in a local newspaper that Chiang Kai-shek on Taiwan had alerted his "guerrillas" in China for an attack against the People's Republic. From Taiwan, Chiang's forces would attack the mainland, the report said. Chiang cannot engage in military adventures without U.S. support.

I was amused by the article, which said the Taiwanese peasants are working harder and producing more because land rent has been reduced from 50 to 60 percent of the annual crop to 37.5 percent. The Yenan government reduced rent during the anti-Japanese war and New China has now redistributed the land to the peasants. Chiang is years behind the

times, and he sounds stupid to boast of rent reduction on Taiwan when in China "land to the tillers" has been realized.

I also read recently a magazine published by Mme. Sun Yat-sen's China Welfare Institute. It is a new periodical started this year [1952], and it has a fitting name, "China Reconstructs." It has many illustrations of the New China, all showing that the vast continental nation has rolled up its sleeves to tackle the gigantic job of educating the illiterate, of producing plenty so that people will not die of recurrent famine as before, and of controlling the floods which had brought sorrow to millions year after year.

I was interested in an article written by Fu Tso-yi titled "Ending the Flood Menace." When I was assigned to the guerrilla area in 1944 and 1945, Fu Tso-yi was a warlord blockading one side of the area I was in. I had stopped in his territory during the period of the Marshall truce mission. General Fu was under Chiang Kai-shek's thumb and he squeezed the peasants in his area, as did all warlords, and the people despised him.

Today, he is a rehabilitated man, who believes in social progress, and the minister of water conservancy in the People's Republic. His department is in charge of the Huai River project, where about 2,500,000 people are working, removing 16 million cubic yards of earth since work started in November 1950. Earth dikes extending 1,120 miles have been built.

I was particularly interested in some of Minister Fu's observations. "Our historical records," Fu writes, "count no less than 979 floods along the river's course between 246 BC and 1948 AD. In other words, the Huai has produced a flood every two years for some seventy generations! There are three basic conditions making for floods along the Huai. They have always been the same and have been known for centuries."

But no one did anything about it. Chiang did nothing. He left China in such a state that the July 1950 flood inundated 6,600,000 acres in the Huai area, which has 50 million peasants, or one-third of the population of the United States. Floods are being controlled today; food is ample for the first time, and surplus grain was shipped to India last year during the famine.

Today, Admiral Arthur W. Radford is plugging to "rehabilitate" Chiang by giving him more arms. The U.S. has spent more than \$5 billion in military supplies on Chiang since V-J Day, and most of the help was given when he ruled a large part of China. Chiang was repudiated by the Chinese people and only U.S. dollars and assistance have kept him in the global political picture.

With Chiang to Formosa went the leeches and warlords, where they are living out of U.S. taxpayers pockets. The true patriots of China remained, and they are reconstructing the great nation.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES

I leaned against the railing of the afterdeck of the *SS Meiggs* and watched Shanghai's skyline in early July 1946. A Canadian missionary who occupied a bunk near mine in a cargo hold was telling me of his experiences in inland China.

From far below I heard religious singing and as I looked down on the pier I saw about a hundred Jews with upturned faces. From the ship's deck more than a hundred Jews who leaned against the rail began humming as though in response. Soon they, too, began to chant.

This departure of Jewish refugees pointed up the historical persecution of the Jews. They were then people without a homeland. As the ship moved down the river to the open sea, the plaintive refrain of the chant came to us from the shore.

I recalled that when I was a child in Kona, even before I had met a Jew, father constantly told us that the Jews were persecuted because they did not have a country. In 1946, the British were still fighting the Jews in attempting to keep them from establishing their homeland in Palestine. But my father had no clear concept of a democratic state. Until the day he died he worshipped the emperor of Japan and told us heroic stories of warlords in feudal Japan.

Father told us children that we would always be Japanese because the white man felt superior to and was prejudiced against Orientals. He believed that a strong Japan would protect us. To him, a strong Japan was a militarist Japan and the logical development of his thinking meant war. He was a 200 per cent Japanese, a counterpart of the 200 per cent Americans of the West. And like other 200 per centers, he harbored racial prejudice. One called the Orientals "Mongols" and ones like father called a Caucasian not "hakujin" (white man) but "keto" (hairy man).

Father never experienced or observed a group of forward-looking white people joining with non-whites to fight militantly for equality. His contact with the white man was on the plantations, where lunas abused contract laborers like him. He never knew what a democratic trade union was like, where workers depended upon their own resources.

He and the majority of others of his generation who came as contract laborers, being denied citizenship, looked to Japan for protection. And because the plantation employers used force, violence, deceit and bribes to keep the workers from organizing, and from cooperating among themselves and with laborers of other national stock, they looked more to their native countries for support. And the stronger their native countries, they believed, the greater the pressure they could bring to bear on their adopted country to treat contract laborers better.

To father and others like him of his generation who were unfamiliar with democratic organizational procedures, the idea of an all-powerful emperor appealed. But workers have become self-reliant with the passing of years. They choose their leaders and take care of their own problems. But the right to cooperate among themselves to better their conditions was won through hard struggles. And the idea of unity—the need of it—had to be learned by them.

On the *Meiggs*, I enjoyed talking to Jewish refugees. For many years I had noticed the pride the Jews had in their culture and background. It seemed to me that those I had known did not fall for the idea of “assimilation,” as some members of other persecuted minorities did.

Conscious assimilation accepts the superiority of another culture. It is an attempt to submerge one’s self in another culture and to lose one’s own culture’s identity.

It seemed to me that the Jews I had known did not consciously put on a chameleon’s act in order to be “accepted.” Anglo-Saxon culture is just another culture to them, having its good and bad points. They have theirs.

These people fought prejudice and discrimination and asserted their equality. And when one fights in such a manner, how can he feel inferior to the race, cultural and religious supremacists?

Actually, a person belonging to a suppressed minority begins to feel equal to others when he consciously begins fighting prejudice.

We sailed toward home for about 10 days among pleasant companions. One morning I was sleeping on deck when the ship’s loudspeaker announced my name along with those of two other Nisei. One of them was Arthur Miyakawa from New York, who had been in charge of our OWI office in Hankow. The other was a young Nisei woman who was returning to the U.S. after spending the war years in Japanese-occupied China.

We three went to the purser’s office, wondering why we were the only ones called.

A Chinese American clerk in the purser’s office asked us to sign a manifest.

I read the heading of a big yellow sheet. I said: "But this is an alien's manifest."

"Yes. You sign on the alien manifest."

I informed the clerk that I was a veteran. I was now an employee of the State Department. The clerk said that made no difference. All Orientals, regardless of citizenship, must sign an alien manifest.

Arthur and I tried to argue that we three should sign a citizen's manifest. The purser said: "It's your State Department which laid down the regulation long ago. Don't blame us. We don't want to treat you as non-citizens."

The clerk said: "It's the Department of Interior regulations. If I were to travel, I must do the same thing because I am an Oriental. Don't raise hell with me."

We signed the manifest.

A Caucasian seaman who had been listening to our heated conversation asked us what was wrong. We told him and he hit the ceiling.

This incident brought home to me that during all my months in Asia, the people there had accepted me and other Americans of Oriental ancestry as Americans. We had been born and raised in the United States. But as we approached our native land, we found that we had to enter our country by signing an alien manifest. The foreigners, who had their own country, had no kick about signing an alien manifest. It was proper for them to do so.

The seaman told us we shouldn't give up our fight. He said that Negroes, whites and all minorities must get together to fight discriminatory practices.

"If you win, the others benefit. If the Negroes win, you benefit. That is how we fight in our maritime union," he explained.

I got off the ship in San Francisco and headed for Los Angeles to meet Taeko and our daughter Linda. I had last seen them at Manzanar Relocation Center. The life behind watch towers and barbed wire was behind us.

The three of us travelled to New York, where I was going to be separated from the U.S. Information Service.

I wanted to write a book about my overseas experiences. Numerous friends and acquaintances had encouraged me to do so. I did not know how to go about contacting publishers. Friends helped me in making the rounds of publishing houses.

One day a publisher I had never gone to asked me to contact his firm immediately. I learned that a vice president of the firm was in China looking for manuscripts. A friend of mine had told him about my wartime

experiences. He was interested and wired his home office to arrange a meeting with me.

I prepared a synopsis of a book I intended to write. The publisher gave me a contract and paid me what was considered a substantial amount for an unknown writer. He wanted to rush the book, and I did my best to speed production on my end. As I brought the draft of the chapters to the firm, the editor who took the material seemed pleased.

Meanwhile the publisher [Reynal and Hitchcock] announced the publication of my book in his spring booklist. It was the winter of 1946. I had three more chapters to write.

While on this stretch I received bad news. One evening a writer friend came to my apartment to inform me that the publishing firm had undergone a shakeup. In this process my book, along with about 10 others, had been dropped.

When I went to the publishing firm the next day I found that the vice president and a few other editors were either resigning or were being laid off. A major issue was policy disagreement.

I was told that the Roosevelt New Deal era was at an end and that U.S. domestic and foreign policy would swing to the right. Witch hunting of the publishing and radio businesses was expected. The firm's president wanted to stay conservative and play safe. All this happened a few weeks before the application of the Truman doctrine in Greece and Turkey.

I also found that the company's vice president and president disagreed over Henry Wallace's views on China at that time. The firm had been publishing Wallace's books. At lunch with the firm's executives, Wallace had criticized Chiang Kai-shek's regime and talked of the need of a coalition government in China. Since the firm's vice president agreed with Wallace, the company president clashed with his subordinate.

So my book was dropped. Times were changing rapidly. Suppression of ideas and information by political pressure on publishing companies was part of the tidal wave of hysteria which was to silence liberal radio commentators, writers, professors and artists of all types.

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As I look back to Kona, to the waterfront of my longshore days, to Georgia where I saw Tobacco Road conditions, to Manzanar where we of Japanese ancestry were held behind barbed wire, and to my experiences overseas as a GI, I see that there have always been people who struggled for improvement. I have learned from them. The conditions I've experienced have shaped my thoughts, raising in my mind protests to bad conditions and advocacy of improvement.

I have written that ideas develop from conditions, from one's own experiences and observations in given situations—and do not come from thin air.

I began thinking long ago when we experienced hard times in Kona whether there is any way of eliminating depression. I began opposing and fighting discrimination when I experienced bias toward me and my friends by other people because of color and ancestry. I saw the crime of intervention in foreign affairs from my China experiences.

All these made strong impacts upon me and helped shape my thinking. The conditions that I experienced developed me. A great many of these situations require improvement. No one disagrees on this point. I have directed my thoughts toward that end, and I have tried to find answers to the problems, just as many others likewise must have done and must be doing.

In the eyes of the guardians of the status quo, to do so is a crime.

Those who consistently advocate improvements are hauled into the courts under Smith Act indictments. They are charged with conspiring to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

But what are the guardians of "free enterprise" doing to eliminate depression, to foster freedom and economic advancement of colonial and semi-colonial areas, and also at home to bring about higher wages, lower prices, shorter workdays and cultural advancement?

Which is the social and which is the anti-social position? History has demonstrated time and again that social changes take place, that those who strive for better conditions are sustained in the end.

AFTERWORD

In the heat of revolutionary upsurge, the founders of our nation wrote in the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, that:

Prudence, indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

In the present situation, who is guilty of progressively undermining the people's confidence in government? Is it the Truman administration, which is riddled by graft and corruption and which is giving at best poor leadership? Or is it people like me, who raise our voices against such graft and corruption, and constantly remind the administration of its 1948 campaign promises to extend civil rights, repeal of the Taft-Hartley law, etc., all of which were thrown overboard to satisfy Dixiecrats and the reactionary Republicans, and to win their support for a war program when menacing recession and unemployment frightened the incompetent administration?

Nothing more clearly destroys the confidence of people in government than bad leadership. Recognizing this, the architects of our nation wrote in the Declaration of Independence:

[W]hensoever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (securing of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by the people), it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

The language here is very clear. I have not said as much in the editorial columns of the *Honolulu Record*, the medium of my communication with the reading public.

But I am charged with advocating the violent overthrow of the government.

Is the fight against discrimination because of color, religion or belief, against abuses of laborers, colonialism and subjugation of hundreds of millions, or the struggle for civil liberties and for a sane and peaceful world destructive of our government? Only a government which is for big business, which neglects and ignores civil liberties, particularly for non-whites, is for perpetuating colonialism, and is for a war program, would label such pursuits dangerous to itself.

The ideas which I possess and for which I now stand indicted under the Smith Act became a part of me as the result of my observations and experiences here in this country. I am not charged with any overt act of crime, but for my ideas, which Attorney General McGrath seeks to lock behind bars.

Many times in the history of our country, dominant, bigoted elements have whipped up hysteria to stifle the thinking and behavior of the vast populace. Fear stalked the land then, a country proud of its democratic heritage, as non-conformists were arrested and thrown in jail, all in the attempt by the ruling elements to quash criticism and control the thoughts of the people.

Such was the time of the Alien and Sedition Acts, when Thomas Jefferson himself was labelled a foreign agent. A great democratic movement was shaking France then, as the rising capitalist class took over the government from the feudal nobility.

Such also was the time after the First World War, when the Palmer raids were conducted by G-Men and jails were crowded, especially in the eastern states. A great revolution was going on in Europe, particularly in Russia, where the Tsarist government was removed and replaced by a government of workers, peasants and intellectuals. Here, too, feudalism was wiped away and the Soviet Union moved to socialism.

In the spring of 1942, when 110,000 of us, all of Japanese ancestry, were put behind barbed wire and watch towers, we were not charged with any overt act of crime against the United States. This was another period of hysteria within our country when so many of us were summarily locked away—and for what? At that time the dominant racists and vested interests who wanted to grab hold of alien and Japanese American property and businesses made it appear that we were dangerous, and so many Americans came to believe this.

Such also is the present period, following World War II, which awakened the consciousness of colonial peoples for independence and a better life of decency, equality and human respect. Many nations participated in the struggle against the Axis powers and the colonial and semi-colonial people who took up arms on our side learned to fight against imperialism.

While they resisted Japanese or German imperialism during the war, when the war was over they resisted, in like manner, the return of the British or Dutch or French rulers to again exploit them and the natural resources of their land.

As Supreme Court Justice Douglas and many others prominent in our country have said, this is a period of great social revolution. Today, imperialism is at the twilight stage. Korea, Indo-China, Malaya, Iran, and the present conflict in Egypt are all part and parcel of the struggle of a billion colonial or semi-colonial people for control over their own lives.

And today there is hysteria again in our great country of democratic traditions, which grew out of a revolution to free people of the thirteen colonies from despotic British rule.

Because our country grew out of such a struggle for freedom, and because the movement for liberation inspired under Roosevelt's administration—particularly during World War II—it was natural for colonial people to look to the United States for support in freeing themselves from British, French or Dutch rule after the war. But the leaders of our nation—the dominant business and financial groups and their errand boys in government—are interested in the natural resources and cheap labor of the colonies and semi-colonies controlled by Britain, France and the Netherlands. If the people become free and independent, the profiteering would end. Such is the threatening condition in oil-rich Iran today, or rubber-rich Malaya.

To keep down or destroy the aspirations of these freedom-seeking people, the imperialist powers use force against them. Thus, today imperialism means war, and freedom and development of colonial areas means peace.

In such a time it is very unpopular to speak out for peace. Now, as during the period of the Alien and Sedition Acts and the Palmer raids, fear stalks the land again. People who do not conform to the "cold" war, "contain communism" way of thinking are arrested and jailed. The constitutional right for bail is even denied, as in the case of fifteen Smith Act victims in Los Angeles. These arrests are only the beginning of further mass arrests if they are not stopped by an aroused populace.

None of the numerous Smith Act victims are charged with any overt act against the country. But their arrests and trials are employed to silence opposition to the unpopular war program and to whip up war sentiment, something which is essential to continue the "emergency" economy that brings high profits to the big industrialists and financiers. And in order to create such a hysterical atmosphere, the propaganda is directed against the Soviet Union, communism and socialism.

Today, on a national scale, the red issue is being used to split major unions. The Truman administration, which is masterminded by representatives of big business, has played a major role in splitting the CIO [Congress of Industrial Organizations]. The left-wing unions were expelled because they refused to support the Democratic Party or the administration's foreign policy, or both. The CIO and the AFL [American Federation of Labor], worried about a depression, went along with the war program. And in doing so, they have helped to keep the Taft-Hartley law on the books, an anti-labor legislation which President Truman himself denounced as a slave-labor law but a weapon he has already used nine times to break strikes.

Today after a few years of the war program, more and more of the rank and file workers complain of higher taxes and higher prices, and they want peace. They are appalled by the corruption among Democratic Party officials to whom their leaders have latched their unions.

Thus it becomes a "conspiracy" against the big-business captured government for anyone to call for peace. Harry Bridges was thrown in jail last year for advocating peaceful settlement of the Korean war. The mass protest of Hawaiian sugar workers greatly influenced his release from prison.

In various ways I hear people ask: "What is wrong? There is something gravely wrong when our government functions best when it is producing to destroy mankind and the goods they create."

Today, the FBI and the Justice Department harassment is directed against advocates of peace, when our country is spending 88 cents out of every dollar for war and war preparation, against Communists and those suspected of being Communists, but the system of "subversive" listing to keep people frightened and in line—like jim-crowism—hits all minorities. One persecutes on the ideological and even religious level, while the other works on the color line.

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I received my university education during the period when the political climate in our country was liberal. I remember reading Clifford Odets' play, "Waiting for Lefty," in one of my English classes during the late thirties at the University of Hawaii. Odets then had his feet on the ground, felt the pulsation of the broad masses of Americans about whom he wrote as a W.P.A. playwright, and moved in the cultural mainstream of the New Deal decade.

Two weeks ago [May 1952], he crawled before the un-American committee in the nation's capitol. He probably recants that he ever wrote a play such as "Waiting for Lefty" about twenty years ago, the play that brought

him national fame as a progressive playwright. And that means an apology that he ever had interest in the people's aspiration for a better life, human decency and respect. And that is to swallow his words of 1949 when he vigorously defended the top U.S. Communist leaders when they were on trial under the Smith Act.

In this period of belly-crawling acts before racists like Senator Pat McCarran and Congressman John S. Wood of Georgia, both of whom run the Un-American show in the upper and lower houses of Congress, I wonder how many university professors can discuss "Waiting for Lefty" in its proper setting? It is a play written during the depression years when the Communists and militant progressives gave leadership in organizing trade unions. This is history, but can a faculty member discuss this with students at a time when the Territorial Department of Public Instruction discourages the students from reading important selections from the works of Jefferson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thoreau, Frederick Douglass and others?

A witch hunt is like a contagious disease that eats away the tissues of good sense and fair play, leaving behind ugly and dangerous sores of prejudice, hatred and/or paralyzing fear.

A witch hunt softens a great many individuals by gnawing at their innards and tearing at their guts. It becomes, in an atmosphere of fear and hysteria, a vicious weapon of despots and the unscrupulous.

A witch hunt weakens the intellectual, moral and creative fiber of the nation's people. It not only makes people distrust one another, but leaves a populace appallingly ignorant of world events, which in these times of great social changes, it is intended to do. Therefore, today, when approximately half the world lives by Marxian philosophy and other parts are influenced by it, in this nation of democratic tradition we experience intimidation, persecution and thought control. From cultural workers, the artists and the writers who popularize ideas, bread and butter is taken away if they do not conform. So we have giants of our nation's cultural movement, like Paul Robeson, barred from the concert stage, going to the people, singing to them and talking to them, in awakening their conscience and encouraging them to fight for freedom and peace.

All the books I have read are sold in the open market and stacked on library shelves. The other day, I took down a few books from the shelves of a public library. In the courts, I noted that books like these are on trial for the first time in our nation's history.

So now it has come to the point where the local post office is quietly burning incoming issues of the *China Monthly Review*, a magazine published in Shanghai by American-born William Powell, a graduate of the University

of Missouri school of journalism and a son of a well-known newspaperman, with an extensive background in the Far East. This magazine has prestige. Numerous experts and students of Far Eastern affairs subscribe to it. The periodical is found on the shelves of numerous libraries. The postmaster has been acting under orders of the solicitor of the U.S. Postal Department.

Evidently those behind this book-burning policy do not want the people of this country to know what is actually taking place in China. The *China Monthly Review* carries articles on reconstruction and rehabilitation programs. It describes the peace sentiment of the Chinese and it has been critical of U.S. military intervention in Korea. It has shown that despite the U.S. embargo against China, that country has been spurting ahead in economic development. It has given statistics on the increase in the number of schools, teachers and students, on new housing development, and on the increase in production of consumer goods.

The stopping of the *Review* is intended to keep Americans ignorant about China, while at the same time, our official government and the vested interest propagandists who constantly yell about the "bamboo curtain" speak and write of "Chinese imperialism." They want the people here to believe that China wants to "conquer" Asia. Hard-hitting magazines like the *Review* frustrate their stratagem and bring information to Americans that the Chinese do not want war, but peace.

What the U.S. authorities are doing follows the pattern of Chiang Kai-shek's behavior. Chiang slapped a blockade against Yenan during the last war. His propagandists then told the world that Yenan drugged people in its territory with opium, ran slave labor camps, and was making deals with the Japanese invaders.

Free trade and coexistence are the basis for peace. Recently, I read of speeches being made on the Pacific Coast by Miss Maud Russell, for twenty years a YWCA worker in China. She is speaking out against embargo and for China trade, which would mean two million jobs for U.S. workers that do not depend on a war economy.

A few people representing vested interests are telling the whole populace what to read and what not to read. A whole nation is being insulted and intimidated. Scientists and scholars are frightened by bigoted, demagogic politicians.

Why are books on trial now, books of twenty, forty and one hundred years ago? Why have they become "dangerous" and "subversive" now? This thought control is an admission of weakness in the competition of ideas. Not many years ago we were told in school that freedom of thought was an American virtue. Today, this boast cannot be made.

An objective, scientific and thorough examination of books and their contents is desirable. The American people are capable of doing this, in seeing what thoughts the books contain. Rather than being permitted to do this, people in this country are being chased away from the free marketplace of ideas. This weakens the moral and intellectual fiber of a nation.

If anyone is subverting "free enterprise," it is no one else but its guardians. Actually, their method of defense is a subversion.

Abroad, thinking people regard "free enterprise" as Western imperialism. And by thinking people, I do not mean mere scholars and businessmen, but hundreds of millions of workers and peasants. They do not want wars of capitalist competition, of foreign domination. And they are fortifying their thinking in their marketplace of ideas. Their thinking is militant.

At home, books are put on trial to impress people that non-conformity is dangerous. Books are being taken off library shelves. And who knows but what a dossier is being kept of people reading certain books in the library. This is not surprising in a political climate where thought control Federal police—the FBI—open private letters, tap telephones and bug people's homes—the people's inviolable castles.

But it is not in the cards that the American people should be regimented and pushed around in this manner. If they allow it to continue, it will mean more war spending, more "Koreas" and a world holocaust.

When I was going through the books in the library, I recalled how impressed we were as children to hear that Abraham Lincoln walked miles to borrow books which he read by the light of burning logs. Lincoln was not afraid of ideas. He corresponded with workers of London led by Karl Marx himself, and personally promoted Joseph Wedemeyer, a known Communist, from a colonel to a general in the Union Army.

Of course, we never read these historical facts in school. Either our teachers kept this information from us or they themselves did not know about it. I believe the latter is more likely and, this being the case, now knowing that communism and communists were on the American scene a hundred years ago, they scurry for cover at the least bit of red-baiting and talk of "subversive" foreign ideology. They should know that about a hundred years ago a United States Congress invited a Utopian Socialist, Robert Owen, to speak to that body.

To keep the minds of the people from anti-war thinking, liberal and progressive and Marxist influences, thought control laws are invoked. They are unable, however, to cope with the advancement in thinking in the non-white world, where the method of orderly and scientific approach and analysis of world problems is deepening its roots. People abroad are grappling

with ideas, new ideas, just as the founders of this nation did in ending British domination of their lives in the 1770s.

So many of us who have been brought up with the idea of Western superiority think in terms of the West doing this and that for Asians or people of other economically backward areas. And while we should know better, or feel that we do, we are often surprised to discover that we harbor thoughts which we had consciously tried to get rid of.

We cannot bring basic changes in the economy and social conditions in foreign countries. This the people there will bring about, and we can only support them—and no more. By the same token, people or powers from the outside cannot keep changes from taking place in a country indefinitely, for the very act of resisting such a change for the better would intensify the struggle to bring improvements.

Today in the colonial, semi-colonial and economically less developed areas, we find people with a new consciousness for human decency, self-respect and independence, and they cannot be pushed around.

In a way, the struggle of the peasants to own the land they till is like the struggle of workers in this country to organize unions for collective bargaining. One pertains to an agricultural society and the other to the industrial. One has landlords, the other has industrialists.

Workers, as in Hawaii, quickly spot anti-union activities. In the same way, peasants and their allies in Asia notice unfriendly acts against them. One group calls his interest “pork chop”; the other, “a full rice bowl” and human dignity.

I feel that human decency and respect everywhere, among all people, will come when man’s exploitation of man ends everywhere, when we stop sending arms to foreign countries to keep people divided and fighting among themselves so that they continue to be weak and always ripe for exploitation, and when human lives in Asia or Africa are not regarded as cheap, and we realize that all people are the same under the skin.

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I spent the past weekend [September 1952] in the Puna district, where I had lived a couple of my most important formative years. I visited Pahoā, where I met old friends and made new ones. I was happy to see the people more prosperous and independent. It hurt me, however, to see workers and their families living in the same old plantation houses, unattractive and dilapidated on the outside. What a contrast it is to see and feel the warm and home-like atmosphere inside these shacks to which the workers return after a hard day’s labor.

And what a contrast these houses are to the mansion in which Manager Frank Burns lives. I was told Burns remarked that he doesn't care to live in his "stable," which is too big and too troublesome to clean. The manager's "stable" is a huge building, standing high, with a new coat of paint, within a spacious, neatly kept lawn. Manager Burns would rather have, the talk goes, a more compact, modern-type house. His house is a carry-over from the old days when the plantation bosses felt like kings among slaves.

Manager Burns, of course, would not put up his family in houses the like of which you find in Camps Two or Six at Pahoā, or at Eight and 1/2 Mile or Nine and 1/2 Mile at Olāa.

The change in the outlook and attitude of people, for example at Pahoā, gave me encouragement and happiness. I met old friends like Estanislao Galopon and Antonio Agmata, whom I knew twenty years ago. I was then a store clerk in Pahoā, and I noticed they bought eggplant, beans, onions and bagoong during the off season. They had no choice but to buy the cheapest food that would fill their stomachs. Then when cutting season came around, they bought eggs and meat, but sparingly.

Today, the workers are freer to the extent that they have more money to spend for food, household needs, clothing or entertainment. And you hear them talk of their "union."

Daniel Gallardo, of Camp Two, Pahoā, is still a most friendly and thoughtful person, and he has grown tremendously in stature through his participation in the union. I remember delivering kerosene, rice and food packages to his room in the barracks-like camp house. He used to ask me how much I made on the W.P.A. project where I worked part-time about thirty hours a week. When I said I made more than twice his pay, he used to shake his head. He worked harder than I did and was exhausted at the end of the day. But the idea of a "union" to elevate living standards never entered our discussion two decades ago.

Twenty years ago, the president of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association was saying that laborers imported from the Orient were no different from jute bags brought from India in which to sack sugar. Common workers were regarded as lowly creatures then.

Today, the workers have won dignity, respect and decency, and their social outlook has changed. The conduct and attitude of employers have helped to bring about this change. Older Filipinos, Japanese and Portuguese and the younger elements are closely knit, and they have battered down the artificial dividing wall of suspicion and disunity put up by the employers. And you hear workers speak of a "Filipino brother" and not "bayau," which was used in former times. The union has eliminated to a large extent the poison of prejudice and hate instilled by the employers.

How strong are people united to improve their living standards and to win independence and human decency!

* * * * *

Now the unAmerican Activities Committee is on the run. In Chicago it packed up and scuttled back to Washington after three and one-half days of hearings when it had announced a two-week affair.

In Los Angeles, the unAmericans met the same kind of defiance. Trade unionists, housewives and professional people are taking the offensive to rout and finish the committee. This is the growing challenge during the high tide of reaction. The ebb follows.

More and more people are getting tired of being hounded and heaped with indignities. Some take courage in the growing resistance of people who refuse not only to crawl before the committee, but who fight back. They are fed up with the low congressional practice of making heroes out of stoolpigeons. They have faith in the Constitution and invoke its guarantees to prevent the witch hunters from stepping into their province of legal rights.

We remember the headlines of about three years ago when ten Hollywood screen writers and directors refused to answer the unAmerican committee. They invoked the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of speech in declaring their right to remain silent. They were convicted. Today, people speak of the "Hollywood Nine" because one lost courage and self-respect and went crawling to the committee because he wanted to be "respectable" and to feel the jingle of Hollywood dollars in his pocket.

Exercise of intelligent courage made the Hollywood Nine stick to their guns. And while they served their time, they made their contribution in the struggle to outlaw the unAmericans.

Close at home, here in Hawaii, the "Defiant 39" invoked the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees one the right not to answer incriminating questions. Thirty-nine individuals were cited for contempt of Congress by the unAmerican committee. And the thirty-nine were upheld by the court on their legal stand in refusing to turn stoolpigeons. But here, too, the Hawaii Thirty-nine are now the Thirty-eight, for one has gone crawling. Jack Kawano has become the stoolpigeon, turning against his former union in joining the big bosses in attacking it.

Today in places like Chicago and Los Angeles, housewives, professionals and workers find protection under the Fifth Amendment as they fight back against the unAmericans. They take courage from the fight of others who made their fight earlier. They undoubtedly appreciate the integrity

and understanding of the Hollywood Nine, Hawaii Thirty-nine, and others like them, and that of the early fighters for democratic processes who insisted that the Bill of Rights be spelled out long, long ago.

Men of property and special privilege in the founding days of our country tried to assure the people that the right of free speech, press and religion were implied in the Constitution. But the common people refused to accept this assurance as a guarantee, and refused to ratify a Constitution that did not put down these inalienable rights in black and white.

Thus, the Constitution says, "Congress shall make no law" abridging these rights. The struggle to win these provisions, the Bill of Rights, was a major event.

But the Bill of Rights is not safe. For example, it is not safe as long as 16 million Negroes do not enjoy their full guarantees. They actually have not been fully established because racists and varied interest elements with power, in and out of government, have found it profitable to keep them from full employment.

In the South, particularly, it has been made unsafe for Negroes to speak their minds and to assert their minimum rights.

In Hawaii, a national Negro magazine said in a recent issue, numerous Negroes try to pass as Hawaiians. Why? Because of discrimination.

When 16 million Negroes are subjected to frameups, persecution, lynching, discrimination in housing, education and in jobs, indignities, and what have you, the climate in the country is suitable for the unAmericans.

The strategists of the unAmerican committees have generally been congressmen from the South. In their states they do not need the unAmerican committees to harass and persecute the Negroes. And they carry their prejudices to the far corners of the country.

Ever since I was indicted under the Smith Act, along with six others on August 28, 1951, I have frequently thought that the persecution of people by the use of the Smith and McCarran Acts, and the harassments by the unAmerican committee, bad as they are, are comparatively mild when we consider what the Negroes go through in our country year in and year out. Their growing struggle for freedom and equality is a common struggle of all democratic-minded people.

Representative Howard Smith of Virginia, who authorized the Smith Act, admitted that his law was aimed to "get around the limitations imposed by the First Amendment" [*Congressional Record*, May 19, 1940]. He is a southerner who does not believe in the Bill of Rights.

The Smith Act attempts to put ideas behind bars. This is impossible, for ideas grow out of actual conditions.

Thus, people fight for peace when they see the horrors, devastation, and waste in wars. They realize the desirability of organization, like in trade unions, when they become aware that dog-eat-dog competition is against their interests. When they experience poverty amidst plenty, chaos in the economic setup, and depressions, they begin to think of social planning.

The Smith Act is actually a plot to overthrow the Constitution of the United States. Representative Smith admits that.

Thomas Jefferson would not be safe today. In his first inaugural address, President Jefferson said:

If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.⁶⁹

People cannot say the same today. The spirit of the times has changed. But this is not a permanent situation.

In about three weeks the Smith Act trial here will get underway. More than a year has passed since our indictment. And as I look back I see that the Smith Act case brought a favorable change to Hawaii.

The jury which indicted us and the jury list from which it was chosen were predominantly haole and people classed as tied up with big employers. The non-haoles, particularly the people of Japanese ancestry, were under-represented, and so were the workers in the major industries.

The government prosecutors who are pushing the Smith Act case fought for the unrepresentative jury list, and Federal Judge J. Frank McLaughlin stood four-square behind that jury list.

Who's fighting for democratic processes and constitutional rights?

Today, even the Big Five lawyers claim the former grand jury was not valid, that it did not represent a cross-section of the community. They put forth this argument in a current tax suit.

The old jury list is gone and the present one is more representative. Here the Smith Act defense has brought a constructive improvement in the Federal court system. Decent and fair-minded haoles prefer this change. The advocates of the Smith Act want a haole-boss jury system.

Thus the people fight for decency, equality and self-respect.

It may sound paradoxical when I say that I am consciously participating in the struggle of our generation to wipe away a great part of the conditions that have shaped my thinking.

The path I traveled, not of my own choosing, was full of inequities. The poverty of the coffee farm tenancy in Kona, and the depression that

affected our lives, raised many probing questions in my mind, just as it must have in the minds of others.

At first my questions were simple and very personal: Why must we suffer? Why can't everyone live like the bosses?

Then the questions took a more meaningful form: Must we have recurrent depressions? Why can't there be permanent prosperity? In like manner, when I began to work for wages, I asked myself: Why does my employer pay so little? Why must we work for almost nothing? How can we get equitable wages? Will I be fired if I ask for more? Would it be fair to do so? Will others join me in making the demand?

These were natural reactions to the conditions in society as I found them. There came a time when I began to look for the correction of inequities. I can see nothing wrong in this.

My contention has always been, through the study of history, that only a terribly weak, corrupt, oppressive and incompetent government, lacking the confidence of popular support for its programs, fears active minds, ideas, and the questions raised by the populace.

If a government is doing what is right and just for humanity, there is no reason to frighten people into silence, thus stopping the free flow of ideas.

We are a sick nation today, with a stagnation of the minds. In this land of democratic traditions, people are afraid to talk, as the Bill of Rights and the Constitution are shoved aside by the Taft-Hartley Law, the McCarran "subversive" control law and the Smith Act.

Those who continue to speak out are arrested and placed behind bars. But ideas cannot be locked away in such a simple manner, for the very conditions in our society give birth to them in the minds of men.

Since the time I left Hawaii in 1940, I have constantly looked for a solution to the abject poverty of farmers in many lands. When I saw India in 1944, I recalled the time the Reverend Caldwell took me into the backwoods of Georgia to visit the sharecroppers. In a recurrent famine, Indians were dying in the streets. And I measured the livelihood of the common people, for instance, in terms of the fuel they used. In a modern city like Calcutta, many people burned cow dung for cooking. And as we went on hikes, we saw pancaked dung pasted on house walls and trees to dry. And in Chungking, I often saw children in rags with baskets, digging holes under a bamboo fence of a rich man's residence, trying to gather fuel by getting twigs and dried leaves fallen to the ground from shade trees inside the compound. And everywhere I went, I saw the "Tobacco Road" of poverty.

My experiences have influenced me to participate in the fight for equality for all people, as written in the Constitution of our nation.

Where the ruling class tries hard to prevent fundamental social changes, revolutionary in nature, from taking place gradually, I wondered when, by its very resistance, it would help create a force powerful enough to bring the change. For it is axiomatic that counter-revolutionary activities and force, fighting the change for the better, would cause resistance and forge a revolutionary people who would proceed to improve conditions with greater zeal.

In times like these, it is dangerous to speak out. But to be silenced means to go back on all one's teachings from childhood. It means going against the dictates of one's own conscience.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Koji Ariyoshi wrote and published the articles which make up this narrative between 13 September 1951, shortly after the arrest, and 23 October 1952. He incorporated much of the material from a book he had written about his Army experiences in China. The book was cancelled by the publisher, Reynal and Hitchcock, in the developing Cold War climate of 1947–1948.

Appearing weekly for over a year, these articles present a challenge to the editor. Some segments of the weekly columns in the *Honolulu Record* have been eliminated to avoid repetition, to provide continuity, and to keep the focus on Ariyoshi's story of his life. The Afterword includes some of these segments, and specifically those which reflect his views on the current [1952] political scene, and contain his comments on the un-American committee and Smith Act trials. For those wishing to consult the original *Record* version, the articles appearing in each chapter are listed below.

Obvious typos in the *Record* have been silently corrected. The spelling and punctuation have been retained, unless they make the sense or emphasis of the passage unclear. Hawaiian diacritical marks have not been added to the *Record* material.

Translated into Chinese by Chen Hui, Chen Xiubia, and Shu Zhang, portions of this manuscript appeared as *Youji Xinzhi Huiyilu*, published in 1999 as part of the "Guoji Youren Congshu" series by Jiangxi Jiaoyu Chubanshe [Jiangxi Educational Publishing]. In 1978, the U.S.-China Peoples Friendship Association published *Remembering Koji Ariyoshi: An American GI in Yanan*, edited by Hugh Deane, which contained excerpts from the columns dealing with Ariyoshi's experiences in China. Some of the photographs in that book are included here.

- ch. 1: 4.7 (9/13/51), 4.8 (9/20/51), 4.9 (9/27/51)
- ch. 2: 4.10 (10/4/51), 4.11 (10/11/51), 4.12 (10/18/51), 4.13 (10/25/51)
- ch. 3: 4.14 (11/1/51), 4.15 (11/8/51)
- ch. 4: 4.16 (11/15/51)
- ch. 5: 4.18 (11/29/51), 4.19 (12/6/51), 4.20 (12/13/51), 4.21 (12/20/51)
- ch. 6: 4.21 (12/20/51), 4.22 (12/27/51)
- ch. 7: 4.23 (1/3/52), 4.24 (1/10/52), 4.25 (1/17/52)
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- ch. 11: 4.35 (3/27/52), 4.36 (4/3/52), 4.37 (4/10/52), 4.38 (4/17/52)
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- ch. 14: 4.46 (6/12/52), 4.48 (6/26/52), 4.49 (7/3/52), 4.50 (7/10/52), 4.51 (7/17/52), 4.52 (7/24/52), 4.53 (7/31/52), 5.1 (8/7/52)
- ch. 15: 5.2 (8/14/52), 5.3 (8/21/52), 5.4 (8/28/52), 5.6 (9/11/52), 5.7 (9/18/52), 5.9 (10/2/52)
- ch. 16: 5.10 (10/9/52), 5.11 (10/16/52), 5.12 (10/23/52)
- ch. 17: 4.7 (9/13/51), 4.9 (9/27/51), 4.13 (10/25/51), 4.18 (11/29/51), 4.19 (12/6/51), 4.29 (2/14/52), 4.30 (2/21/52), 4.45 (6/5/52), 5.2 (7/24/52), 5.6 (9/11/52), 5.7 (9/18/52), 5.8 (9/25/52), 5.11 (10/16/52), 5.23 (10/23/52)

NOTES

1. *Honolulu Record* 3 July 1958: 8.
2. *Honolulu Star Bulletin* 1 January 1938: Society Sect. 7. The last article ran on 1 February 1938.
3. See Samuel Walker, *In Defense of American Liberties: A History of the ACLU* (New York: Oxford UP, 1990) 194–95.
4. Koji Ariyoshi, interview, Pacific Regional Oral History Program, 20 August 1967.
5. See Edward Beechert, *Aupuni I Lā'au: A History of Hawai'i's Carpenters Union, Local 745* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Center for Labor Education and Research, 1993) 23–24.
6. For details about various aspects of these far-reaching changes, see Edward D. Beechert, *Working in Hawaii: A Labor History* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P, 1985); Gavan Daws, *Shoal of Time: A History of the Hawaiian Islands* (New York: Macmillan, 1968); and Lawrence Fuchs, *Hawaii Pono: A Social History* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1961).
7. The name was changed in 1995 to the International Longshore and Warehouse Union to eliminate the gender implication.
8. Koji Ariyoshi, interview, Pacific Regional Oral History Program, 20 August 1967.
9. A sample edition of the *Record* was published on July 1, 1948. A total of 8,123 shares were sold. The ILWU promised support through subscriptions, and ILWU Public Relations Director Robert McElrath wrote the prospectus for what was envisioned as a "liberal community newspaper." See Sanford Zalburg, *A Spark is Struck: Jack Hall and the ILWU in Hawaii* (Honolulu: U of Hawaii P, 1979) 470–72.
10. James Shoemaker, *The Economy of Hawaii in 1947*, U.S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics Bulletin 926 (Washington, D.C.: G.P.O., 1948).
11. *Honolulu Record* 4 August 1949: 10–11. The "Big Five" companies were Alexander & Baldwin, American Factors, C. Brewer, Castle & Cook, and Theo H. Davies.
12. See William J. Puette, *The Hilo Massacre: Hawaii's Bloody Monday, August 1, 1938* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Center for Labor Education and Research, 1988).
13. *Honolulu Record* 9 August 1951: 3.
14. See Daws 368–69; Fuchs 310–311. Many of the military intelligence reports are to be found in the National Archives. For Navy Intelligence, see Record Group 38, Office of Naval Intelligence. For U.S. Army files on Hawai'i, see R.G. 165, Military Intelligence Division. The files of the Bureau of Investigation, the predecessor of the FBI, are in National Archives, Investigative Files of the Bureau of Investigation, File B.S. 202600-5, Reel 47, 1918–1921. These files deal almost exclusively with people of Japanese ancestry.
15. See Glenn G. Gilbert, Introduction, *Pidgin and Creole Languages: Essays in Memory of John E. Reinecke* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P, 1987) 18. See also T. Michael Holmes, *The Specter of Communism in Hawaii* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P, 1994).
16. Fuchs 312–13. The changes in the Hawaiian political economy would culminate in the election in 1954 of a Democratic majority in the Territorial legislature—a majority comprised largely of non-Caucasians.
17. Theon Wright, *The Disenchanted Isles: The Story of the Second Revolution in Hawaii* (New York: Dial, 1972) 142.

18. U.S. House of Representatives, Committee on Un-American Activities, 81st Congress, 2nd Session, 1 October 1950, *Report on the Honolulu Record* (Washington, D.C.: G.P.O., 1950).
19. U.S. House, *Report* 25, 28.
20. *Honolulu Record* 30 August 1951: 1.
21. *Dennis v. United States*, 341 US 494 (1951), qtd. in Milton Konvitz, *First Amendment Freedoms: Selected Cases on Freedom of Religion, Speech, Press, Assembly* (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1963): 336.
22. The Alien Registration Act of 1940 (54 Stat. 670) is commonly referred to as the Smith Act, after its sponsor, Howard Smith of Virginia.
23. Qtd. in Konvitz 336.
24. The actual case is *Yates v. United States* 355 U.S. 66 (1957), qtd. in Alfred Kelly and Winifred Harbison, *The American Constitution: Its Origins and Development*, 3rd ed. (New York: Norton, 1963) 882–84, 919.
25. *Yates v. United States* 354 U.S. 298 (1957), Justice Black concurring and dissenting in part, qtd. in Konvitz 388–89.
26. Ann Fagan Ginger and David Christano, eds., *The Cold War Against Labor*, vol. 2 (Berkeley: Alexander Meikeljohn Institute, 1987) 602–609. The evidence of Jenck's alleged perjury came from two paid FBI informers.
27. *Scales v. United States* 367 U.S. 203 (1961). The majority opinion held that "active" membership in an organization which advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force and violence constituted a felony under the Smith Act (18 U.S.C. Para. 2385); see Kelly and Harbison 887.
28. *Honolulu Record* 26 June 1953: 1.
29. *Yates v. United States* distinguished between "advocacy of doctrine" and "advocacy of action." The first is protected by the First Amendment. In addition, the indictments of the Communist Party leaders were invalid because of the three year statute of limitations. The Communist Party had been dissolved in 1942, and reconstituted in 1945. See Kelly and Harbison 884–85.
30. Ariyoshi's editorials emphasized the similarities between Japan's characterization of its assault on Asia as a move to "free" Asians, and America's description of the war as one for "democracy": "I see much the same pattern today in Korea, where the Korean people are called 'gooks', as in Japan where MacArthur or Ridgeway and his staff are first class citizens and the Japanese are segregated in their own country" (*Honolulu Record* 31 January 1952: 1). See also 18 November 1951: 4 for a similar commentary. Hugh Deane's recently published book, *The Korean War, 1945–1953* (San Francisco: China Books, 1999), confirms many of Ariyoshi's views.
31. For a description of this political change, see Fuchs, Chapter 13, "Revolution at the Polls."
32. See Zalberg 470–73.
33. Hawaii Foundation for History and the Humanities, "President's Address," *Annual Report*, 9 December 1971: 1
34. "President's Address," 2.
35. "President's Address," 2.
36. The series of reports ran from January 25 to February 10. The interview with Chou En-lai appeared in the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* of 31 January 1972: 1.
37. Manlapit organized and led the Filipino Labor Union in the strikes of 1920 and 1924. See John E. Reinecke, *Feigned Necessity: Hawaii's Attempt to Obtain Contract Labor, 1921–1923* (San Francisco: Chinese Materials Center, 1979) 106–108; and John E. Reinecke, *The Filipino Piecemeal Sugar Strike of 1924–1925* (Honolulu: Social Science Research Institute, University of Hawai'i, 1996).

38. Ariyoshi wrote three series of articles on Kona coffee. See *Honolulu Star Bulletin* 19 April and 21 April 1937; the ten articles published between 13 July through 23 July 1958; and 6 March 1939. The series dealt with the debt mortgages of Kona coffee farmers, and finally, the reduction of old debts in 1939.
39. The cultural aspects of Kona are discussed in John F. Embree, "Acculturation among the Japanese of Kona, Hawaii," *Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association* 50 (1941), chs. 2–4. A brief summary of the characteristics of the Kona coffee industry is found in Shoemaker 104–106. For example, "Heavy investments in the period of high prices [1920–1929] by both growers and mills resulted in serious losses and a general tightening up of the credit system" (104). See also Fuchs 125–26.
40. An indentured labor system was generally used in Hawaiian plantations from 1850 to 1900. The practice was greatly modified in 1886, when an agreement was signed to import Japanese workers. The system ended in 1900, with the annexation of Hawai'i by the United States. See Beechert, *Working in Hawaii* 79–118.
41. See Ernest K. Wakukawa, *A History of the Japanese People in Hawaii* (Honolulu: Toyo Shoin, 1938) 265–302.
42. For the 1920 strike, see Beechert, *Working in Hawaii* 196–215. See also Reinecke, *Feigned Necessity* 19–55, 87–136.
43. See Beechert, *Working in Hawaii* 168–176. For a full description of the participants, see T. Tsutsumi, "History of the Japanese Laborers' Movement," (trans. by U. Okumura), Mimeograph, Honolulu: Hawaii Sugar Planters Association, 1922.
44. Koji Ariyoshi was second youngest of five children. The oldest sister was Shizue Uchida; second oldest, Yukiko Matsumoto. Koji's older brother was Koichi, and the youngest brother, Sueo, died while Koji was in Georgia.
45. For a Korean perspective, see Peter Hyun, *Man Sei! The Making of a Korean American* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P, 1986), and especially Chapter 6.
46. The Japanese *eta* were sometimes called *chori*, a person in an "unclean" occupation, such as slaughterhouse or tannery work. See Fuchs 111–12.
47. Beechert, *Working in Hawaii* 216–218. A documentary history of the strike is found in Reinecke, *The Filipino Piecemeal Sugar Strike of 1924–1925*.
48. The sale of canned pineapple plunged to catastrophic lows in 1930–1931. James Dole was forced out of the company, which was reorganized in 1932. Fuchs 241–42.
49. The Republican Party controlled Hawai'i from the time of annexation until 1954. Government jobs of any sort were the major form of patronage. See Daws 294–96; Fuchs 135–56, 308–309.
50. The National Industrial Recovery Act, shortened to NRA, issued an official sign, known as the "Blue Eagle," to firms participating in their industry code. See James Henretta, W. Elliott Brownlee, David Brody, and Susan Ware, *America's History*, vol. 2 (Chicago: Dorsey, 1987) 748.
51. Penal contract labor ended with annexation in 1900. See chs. 7 and 10 of Hilary Conroy, *The Japanese Frontier in Hawaii, 1868–1898* (Berkeley: U of California P, 1953).
52. See Reinecke, *Feigned Necessity* 106–108, and Reinecke, *The Filipino Piecemeal Sugar Strike*.
53. Beechert, *Working in Hawaii* 212, 223, 267.
54. This system of longshore employment is described fully in Charles P. Larrowe, *Shapeup and Hiring Hall* (Berkeley: U of California P, 1955).
55. *Honolulu Star Bulletin* 21 April 1937 and 29 April 1937. See also note 37.
56. For Ariyoshi's series on stevedoring, see the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* 1 January 1938 through 1 February 1938.

57. For details of union organizing in Hawai'i, see ch. 13 of Beechert, *Working in Hawaii*.
58. See Puette, Part IV, 299 ff. The ship was manned by non-union personnel from the struck InterIsland Steamship Company.
59. For details about the 1934 longshore strike, see Charles P. Larrowe, *Harry Bridges: The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the U.S.* (New York: Lawrence Hill, 1972) 62–94.
60. See Karl Yoneda, *Ganbatte: The Sixty Year Struggle of a Kibei Worker* (Los Angeles: Asian American Studies Center, University of California, Los Angeles, 1983) 17.
61. U.S. Congress, Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, Report of the Subcommittee on Japanese War Relocation Centers to the Committee on Naval Affairs, 7 May 1943 (Washington D.C.: G.P.O., 1943). For a comprehensive analysis of the relocation, see Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis, *The Evacuation of the Japanese-Americans During World War II* (London: Macmillan, 1969).
62. Vivian McGuckin Raineri, *The Red Angel: The Life And Times of Elaine Black Yoneda* (New York: International, 1991) 206–219. See also Yoneda 129.
63. Yoneda 121–22; U.S. Congress, Select Committee to Investigate National Defense Migration, 21–23 February 1942.
64. Ariyoshi continues: "Today, the evacuees are trying to collect their property losses caused by their removal, but the Justice Department and the administration stall payment, force compromises on claims and make a farce of their limited promises. Just as conditions of Indian reservations influenced treatment of evacuees to some extent, the awarding of evacuee claims would make Indians consider the claims due them. Hawaiians in like manner think of the great robbery, when missionaries came with Bibles and took the land away. The descendants of missionaries live like fat cats, while numerous descendants of victimized Hawaiians live in abject poverty in slums, and seek homestead land without avail—because the powerful land monopolists here want to utilize the homestead land themselves." *Honolulu Record* 10 January 1952: 1.
65. Yoneda 148–49.
66. Ariyoshi continues: "After the war, Oyama, who had been the leader of the Worker-Peasant Party, returned to Japan and again became a member of the Japanese parliament. He became a professor at the Waseda University. His colleague in the former party, Senji Yamamoto, who had also been an outspoken anti-militarist in parliament, had been assassinated before Oyama fled Japan. Elder statesman Oyama is known for his contributions in introducing democratic ideas into Japan through his writings and lectures.
 When Oyama stopped over here in Honolulu on his way back to his native country after the Japanese surrender, he told guests at a banquet given in his honor that the U.S. government had requested him to go to Japan as a sort of representative for this country. He said he refused. He wanted to return home as an independent person, to participate in the democratic reconstruction of his country.
 He is now a leader of the liberal bloc and one of the most prominent in the peace movement which is opposing rearmament. He is against the unilateral peace with the Western bloc. He recently received the Stalin Peace Prize." *Honolulu Record* 20 March 1952: 1.
67. Agnes Smedley, *Battle Hymn of China* (New York: Knopf, 1943); see also, Agnes Smedley, *The Great Road: The Life and Times of Chu-Teh* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1956).
68. Ilona Ralf Sues, *Shark's Fins and Millet* (Garden City, NY: Garden City, 1944).
69. See Peter S. Onuf, *Thomas Jefferson, Federalist*. Essays in History 35 (Charlottesville: U of Virginia P, 1993); 20.

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Labor activist Koji Ariyoshi's highly publicized arrest by FBI agents in August 1951 was only one of a series of dramatic moments in an already exciting and eventful life. Born on a Kona coffee plantation in 1914, Ariyoshi saw the importance of unions and strikes after witnessing labor clashes as a boy. In the 1930s he worked as a stevedore and wrote a series of articles about life on the docks for the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*—an experience that prepared him for a later career as a newspaper writer and editor. Ariyoshi was living in San Francisco when World War II broke out and soon found himself at Manzanar, where he remained until he enlisted in the U.S. Army. His language skills led him to an assignment in the Pacific and, ultimately, to Yenan, China, where he worked as a military observer in a Communist re-education camp for Japanese POWs. There he worked closely with several of China's future leaders, including Mao Zedung.



After returning to Hawai'i, Ariyoshi plunged into union activities and, most notably, the editing of the *Honolulu Record*, the voice of labor during the turbulent and bitter postwar conflicts between unions and Hawai'i's ruling elites. Following his 1951 arrest on charges of being a Communist, Ariyoshi became known as one of the "Hawai'i Seven" and spent the next year writing "My Thoughts for which I Stand Indicted" for the *Record*. The present volume gathers together in one place this energetic, thoughtful, and engaging work chronicling a life lived at the center of events that transformed Hawai'i, America, China, and the world.

Front cover photo: Koji Ariyoshi and Mao Zedung, Yenan, China, 1944. Photographer unknown. Courtesy of Roger Ariyoshi.

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